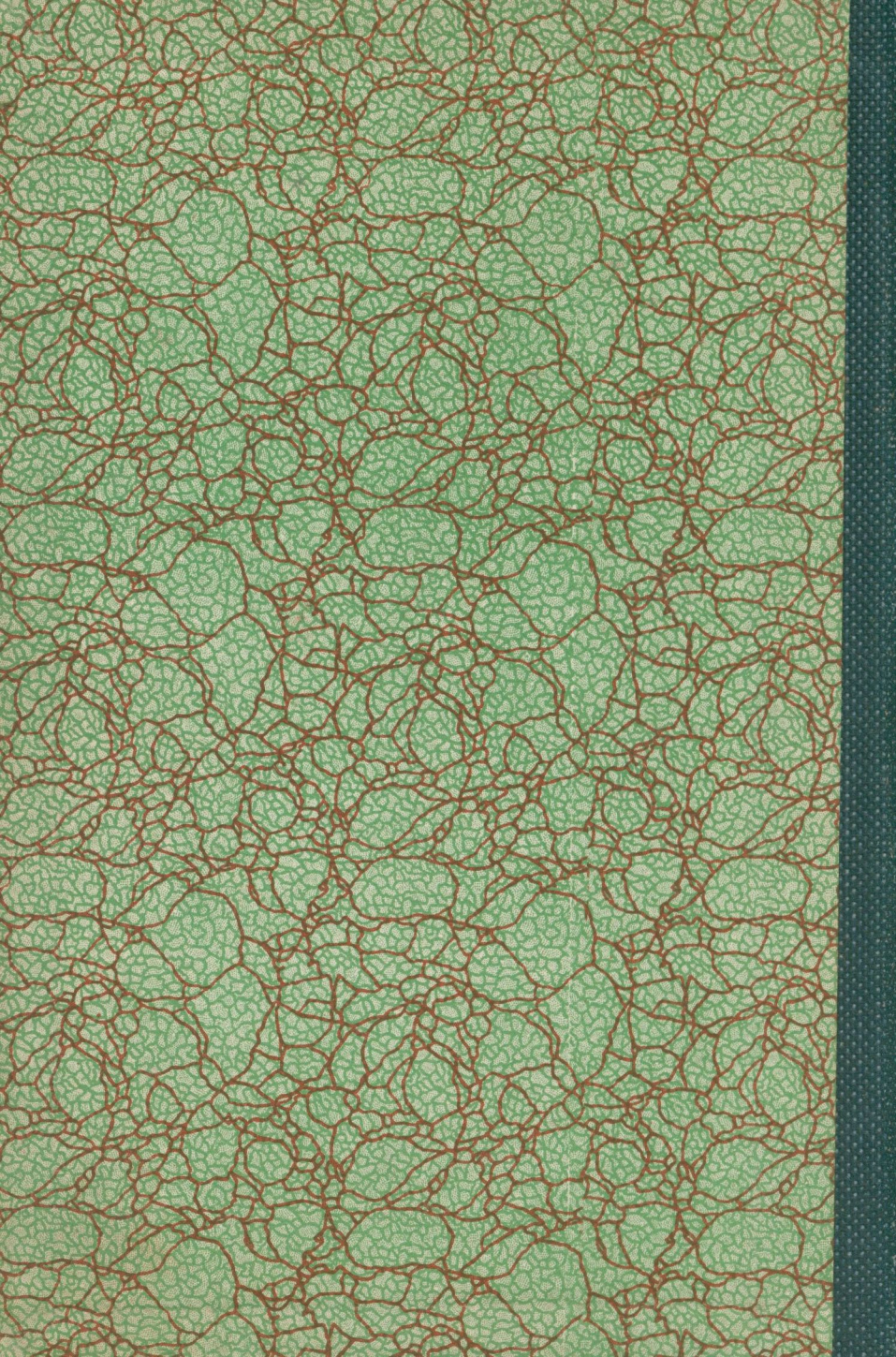
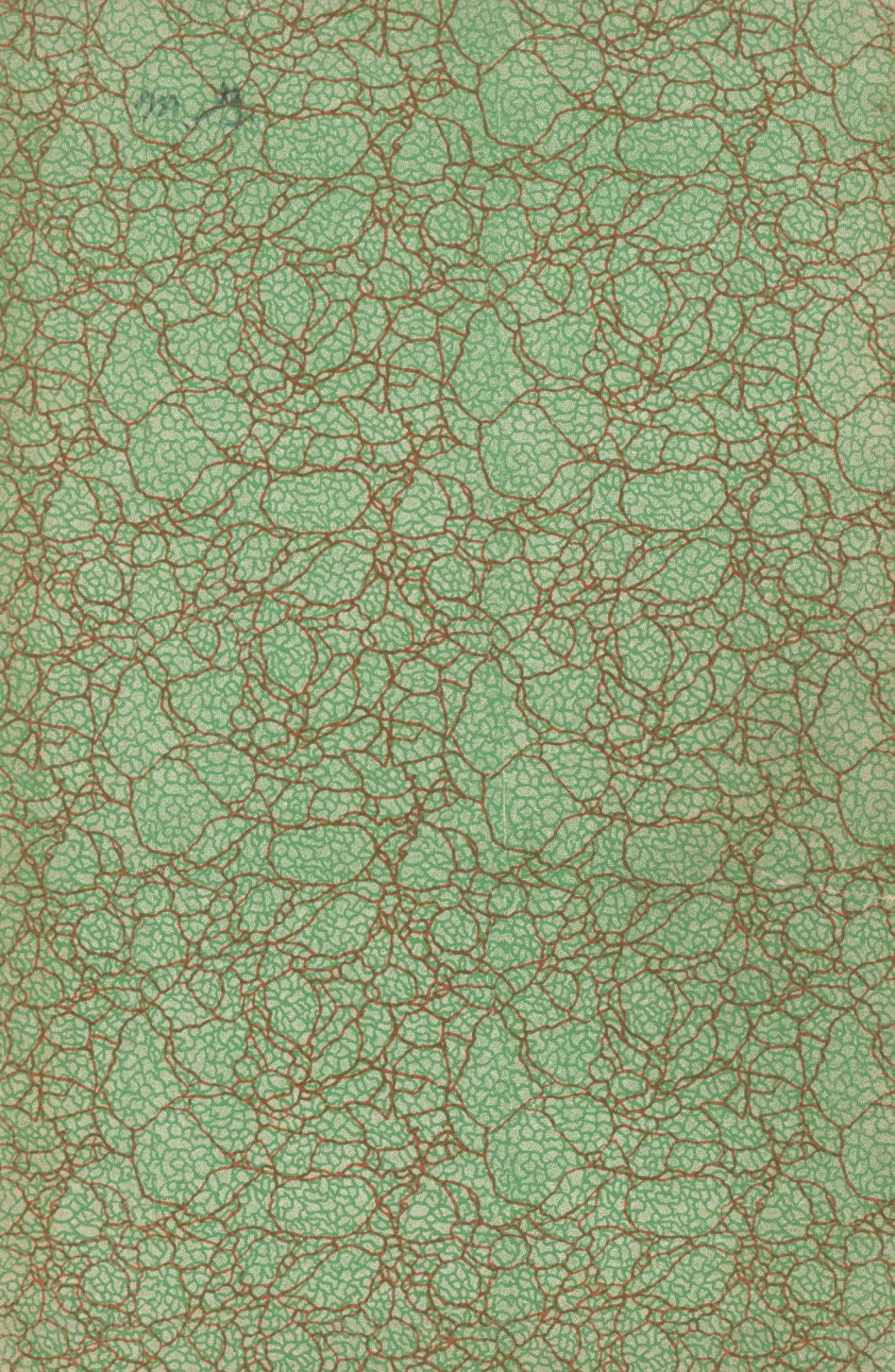


SAINTS' HYMNAL















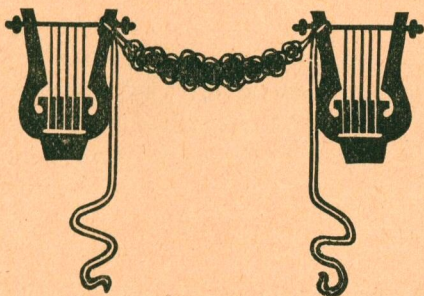








# THE SAINTS' HYMNAL



The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me.—  
Doctrine and Covenants 24: 3.

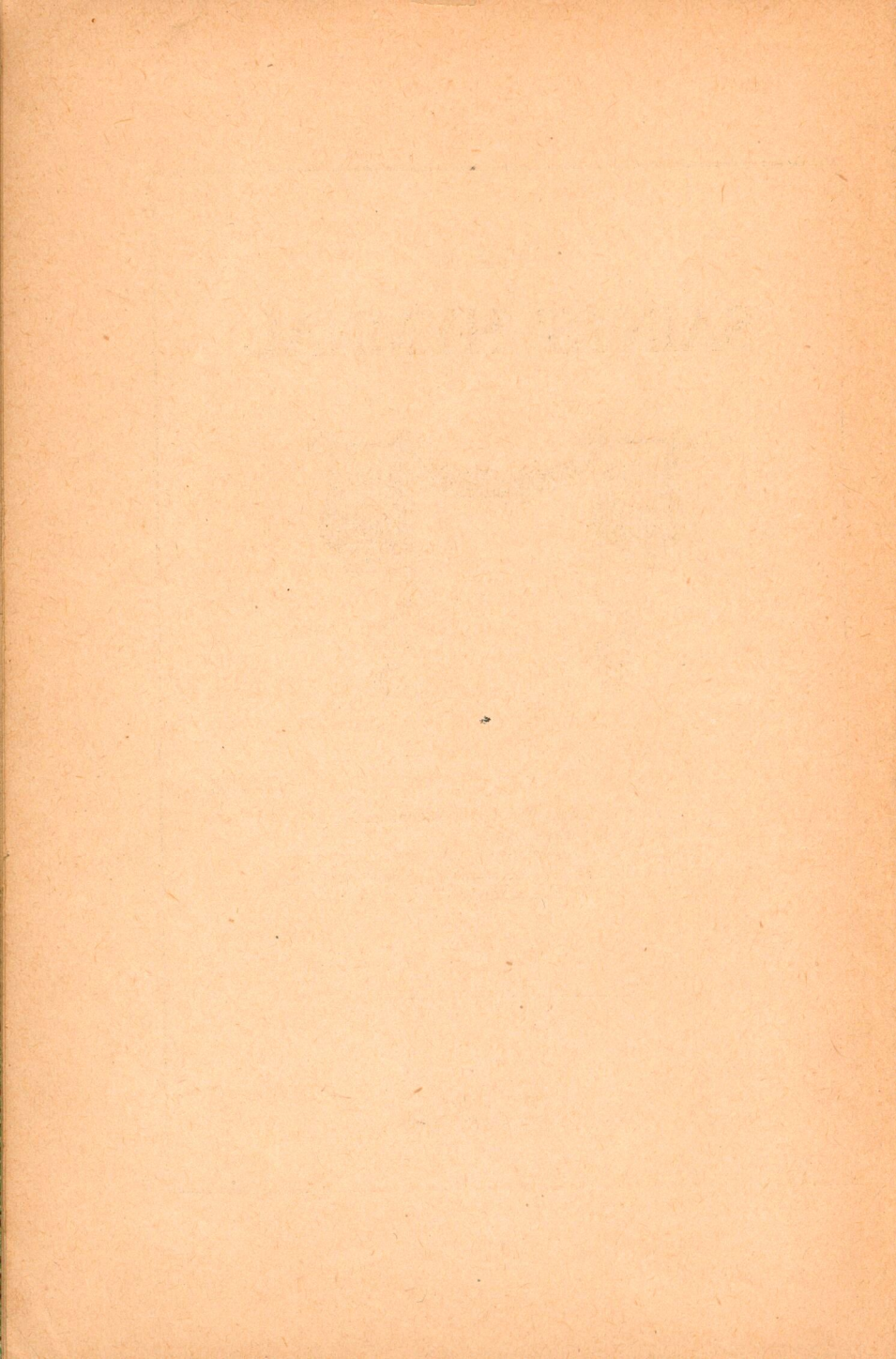
Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and  
spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your  
heart to the Lord.—Ephesians 5: 19.

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LAMONI, IOWA:  
HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE

1920







## PREFACE

TO THE CHURCH:—Your committee herewith presents the "SAINTS' HYMNAL," made up largely of selections from the "HARMONY," together with some tunes of recognized merit from other works.

We have corrected errors in harmony, where such existed in the original tunes, and have submitted the matter to a competent master in harmony for his final correction.

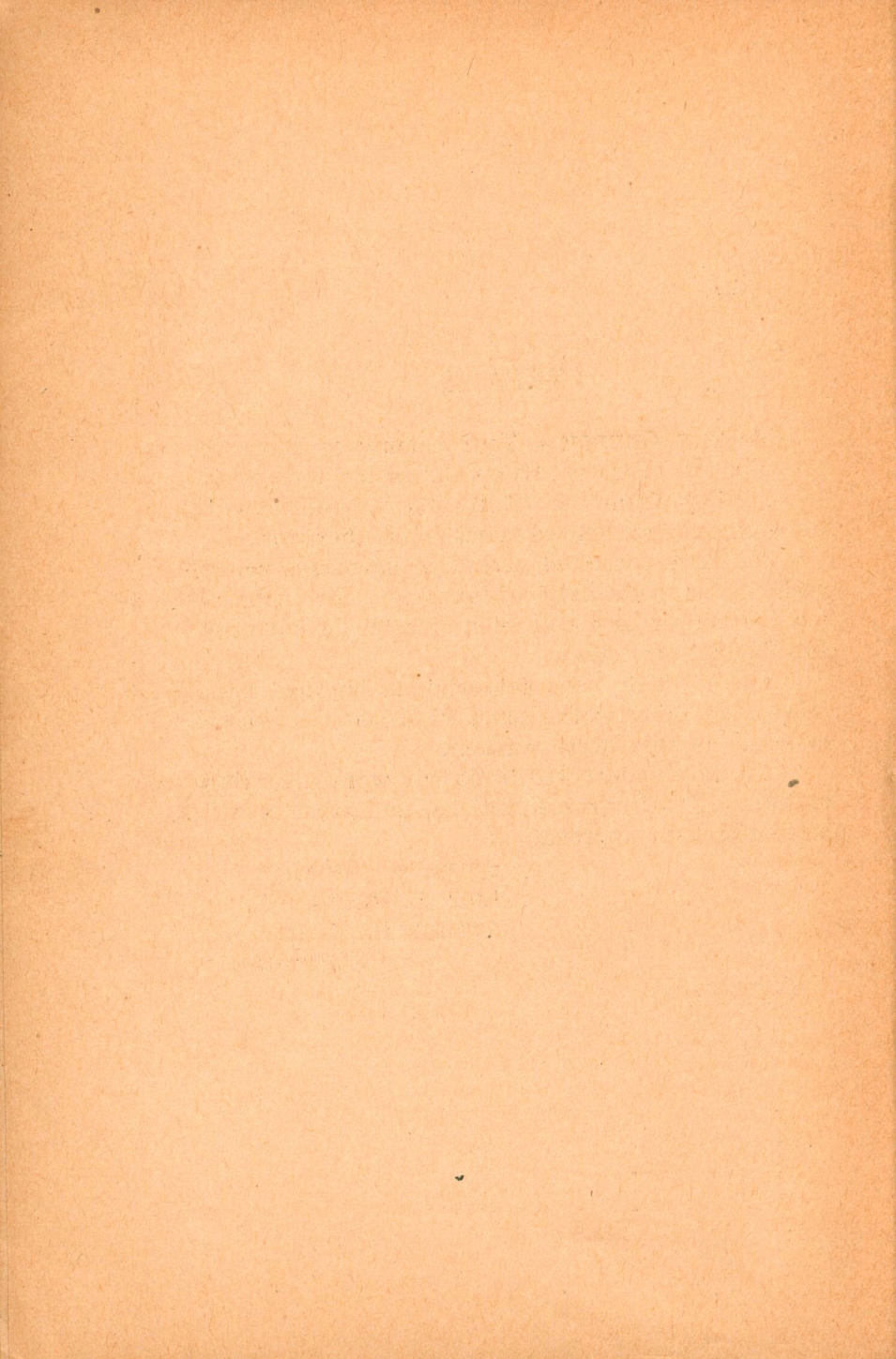
Those which were not original, but had been taken from other works have, when necessary, been restored as they were written.

We have endeavored to do our work according to the spirit of our instructions, and trust it will meet with your approval.

RALPH G. SMITH,  
LUCY L. RESSEGUIE,  
ARTHUR H. MILLS,  
Committee.

August, 1895.







# SAINTS' HYMNAL.

1 (4)

SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4s. (S.H. 3)

S. B. POND.

*Moderato.*

*smooth and connected.*

1. Guide us, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Saints, un - to the prom - ised land;  
 2. O - pen, Je - sus, Zi - on's fountains; Let her rich - est bless - ings come;  
 3. When the earth be - gins to trem - ble, Bid our fear - ful tho'ts be still;

We are weak, but thou art a - ble, Hold us with thy pow'r - ful hand.  
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Guard us to that ho - ly home:  
 When thy judgments spread destruction, Keep us safe on Zi - on's hill.

*pp* Ho - ly Spir - it, *p* Ho - ly Spir - it, *f* Feed us till the Sav - ior comes.  
 Great Re deem - er, Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!  
 Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry, un - to thee.

2 (72)

Glad are we that now the gospel,  
 Is restored to earth again,  
 As 'twas said by an Apostle,  
 We the Spirit may obtain;  
 By obedience  
 To redemption's only plan.

2 God has given us his Spirit,  
 For we have obeyed his word;  
 And it whispers, saints, O hear it,  
 "Own him as your sovereign Lord."  
 Holy Spirit!  
 Unto us thy help afford.

NOTE:—The numbers in brackets indicate the number of music in "The Saints' Harmony" and hymn in the "Saints' Harp."



3 (8)

## EMERALD. P. M. (S. H. 6)

HILLIARE.

*sf!* *f* *mf*

1. Burst ye emerald gates, and bring To my rap-tured vis-ion,  
 2. Floods of ev-er-last-ing light Free-ly flash be-fore him;  
 3. Four and twen-ty el-ders rise From their prince-ly sta-tion;  
 4. Hark! the thrilling sym-pho-nies Seem, me-thinks, to seize us;

*f*

All th' ecs-tat-ic joys that spring Round the bright E-lys-ian!  
 Myr-iads with su-preme de-light, In-stant-ly a-dore him;  
 Shout his glo-rious vic-to-ries, Sing his great sal-va-tion;  
 Join we too the ho-ly lays— Je-sus! Bless-ed Je-sus!

TRIO. QUARTET. FULL CHORUS.

Lo! we lift our longing eyes; Break the in-ter-ven-ing skies; Sun of Righteous  
 Angels' trumps resound his fame; Lutes of lu-cid gold proclaim All the mu-sic  
 Cast their crowns before his throne; Cry, in rev-er-en-tial tone: "Glo-ry be to  
 Sweetest sound in Seraphs' song; Sweetest note on mortal tongue; Sweetest carol

*f* *dim.* *cres.*

ness, a-rise! Ope the gates of Par-a-dise; Ope the gates of Par-a-dise.  
 of his name, Heav'n reverberates the theme; Heav'n reverberates the theme.  
 God a-lone, Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly One! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly One!"  
 ev-er sung, Je-sus! Je-sus! Ho-ly One! Je-sus! Je-sus! Ho-ly One!



## 4 (10)

## PARK STREET. L. M. (S. H. 7)

VENUE.

1. Un - moved by fear,— my praise is due To thee, thou gra - cious  
 2. Com - passed by love,— my heart's best thought I raise in grat - i -  
 3. I fear,—but that I may not gain, A place be - side my

God of saints; Thy mer-cies great, thy coun-sel true, My pray'rs are  
 tude to thee; Nor wait to thank thee all un-taught, Thy love's best  
 no - blest friend; I love,—but ah! the sweet re-frain, On thee, my

heard and my com-plaints; My pray'rs are heard and my com-plaints.  
 gift hath taught it me; Thy love's best gift hath taught it me.  
 Sav - ior, I de - pend; On thee, my Sav - ior, I de - pend.

## 5 (24)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Before Jehovah's glorious throne,<br/>         Ye nations bow with sacred joy;<br/>         Know that the Lord is God alone,<br/>         He can create, and he destroy.</p> <p>2 His sov' reign power, in earth's fair morn,<br/>         Made from the dust his creature, man;<br/>         And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,<br/>         He brought us to his fold again.</p> | <p>3 We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,<br/>         High as the heavens our voices raise;<br/>         And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,<br/>         Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.</p> <p>4 Wide as the world is his command,<br/>         Vast as eternity his love;<br/>         Firm as a rock his truth shall stand,<br/>         When rolling years shall cease to move.</p> |
|--|---|



6 (1009)

HEBER. C. M. (S. H. 13)

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Ye na-tions of the earth, at-tend, Let kings and prin-c-es hear;  
 2. The Savior comes! ye saints! be pure, And fix your hearts on high;  
 3. Sing, breth-ren! sing in strains di-vine, Let all your voic-es raise;

And let the pow'rs of darkness bend—Mes-siah's reign is near!  
 Lift up your heads, re-joice, for your Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh.  
 Let heav'n and earth their anthems join In these, the lat-ter days.

7 (1001)

1 The Lord our Savior will appear;  
 His day is nigh at hand;  
 The signs bespeak his coming near,  
 And all may understand.

2 Behold, he comes! he comes to reign  
 On earth with all his saints;  
 Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,  
 Will end our long complaints.

3 The prince of darkness he will bind;  
 The hosts of hell o'erthrow;  
 Satan, in the abyss confined,  
 The power of Christ shall know.

4 Then, those who've suffered for his  
 And have obeyed his word, [name,  
 Shall rise in glory, and proclaim  
 The goodness of their Lord.

8 (113)

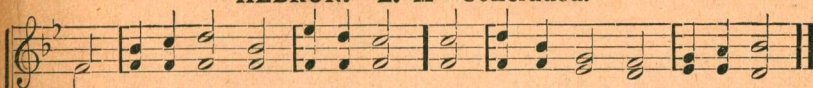
HEBRON. L. M. S. H. 35)

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Great God! as fol-l'wers of thy Son, We bow be-fore thy mer-cy-seat,  
 2. O, grant thy bless-ing here, we pray; O, give thy peo-ple joy and peace;  
 3. We seek the truth which Jesus brought; His path of light we long to tread;  
 4. May faith, and hope, and love a-bound; Our sins and err-ors be for-given;



HEBRON. L. M.—Concluded.



To worship thee, the Ho-ly One, And pour our wish-es at thy feet.  
The tokens of thy love display, And fa-vor that shall nev-er cease.  
Here be his ho-ly doctrines taught, And here their pur-est influence shed.  
And we, from day to day, be found Chil-dren of God and heirs of heaven.



9 (41)

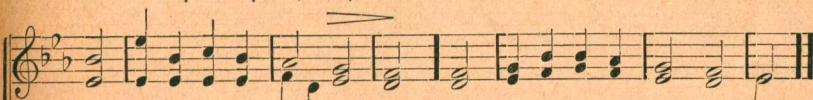
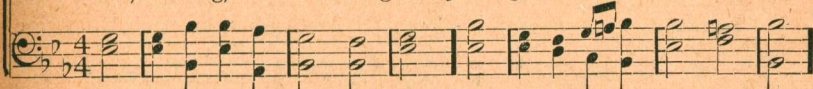
UXBRIDGE. L. M. (S. H. 32)

Dr. L. MASON.

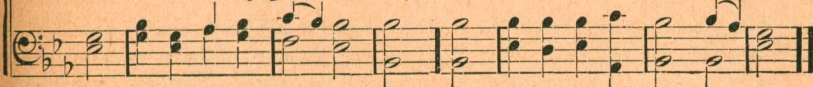
*cres.*



1. Great God! attend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
2. God is our sun; he makes our day—God is our shield; he guards our way
3. All needful grace will God be-stow, And crown that grace with glo-ry too:
4. O God, our King,—whose sov'reign sway The glorious host of heav'n o-bey,



To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex-ceeds a thousand days of mirth.  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and fears with-in.  
He gives us all things, and with-holds No real good from up-right souls.  
And dev-ils at thy pres-ence flee;—Blest is the man that trusts in thee.



10 (208)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O Lord! responsive to thy call,<br/>In life or death, whate'er befall,<br/>Our hopes for bliss on thee depend;<br/>Thou art our everlasting Friend.</p> <p>2 Though life be short, and trials seem<br/>To darken its protracted gleam,—<br/>Though friends forsake, and foes contend,<br/>Thou art our everlasting Friend.</p> | <p>3 Death may distract our present joy,<br/>And all our brightest hopes destroy;<br/>Yet these will in the future tend<br/>To prove thee still our faithful Friend.</p> <p>4 O let thy Spirit with us dwell,<br/>That we in future life may tell<br/>How we o'ercame: Lord, to the end,<br/>Be thou our God, our lasting Friend!</p> |
|---|---|



**11** (14) **LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. (S. H. 10)**

ANON.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
 2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand - ing all;  
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,

He just - ly claims a song from thee; His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long; His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!

His lov - ing-kindness, loving-kindness, his lov - ing-kind-ness, oh! how free!  
 His lov - ing-kindness, loving-kindness, his lov - ing-kind-ness, oh! how great!  
 His lov - ing-kindness, loving-kindness, his lov - ing-kind-ness, oh! how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood;  
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Soon I may pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers may fail;  
 O may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death!



12 (475)

OLIVET. 6s &amp; 4s. (S. H. 20)

Dr. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
 2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my  
 My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O! may my  
 Be thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's

guilt a - way; O! let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.  
 love to thee; Pure, warm and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.  
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

13 (154)

- 1 Oh, Lord! thy people bless;  
 Arm them with holiness;  
 Hear us, we pray.  
 When troubles bow them down;  
 When friends upon them frown!  
 Oh, Lord! preserve thine own:  
 Hear us, we pray.
- 2 When dread diseases are,  
 Make them thy special care;  
 Thy power display.  
 Stretch forth thine arm of love;  
 Let all the faithful prove,  
 They have a friend above,  
 Hear us, we pray.

- 3 When crossing o'er the deep,  
 Thy flock in safety keep,  
 From ev'ry harm.  
 When winds and waves roll high;  
 When clouds o'erspread the sky,  
 Be thou forever nigh:  
 Hear us, we pray.
- 4 When nations rush to war;  
 When men begin to fear,  
 Be near them then.  
 Bid angels guard their way;  
 Watch o'er them day by day;  
 Nor let their footsteps stray,  
 E'en so, Amen.



## 14 (188)

## VARINA. C. M. D. (S. H. 40)

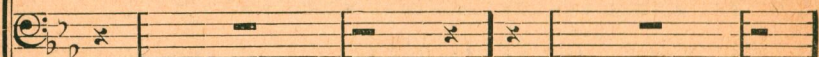
From RINK.



1. { Hark! list - en to the trum-pet-ers! They sound for vol - un - teers; }  
 { Com-mis sioned by the King of kings, Be - hold the of - fi - cers. }  
 2. { Their King is Christ, their armor truth, The word of God their sword, }  
 { Their shield the pow'r of might-y faith, Their Gen-eral is the Lord. }  
 3. { The fight must be the fight of faith, The robe, of right-eous-ness, }  
 { The con-test, with the pow'rs of death, The aim, man-kind to bless. }



Their ar - mor clean, and glist'ning bright, With cour-age bold they stand,  
 It sets my heart all in a flame A sol-dier brave to be;  
 The Gen-eral will to con-quest lead, The great E - ter - nal Lamb—



En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, Sol - diers of Zi - on's land.  
 I will en-list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.  
 His garments stained in his own blood—King Je - sus is his name.



4 We want no cowards in our bands,  
 Who will our colors fly;  
 We call for valiant-hearted men,  
 Who're not afraid to die.  
 To see our armies on parade,  
 How martial they appear!  
 All armed and drest in uniform,  
 They look like men of war.

5 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
 Redemption's drawing nigh;  
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound  
 That shakes the earth and sky.  
 The trumpets sound! The armies shout!  
 They drive the hosts of hell!  
 The conflict's ended, vict'ry won,  
 Hail! King Immanuel!

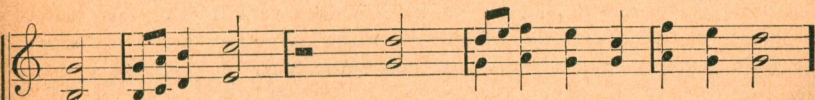
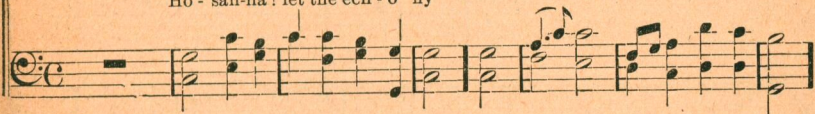


## 15 (53) ZION'S TEMPLE. (Crucifixion.) L. M. (S. H. 46)



1. With saints below and saints a - bove, I'll join to praise the God I love;  
With saints below and saints above,

2. Ho san-na! let the ech - o fly From pole to pole, from sky to sky,  
Ho - san-na! let the ech - o fly



Like E-noch, too, Like E-noch, too, I will proclaim  
Like E - noch, too, Like  
And saints and angels, And saints and an-gels, join to sing,  
And saints and angels, And



A loud Ho - san-na, A loud Ho - san-na to his name.  
A loud Ho - san - na, A  
Till all e-ter-ni-ty, Till all e - ter - ni - ty shall ring.  
Till all e - ter-ni - ty, Till



3 Hosanna! let the voice extend,  
Till time shall cease and have an end,  
Till all the throngs of heaven above  
Shall join the saints in songs of love.

4 Hosanna! let the trump of God  
Proclaim his wonders far abroad,  
And earth, and air, and skies, and seas  
Conspire to sound aloud his praise.



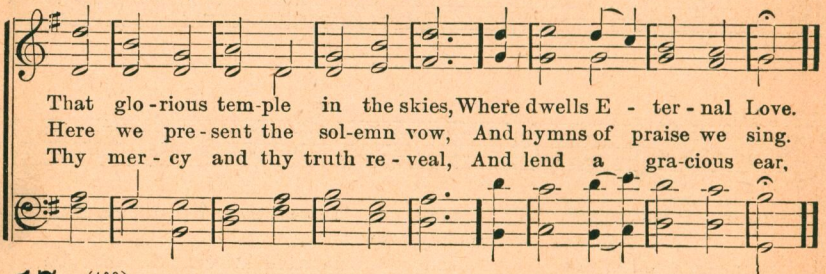
## 16 (117)

## ST. THOMAS. S. M. (S. H. 21)

HANDEL.



1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove,  
 2. Be - fore thy throne we bow, O thou Al - might - y King;  
 3. While in thy house we kneel, With trust and ho - ly fear,



That glo - rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells E - ter - nal Love.  
 Here we pre - sent the sol - emn vow, And hymns of praise we sing.  
 Thy mer - cy and thy truth re - veal, And lend a gra - cious ear,

## 17 (108)

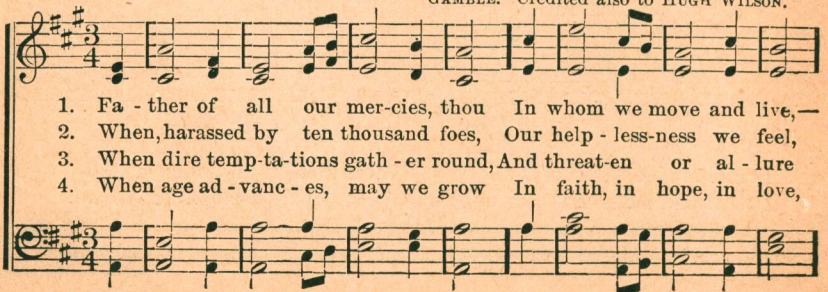
- 1 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
 Ye people of his choice;  
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
 With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
 Above all blessing high,  
 Who would not fear his holy name,  
 And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame  
 From his own altar brought,

- To touch our lips—our minds inspire,  
 And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,  
 And his salvation ours:  
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed  
 With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
 The Lord your God adore:  
 Stand up and bless his glorious name,  
 Henceforth, forevermore.

## 18 (164)

## AVON. C. M. S. H. 47)

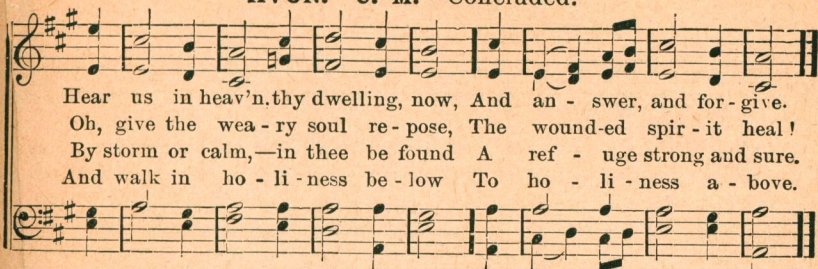
GAMBLE. Credited also to HUGH WILSON.



1. Fa - ther of all our mer - cies, thou In whom we move and live,—  
 2. When, harassed by ten thousand foes, Our help - less - ness we feel,  
 3. When dire temp - ta - tions gath - er round, And threat - en or al - lure  
 4. When age ad - vanc - es, may we grow In faith, in hope, in love,



## AVON. C. M.—Concluded.

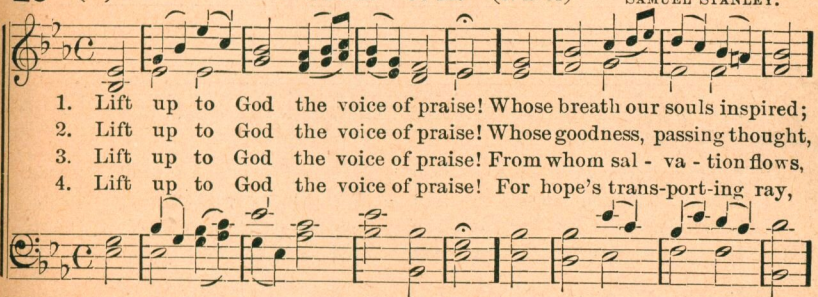


Hear us in heav'n, thy dwelling, now, And an - swer, and for - give.  
 Oh, give the wea - ry soul re - pose, The wound - ed spir - it heal!  
 By storm or calm,—in thee be found A ref - uge strong and sure.  
 And walk in ho - li - ness be - low To ho - li - ness a - bove.

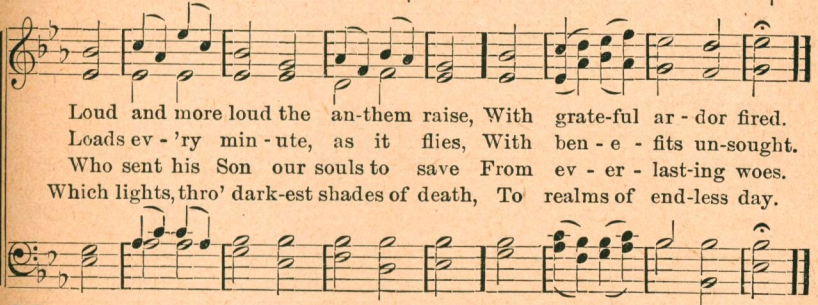
## 19 (60)

## WARWICK. C. M. (S. H. 51)

SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. Lift up to God the voice of praise! Whose breath our souls inspired;  
 2. Lift up to God the voice of praise! Whose goodness, passing thought,  
 3. Lift up to God the voice of praise! From whom sal - va - tion flows,  
 4. Lift up to God the voice of praise! For hope's trans - port - ing ray,



Loud and more loud the an - them raise, With grate - ful ar - dor fired.  
 Loads ev - 'ry min - ute, as it flies, With ben - e - fits un - sought.  
 Who sent his Son our souls to save From ev - er - last - ing woes.  
 Which lights, thro' dark - est shades of death, To realms of end - less day.

## 20 (246)

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high;  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye:—  
 2 Up to the heavens where Christ has gone,  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at the Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.  
 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand;

- The righteous shall be thy delight,  
 And dwell at thy right hand.  
 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,  
 In ways of righteousness!  
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight,  
 And plain before my face.  
 5 O do thou give my daily bread,—  
 And be my sins forgiven;  
 And let me in thy temple tread,  
 And learn from thee of heaven.



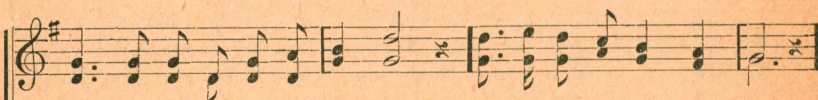
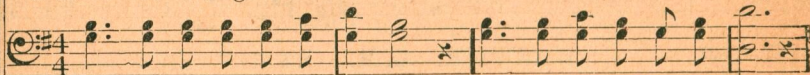
21 (61)

PROCLAMATION. P. M. (S. H. 52)

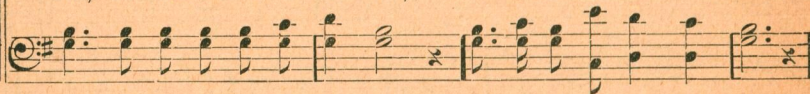
ANON.



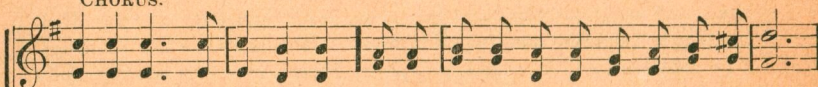
1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion! To the a - ged and the young;
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion! O'er the prairies of the West;
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion! Ming-ling with the o - cean's roar;
4. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion! O'er the islands of the sea;



Till the pre-cious in - vi - ta - tion, Wak-en ev-'ry heart and tongue.  
 Till each gath'ring con-gre-ga - tion With the gos-pel sound is blest.  
 Till the ships of ev - 'ry na - tion, Bear the news from shore to shore.  
 Till, in hum-ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.



## CHORUS.



Send the sound, the earth around, From the ris - ing to the set - ting of the sun,



Till each gath'ring crowd, Shall proclaim a-loud, The glo - rious work is done.

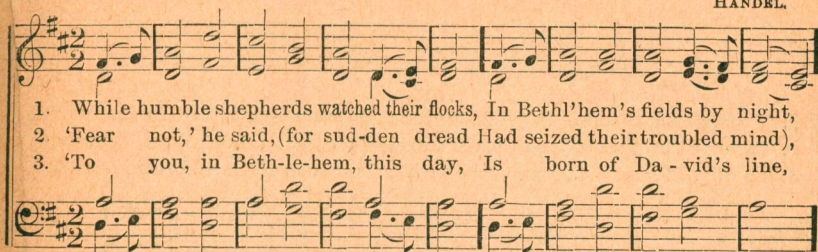




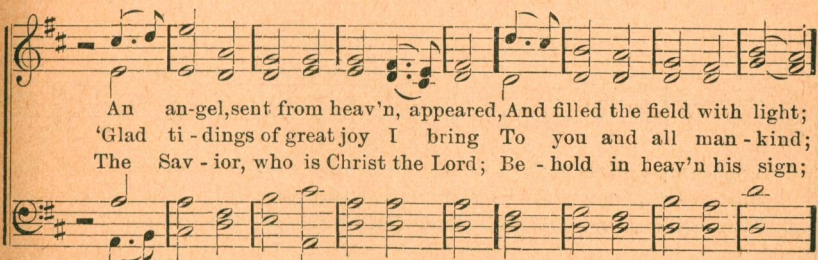
## 22 (385)

## CHRISTMAS. C. M. (S. H. 60)


HANDEL.



1. While humble shepherds watched their flocks, In Bethl'hem's fields by night,  
 2. 'Fear not,' he said, (for sud-den dread Had seized their troubled mind),  
 3. 'To you, in Beth-le-hem, this day, Is born of Da - vid's line,



An an-gel, sent from heav'n, appeared, And filled the field with light;  
 'Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind;  
 The Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord; Be - hold in heav'n his sign;



And filled the field with light.  
 To you and all man-kind.  
 Be - hold in heav'n his sign.

4 Thus spoke the angel; and forthwith,  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God; and thus  
 Addressed their joyful song:

5 'All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good will is shown by heaven to men,  
 And never more shall cease.'

## 23 (181)

- 1 Awake, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,  
 And press with vigor on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey:  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice;  
 That calls thee from on high;

- 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye:
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast, [gems  
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
 Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Savior! introduced by thee,  
 Have I my race begun;  
 And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet  
 I'll lay my honors down.



## 24 (706)

## ALETTA. 7s. (S. H. 37)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Through the furnace, through the heat, There be-neath the hammer's beat,  
 2. Through the fires that purge the dross, Thro' the an-guish to the cross,  
 3. Through the war-fare and the strife, Thro' the toils and tears of life,

Through temp-tations man-i-fold, Comes my soul like burn-ished gold.  
 Bur-ied with my Sav-ior slain, So with him I live a-gain.  
 Then my wea-ry feet shall stand Safe with-in the good-ly land.

4 Sick and faint beneath thy rod,  
 Trembling at thy stroke, O God;  
 Mid affliction's burning flame,  
 Yet I glory in thy name.

5 When my soul is purified,  
 Savior, take me to thy side;  
 There, from every trial free,  
 May I sweetly rest with thee.

## 25 (3)

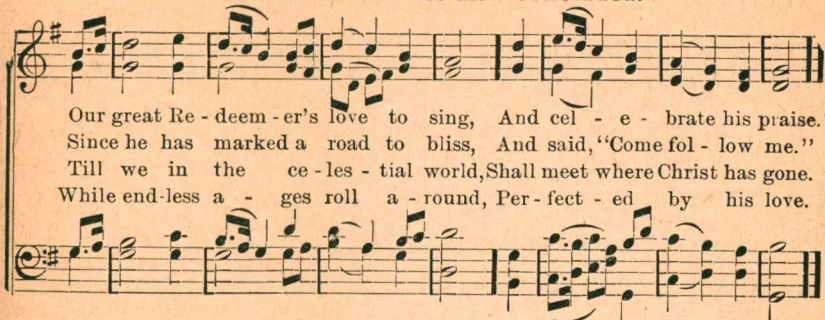
## ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. (S. H. 356)

W. TANSUR.

1. Come all ye saints who dwell on earth, Your cheer-ful voic-es raise,  
 2. His love is great, he died for us, Shall we un-grate-ful be?  
 3. The strait and nar-row way we've found, Then let us trav-el on,  
 4. And there we'll join the heav-nly choir, And sing his praise a-bove;



ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.—Concluded.



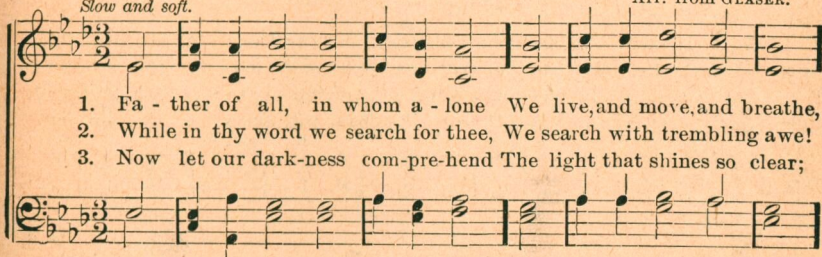
Our great Re - deem - er's love to sing, And cel - e - brate his praise.  
 Since he has marked a road to bliss, And said, "Come fol - low me."  
 Till we in the ce - les - tial world, Shall meet where Christ has gone.  
 While end - less a - ges roll a - round, Per - fect - ed by his love.

26 (116)

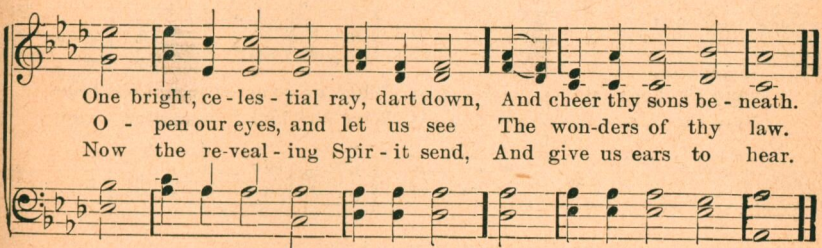
AZMON. C. M. (S. H. 8)

*Slow and soft.*

Arr. from GLASER.



1. Fa - ther of all, in whom a - lone We live, and move, and breathe,  
 2. While in thy word we search for thee, We search with trembling awe!  
 3. Now let our dark-ness com-pre-hend The light that shines so clear;



One bright, ce - les - tial ray, dart down, And cheer thy sons be - neath.  
 O - pen our eyes, and let us see The won - ders of thy law.  
 Now the re - veal - ing Spir - it send, And give us ears to hear.

27 (43)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 Praise ye the Lord! immortal choir<br>In heavenly heights above,<br>With harp and voice, and soul of fire,<br>Burning with perfect love.  | Let wave to wave resound the strain,<br>And shore reply to shore.   |
| 2 Shine to his glory! worlds of light,<br>Ye million suns of space;<br>Ye moons and glist'ning stars of night,<br>Running your mystic race. | 4 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,<br>Wild winds that keep his word,<br>With the old mountains far below,<br>Unite to bless the Lord. |
| 3 Shout to Jehovah! surging main,<br>In deep eternal roar:  | 5 Round, round the wide world let it roll,<br>By angel choirs begun;<br>Join, every ransomed human soul,<br>In glorious unison.                 |



28 (62)

AUTUMN. 8s &amp; 7s, D. (S. H. 52)

LUDWICH NICHOLSON.

1. Yes, we feel the clouds are breaking, And the light be-gins to shine;  
2. Tho' the clouds were thick around us, And our souls were sore de-pressed;

Fear is now our hearts for-sak-ing, Leav-ing there a joy di-vine.  
D. S.—When we feel that he is near us, Grief and sad-ness soon de-part.  
Yet the Lord in meekness found us, And for-gave when we con-fessed.  
D. S.—Gent-ly whis-pers, Saints, O hear it, 'Soon will dawn e-ter-nal day.'

Praise the Lord! He ev-er hears us When we come with contrite heart,  
Now the gen-tle, woo-ing Spir-it, Wins our love from earth a-way;

29 (124)

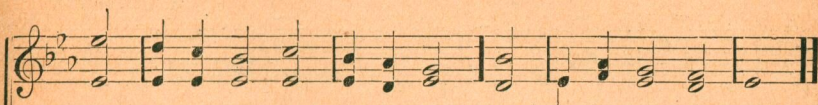
DOWNS. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

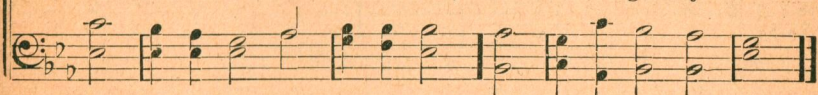
1. Once more we come be-fore our God—Once more his bless-ing ask:  
2. May we re-ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon-est heart;  
3. A-wake! O heav'n-ly wind, a-wake! Re-fresh-ing breez-es blow;  
4. Re-vive the parched with soft'ning show'rs, The cold with warmth divine;



## DOWNS. C. M.—Concluded.



O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship prove a task!  
 And keep the sa - cred treas - ure there, Nor ev - er with it part.  
 Let ev - 'ry plant thy pow'r par - take, And all the gar - den grow.  
 The ben - e - fit shall all be ours, Be all the glo - ry thine.



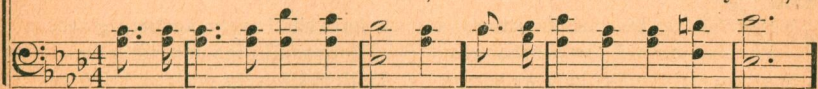
30 (173)

## VESPERS. 8s &amp; 7s.

FLOTOV.



1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, we a - dore thee! At thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. Thou art gracious; Lord, forgive us Ev - 'ry wrong that we have done;
3. In the name of Christ our Savior, Draw our minds from worldly care;



Met to wor - ship, Lord, be - fore thee, Grant us each a bless - ing now.  
 Let no spir - it false de - ceive us, Bid thy Spir - it make us one.  
 Grant us each thy special fa - vor, Hear our ear - nest, fer - vent prayer.



4 Few in number, yet delighting  
 In the truth which makes us free;  
 May that truth our hearts uniting,  
 Aid us each to trust in thee.

5 Deign to hear our invitation,  
 'By thy Spirit with us meet;'  
 Let the prayer of inspiration  
 Be with all our wants replete.



**31** (376)**NORMAN. 8s & 7s. (S. H. 92)**

M. H. FORSCOTT.

1. Blest be thou, O God of Is-rael, Thou, our Fa-ther, and our Lord!  
 2. Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness, Glo-ry, vic-t'ry, are thine own;  
 3. Rich-es comes of thee, and hon-or, Pow'r and might to thee be-long;

Blest thy maj-es - ty for - ev - er! Ev - er be thy name a - dored.  
 All is thine in earth and heav-en, O - ver all thy boundless throne  
 Thine it is to make us pros-per, On - ly thine to make us strong.

**32** (184)

1 Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow,  
 Pressing onward toward the prize,  
 Strength and comfort here we borrow  
 From the hand that rules the skies.

2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,  
 We are called the race to run;  
 We must share the warrior's trial,  
 Ere the victor's crown be won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten!  
 Hope shall urge us swifter on,  
 Faith shall every prospect brighten,  
 Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

4 On th' Eternal arm reclining,  
 We at length shall win the day;  
 All the powers of earth combining,  
 Shall not snatch our crown away.

**33** (354)**ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (S. H. 65)**

DR. L. MASON.

1. Fa-ther of lights! we sing thy name, Who kindest up the lamp of day;  
 2. Fountain of good! from thee proceed The co-pious drops of genial rain,  
 3. O let not our for-get-ful hearts O'er-look the to-kens of thy care;  
 4. So shall our sun more grateful shine, And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall,



## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.—Concluded

Wide as he spreads his golden flame, His beams thy pow'r and love display.  
 Which o'er the hill, and thro' the mead, Re-vive the grass, and swell the grain.  
 But what thy lib'-ral hand im-parts, Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.  
 When all our hearts and lives are thine, And thou, O God! en-joyed by all.

34 (713)

## DUKE STREET. L. M. (S. H. 65)

HATTON.

1. A - wake! ye saints of God, a - wake! Call on the Lord in mighty pray'r,  
 2. He will re-gard his peo-ple's cry—The widow's tear—the orphan's moan;  
 3. Then let your souls be stayed on God; A glorious scene is draw-ing nigh:  
 4. A - wake to un - ion and be one, Or, saith the Lord, "Ye are not mine;"

That he will Zi-on's bondage break, And bring to naught the fowler's snare.  
 The blood of those that slaughtered lie, Pleads not in vain be-fore his throne.  
 Though tempests gath-er like a flood, The storm, tho' fierce, will soon pass by.  
 Yea, like the Fa-ther and the Son, Let all the saints in un - ion join.

35 (729)

- 1 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
 Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled!  
 The dawning of a brighter day  
 Majestic rises on the world.
- 2 The clouds of error disappear  
 Before the rays of truth divine—  
 The glory, bursting from afar,  
 Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.
- 3 The Gentile fullness now comes in,  
 And Israel's blessings are at hand:

- Lo! Judah's remnant, cleansed from sin,  
 Shall in their promised Canaan stand.
- 4 Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear,  
 And Gentile nations turn and live—  
 His mighty arm is making bare,  
 His cov'nant people to receive.
- 5 Angels from heaven and truth from earth  
 Have met, and both have record borne:  
 Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,  
 To bring her ransomed children home.



**36** (369)**BRIDGMAN. C. M.**

BEETHOVEN. Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. I sing the might-y pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise;  
 2. I sing the wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day;  
 3. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;

That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the loft-y skies.  
 The moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o-bey.  
 He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
 Where'er I turn mine eye;  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below,  
 But makes thy glories known;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
 By order from thy throne.

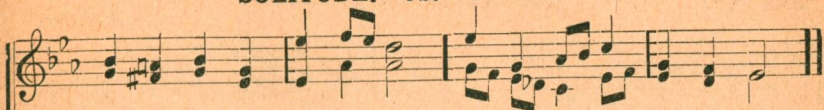
**37** (102)**SOLITUDE. 7s.**

L. F. DOWNS.

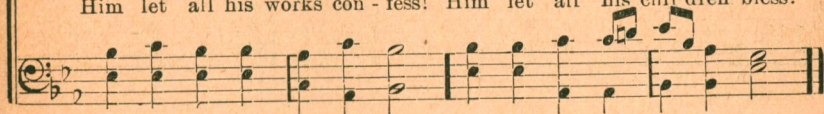
1. Her-alds of cre-a-tion; cry,—Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!  
 2. Praise him! all ye hosts a-bove; Spir-its per-fect-ed in love;  
 3. Earth! from all thy depths be-low O-ccean's hal-le-lu-jahs flow;  
 4. High a-bove all height his throne; Ex-cel-lent his name a-lone;



## SOLITUDE. 7s.—Concluded.



Heav'n and earth, o - bey the call; Praise the Lord; the Lord of all.  
 Sun and moon, your voice - es raise; Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.  
 Light - ning, va - por, wind and storm, Hail and snow, his will per - form.  
 Him let all his works con - fess! Him let all his chil - dren bless!



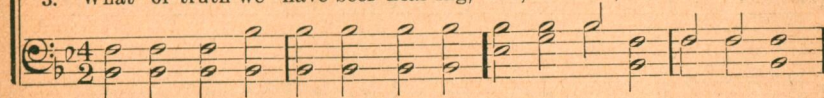
38 (93)

## WILMOT. 8s &amp; 7s. (S. H. 75)

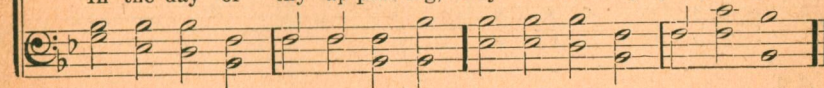
From C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Praise to him by whose kind fa - vor Heav'nly truth has reached our ears;
2. Truth! how sa - cred is the treasure! Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
3. What of truth we have been hear - ing, Fix, O Lord, in ev - 'ry heart;



May its sweet re - viv - ing savor Fill our hearts and calm our fears.  
 Vain the hope, and short the pleasure, Which from oth - er sources flow.  
 In the day of thy ap - pear - ing, May we share thy peo - ple's part.



39 (5)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Praise the Lord with songs of gladness,<br/>         Praises sing to God most high;<br/>         Buried be each thought of sadness,<br/>         Hushed be each complaining sigh.</p> <p>2 Praise him for his love abounding,<br/>         For his greatness excellent;<br/>         Praise him with the psalter's sounding,<br/>         Praise the Lord with full intent.</p> | <p>3 Praise him with the organ's pealing,<br/>         Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre;<br/>         Praise him with the souls' best feeling,<br/>         Praise the Lord, ye saints and choir.</p> <p>4 Praise him now and praise him ever,<br/>         Join with instrument and voice;<br/>         Praise the Father, praise the Savior,<br/>         Let the righteous all rejoice.</p> |
|--|--|



## 40 (90)

## TOPLADY. 6-7s. (S. H. 74)

Dr. HASTINGS.

1. Earth with her ten thousand flow'rs, Air, with all its beams and show'rs  
 2. Sounds a - mong the vales and hills, In the woods and by the rills,  
 3. All the hopes that sweet-ly start From the fount-ain of the heart;

Heav-en's in - fi - nite ex-panse; O - cean's lustrous coun - te-nance—  
 Of the breeze and of the bird, By the gen - tle mur-mur stirr'd—  
 All the bliss that ev - er comes To our earth - ly—hu - man homes—

All a - round, and all a - bove, Hath this rec - ord—God is love.  
 Sa - cred songs, be-neath, a - bove, Have one cho - rus—God is love.  
 All the voic - es from a - bove, Sweet - ly whis - per—God is love.

## 41

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure—  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
 Can fulfill the law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,

Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone—  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my heart-strings break in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy judgment throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.



42 (76)

## CREATION. L. M. D.

HAYDEN.

1. The spacious firm-a-ment on high, With all th' blue e - the-real sky,  
 2. Soon as the evening shades pre-vail The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 3. What tho' in sol-emn si-lence, all Move round this dark ter-res-trial ball,—

And spangled heav'ns, (a shin-ing frame), Their great O - rig-i - nal proclaim.  
 And night-ly, to the list'-ning earth, Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;  
 What tho' no real voice, nor sound 'Mid those ra-di-ant orbs be found—

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a - tor's power dis-play,  
 While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets, in their turn,  
 In rea-son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice:

And pub-lish-es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.  
 Con-firm the ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 For - ev - er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is Di-vine!"



**43** (267)**STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. (S. H. 113)**

D. E. JONES.



1. Sav - ior, breathe an evening bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal,
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly, -
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And command us to the tomb,



Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
 An - gel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.  
 Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watches where thy peo - ple be.  
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright, e - ter - nal bloom.

**44** (137)

- 1 Sweetly may the blessed Spirit,  
 On each faithful bosom shine;  
 May we every grace inherit:  
 Lord we seek a boon divine.
- 2 Since thou tak'st delight in giving,  
 We would gladly ask and have;  
 Gratefully each gift receiving,  
 In his name who died to save.
- 3 We would seek t' obtain his favor,  
 Which is better far than gold;

- May his gospel prove the savor  
 Of a life that's ne'er been told.
- 4 Passing honors, transient pleasures,  
 Boasting joys, forever flown;  
 May we seek to lay up treasures  
 Where decay shall ne'er be known.
- 5 Savior, to assist our weakness,  
 Let thy grace sufficient be;  
 Bless with wisdom and with meekness,  
 Till we full salvation see.

**45** (111)**SICILIAN MARINERS. 8s & 7s. (S. H. 88)**

MOZART.



1. Welcome, hour of sol - emn meet - ing; Welcome hour of praise and pray'r;
2. Be thou near us, bless - ed Sav - ior, Still at morn and eve the same;
3. When the fer - vent heart is glow - ing Ho - ly Spir - it, hear that pray'r;





## SICILIAN MARINERS—Concluded.

Far from earthly scenes re - treat-ing, In your blessings we would share.  
Give us faith that can - not wa - ver; Kin-dle in us heav'n's own flame.  
When the song of praise is flow-ing, Let that song thine impress bear.

46 (91)

## SEMOUR. 7s. (S. H. 72)

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Glo - ry be to God on high! God, whose glo - ry fills the sky;  
2. Fa - vored mor-tals, raise the song! End-less thanks to God be - long;  
3. Mark the won-ders of his hand! Pow'r,—no em - pire can with-stand;  
4. Gra-cious Be-ing! from thy throne Send thy promised bless-ings down:

Peace on earth to man for-given, Man, the well be-loved of heaven.  
Hearts o'er-flow-ing with his praise, Join the hymns your voic-es raise.  
Wis-dom,—an-gels' glo-rious theme; Goodness,—one e - ter - nal stream.  
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace, Bid our rag-ing pas-sions cease.

47 (128)

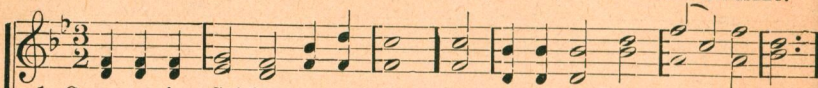
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|--|---|
| <p>1 Stealing from the world away,<br/>We are come to seek thy face;<br/>Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,<br/>Grant us thy reviving grace.</p> <p>2 Yonder stars that gild the sky<br/>Shine with but a borrowed light;<br/>We, unless thy light be nigh,<br/>Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.</p> | <p>3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel<br/>All our darkness, doubts, and fears;<br/>May thy light within us dwell,<br/>Till eternal day appears.</p> <p>4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,<br/>Lift our every thought above;<br/>Hear the grateful songs we raise,<br/>Fill us with thy perfect love.</p> |
|--|---|



48 (141)

WARE. L. M. (S. H. 101)

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With light and comfort from a-bove;
2. To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose thy way;
3. Lead us to ho - li-ness—the road That we must take to dwell with God;
4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with him for - ev - er blest;



Be thou our guardian, thou our guide! O'er ev'ry tho't and step pre - side.  
 Plant ho - ly fear in ev - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.  
 Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from his pre - cepts stray.  
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share Fullness of joy for - ev - er there.



49 (98)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Lord, how mysterious are thy ways!<br/>         How blind are we! how mean our praise!<br/>         Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore?<br/>         'Tis ours to wonder and adore.</p> <p>2 Great God! I would not ask to see<br/>         What in my coming life shall be;<br/>         Enough for me if love divine,<br/>         At length thro' every cloud shall shine.</p> | <p>3 Are darkness and distress my share?<br/>         Then let me trust thy guardian care;<br/>         If light and bliss attend my days,<br/>         Then let my future hours be praise.</p> <p>4 Yet this my soul desires to know,<br/>         Be this my only wish below,<br/>         That Christ be mine;—this great request<br/>         Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!</p> |
|--|---|

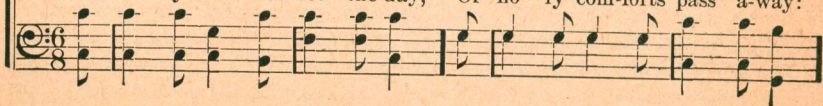
50 (290)

RETREAT. L. M. (S. H. 80)

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



1. An-oth - er six days' work is done; An-oth - er Sab-bath is be-gun:
2. O that our tho'ts and thanks may rise, As grate-ful in-cense, to the skies;
3. This heav'nly calm within the breast,—The pledge of that more glorious rest,
4. In ho - ly du - ties let the day, Of ho - ly com-forts pass a-way:





## RETREAT—Concluded.

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God hath blest.  
And draw from Christ that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows!  
Which for the Church of God re - mains,—The end' of cares, the end of pains.  
How sweet, a Sab - bath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

51 (200)

DENNIS. S. M. (S. H. 85)

*Gentle and flowing.*

From H. G. NAGELI.

1. "My times are in thy hand;" My God! I wish them there;  
2. "My times are in thy hand," What-ev - er they may be;  
3. "My times are in thy hand;"—Why should I doubt or fear?

*cres.**dim.*

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En - tire - ly to thy care.  
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.  
My Fa - ther's hand will nev - er cause His child a need - less tear.

52 (715)

1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 This mutual love revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

5 When from all sin and pain,  
The ransomed shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.



53 (84)

ITALIA. 6s &amp; 4s. (S H. 102)

FELICE GIARDINI.

*Bold.* *mf*

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re - ply,—  
 2. Ye who sur - round the throne, Cheer-ful - ly join in one,  
 3. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease

*f* *p* *mf*

'Praise ye his name!' An - gels his love a - dore, Who all our  
 Prais-ing his name. Ye who have felt his blood Seal - ing your  
 Prais-ing his name: Still will we trib - ute bring, Hail him our

*cres.*

sor - rows bore, Saints cry for - ev - er - more,— 'Worthy the Lamb.'  
 peace with God. Sound thro' the earth a - broad,— 'Worthy the Lamb.'  
 gra - cious King; And thro' all a - ges sing,— 'Worthy the Lamb.'

54 (27)

- 1 Come, thou Almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise!  
 Father all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
 Alpha of Days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 Now make them fall!

Let thine Almighty aid,  
 Our sure defense be made,  
 Our souls on thee be stayed—  
 Lord, hear our call!

- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
 Thy souled witness bear  
 In this glad hour!  
 Thou, who Almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.



55 (179)

## VICTOR'S BROW. 7s. D. (S.H. 117)

M. A. BRADFORD.

1. Who are these ar-rayed in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun?
2. Out of great dis-tress they came, Washed their robes by faith be-low,
3. More than con-quer-ors at last, Here they find their tri - als o'er;
4. He who on the throne doth reign, Shall sup-ply their ev - 'ry need,

Fore-most of the sons of light; Near-est the e - ter - nal throne?  
 In the blood of yon-der Lamb, Blood that wash-es white as snow:  
 They have all their suff'rings past, Hun - ger now and thirst no more:  
 With the tree of life sus - tain, To the liv - ing fount-ains lead;

*mp* These are they who bore the cross, *m* No - bly for their Mas - ter stood;  
 There-fore are they next the throne, Serve their Mak-er day and night:  
 No ex - ces - sive heat they feel From the sun's di - rect - er ray;  
 He shall all their sor-rows chase, All their cares and wants re-move,

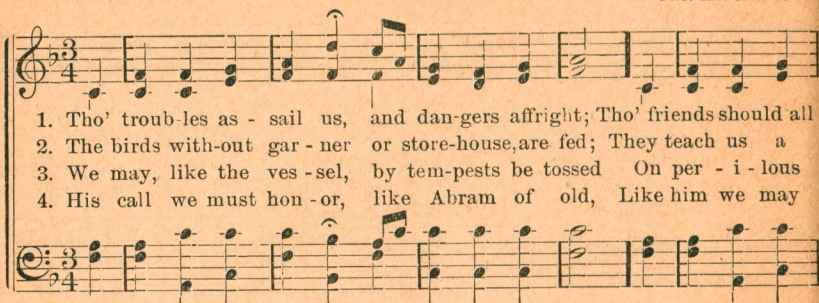
*mf* Suff'ers in his righteous cause, Fol-low'rs of the ris - en Lord.  
 God re - sides a - mong his own, God doth in his saints de-light.  
 In a mild - er clime they dwell, Re - gion of e - ter - nal day.  
 Wipe the tears from ev - 'ry face Fill up ev - 'ry soul with love.



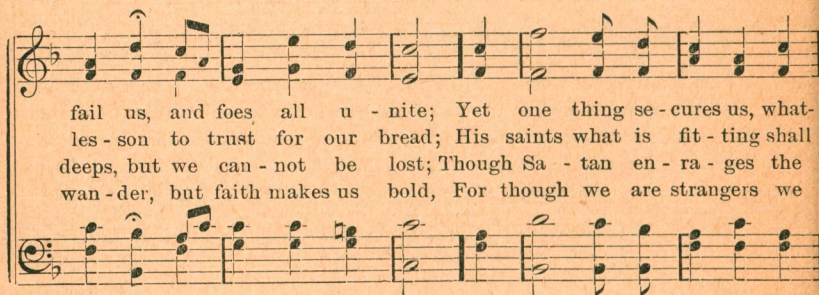
56 (198)

FREDERICK. 11s. (S. H. 130)

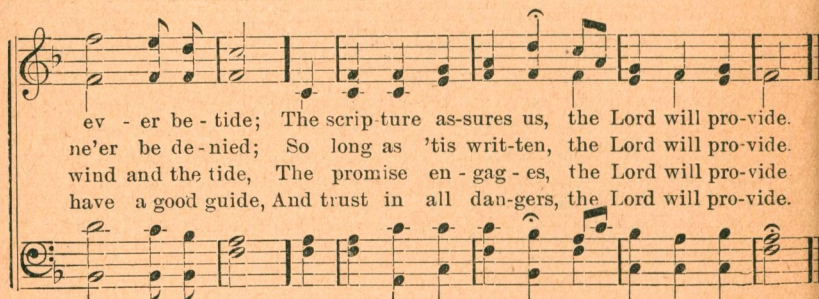
GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Tho' trou-ble as - sail us, and dan-gers affright; Tho' friends should all  
 2. The birds with-out gar - ner or store-house, are fed; They teach us a  
 3. We may, like the ves-sel, by tem-pests be tossed On per - i - lous  
 4. His call we must hon - or, like Abram of old, Like him we may



fail us, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-  
 les - son to trust for our bread; His saints what is fit - ting shall  
 deeps, but we can - not be lost; Though Sa - tan en - ra - ges the  
 wan - der, but faith makes us bold, For though we are strangers we



ev - er be - tide; The scrip-ture as-sures us, the Lord will pro-vide.  
 ne'er be de-nied; So long as 'tis writ-ten, the Lord will pro-vide.  
 wind and the tide, The promise en - gag - es, the Lord will pro-vide  
 have a good guide, And trust in all dan-gers, the Lord will pro-vide.

5 When Satan endeavors to stop up our path,  
 And fills us with doubtings, we triumph by faith,  
 He can not take from us, though oft he has tried,  
 This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, that our hope is in vain;  
 The good that we seek, we shall never obtain;  
 But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,  
 This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.



57 (183)

## LOOKING HOME. P. M. (S. H. 120)

W. B. BRADBURY.

*p* *mp*

1. Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noise - y throng-ing,—  
 2. In the garments once so strong, Now are rents dis - tressing;  
 3. Oh! to be at home, and gain All for which we're sigh - ing,—  
 4. With this load of sin and care, Then no long - er bend - ing,  
 5. Soon the glo - rious day will dawn, Heav'nly pleas-ures bring - ing;

*p* *mf*

For the Fa - ther's man - sion still Ear - nest - ly is long - ing!  
 And the san - dals worn so long, Heav - i - ly are press - ing.  
 End - ed earth - ly want and pain, End - ed, death and dy - ing.  
 But with wait - ing an - gels there, On our Lord at - tend - ing.  
 Night will be ex - changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing - ing.

## REFRAIN.

*mf*

Look - ing home, look - ing home, Towards the heav'n - ly man - sion

*p* *dim.*

Je - sus hath pre - pared for me In his Fa - ther's king - dom.



## 58 (167)

## BLESSING. L. M. (S. H. 109)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. What various hindrances we meet, In bow-ing at our Mak-er's feet;  
 2. Have we no words? ah! think a-gain: Words flow a-pace when we com-plain.  
 3. Were half the breath thus vainly spent To heav'n in sup - pli ca - tion sent,

Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wish-es to be oft - en there?  
 And fill our fel - low creat-ures ear With the sad tale of all our care.  
 Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be, "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

## 59 (400)

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
 I read my duty in thy word;  
 But in thy life the law appears,  
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
 Such def'rence to thy Father's will,  
 Such love, and meekness so divine,  
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:  
 The desert thy temptations knew,  
 Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too;

4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear  
 More of thy gracious image here;  
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,  
 Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

## 60 (189)

## BEALOTH. S. M. D. (S. H. 108)

ANON.

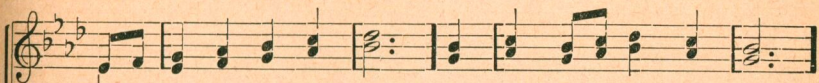
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on,  
 2. Stand, then, in his great might, With all his strength en - dued,  
 3. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;



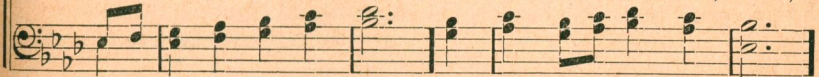
## BEALOTH—Concluded.



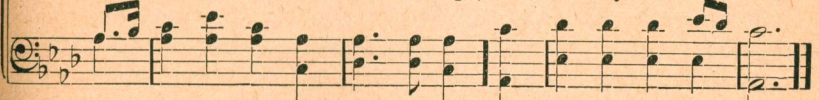
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' his E - ter - nal Son:  
 And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:  
 Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, Till yours, a per - fect sway.



Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his might - y power,  
 That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past,  
 Still let the Spir - it cry, In all his sol - diers, 'Come,'



Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.  
 You may o'er - come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand complete at last.  
 Soon will the Lord de - scend from high, And ev - 'ry vic - tor crown.



## 61 (166)

1 I want a heart to pray—

To pray and never cease;  
 Never to murmur at thy stay,  
 Or wish my suff'rings less.  
 This blessing, above all—

Always to pray—I want;  
 Out of the deep on thee to call,  
 And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,

A single, steady aim—  
 Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,  
 To thee and thy great name;

A jealous, just concern,

For thine immortal praise;  
 A pure desire that all may learn  
 And glorify thy grace.

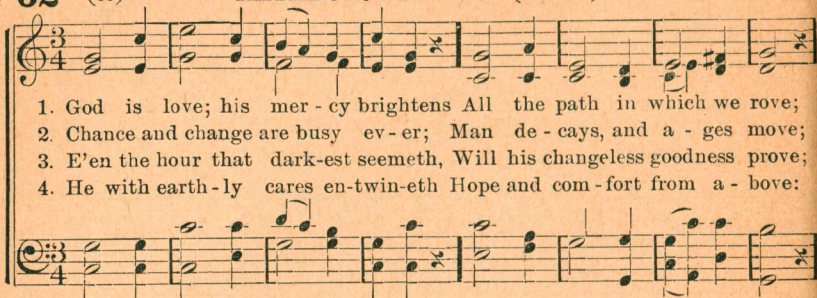
3 I rest upon thy word—

The promise is for me;  
 My succor and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from thee;  
 But let me still abide.  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into thy perfect love.

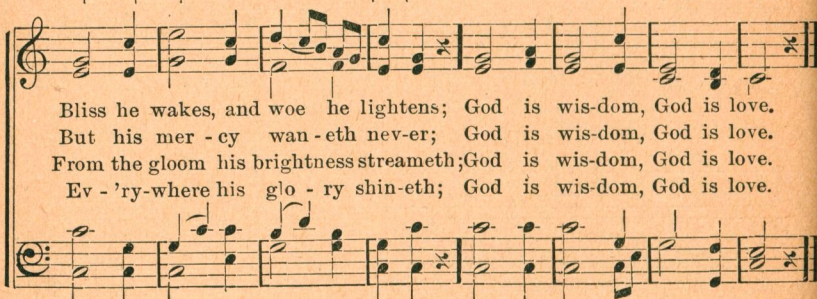


**62** (36)**RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. (S. H. 205)**

I. CONKEY.



1. God is love; his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;  
 2. Chance and change are busy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;  
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove;  
 4. He with earth - ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:



Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 But his mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 From the gloom his brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 Ev - 'ry-where his glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

**63** (162)

- 1 I would love thee, God and Father!  
 My Redeemer, and my King!

I would love thee; for, without thee,  
 Life is but a bitter thing.

- 2 I would love thee; every blessing  
 Flows to me from out thy throne:  
 I would love thee—he who loves thee  
 Never feels himself alone.

- 3 I would love thee; look upon me,  
 Ever guide me with thine eye:

I would love thee; if not nourished  
 By thy love, my soul would die.

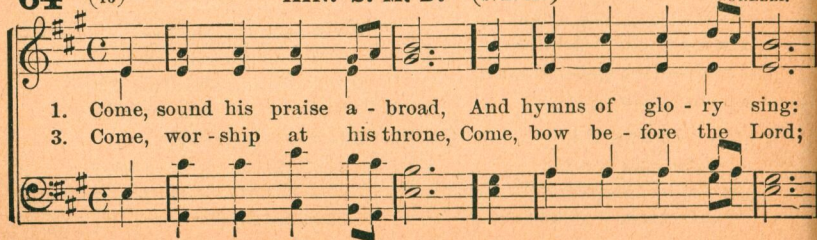
- 4 I would love thee; may thy brightness  
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!

I would love thee; may thy goodness  
 Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

- 5 I would love thee, I have vowed it;  
 On thy love my heart is set:  
 While I love thee, I can never  
 My Redeemer's blood forget.

**64** (13)**AIN. S. M. D. (S. H. 125)**

CORELLI.



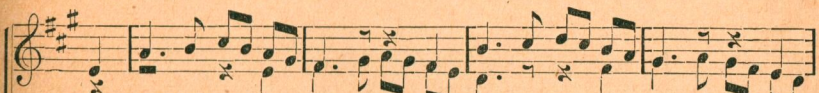
1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:  
 3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord;



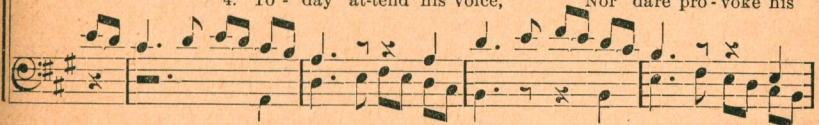
## AIN—Concluded.



Je - ho - vah is the sov'-reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.  
We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.



2. He formed the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The  
2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their  
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod; Come,  
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his



wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.  
bound; The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gracious God.  
rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice,



## 65 (253)

1 See how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul  
Its Heavenly Parent sing;  
And to its great original  
The humble tribute bring.

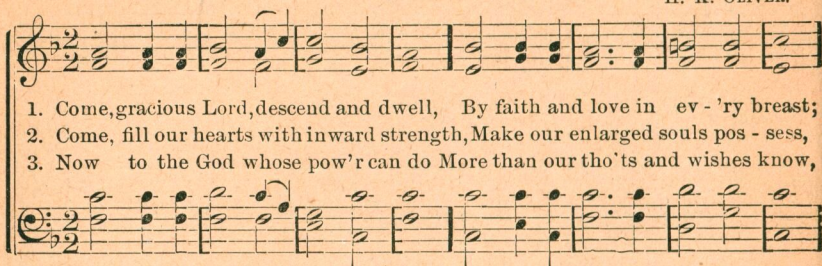
3 In faith I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found,  
That he was just as near.

4 O Lord I want to live  
So humble unto thee,  
That in thy presence I may spend  
A blest eternity.

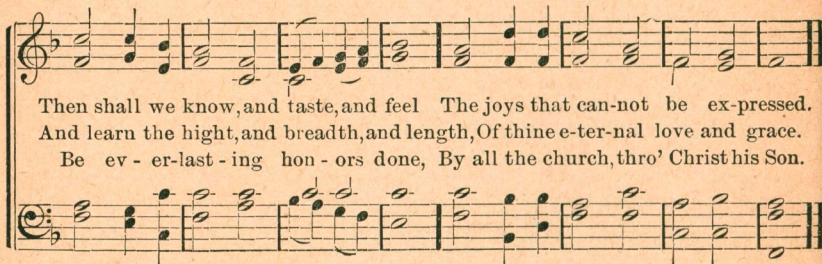


**66** (120)**FEDERAL STREET. L. M.**

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell, By faith and love in ev - 'ry breast;
2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength, Make our enlarged souls pos - sess,
3. Now to the God whose pow'r can do More than our tho'ts and wishes know,



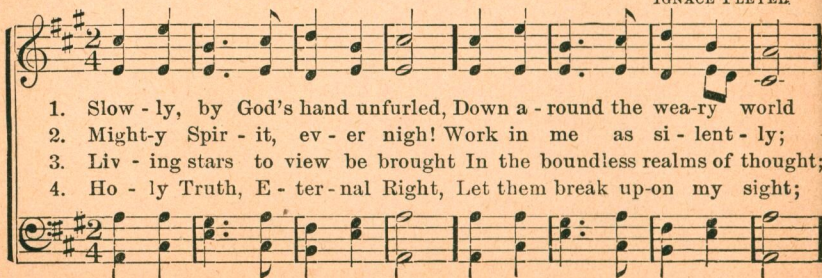
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that can-not be ex-pressed.  
 And learn the light, and breadth, and length, Of thine e-ter-nal love and grace.  
 Be ev - er-last - ing hon - ors done, By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

**67** (121)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O bow thine ear, thou God of saints;<br/>         To hear the prayer thy saints indite;<br/>         And while they breathe their fond complaints,<br/>         Deign thou to bless with heav'nly light.</p> <p>2 Kind Lord, thine Israel long has wept,<br/>         'Neath clouds of error, fear, and doubt;<br/>         But thou with them hast cov'nant kept,<br/>         Call them, O Lord, from darkness out.</p> | <p>3 For peace, they bring their praise to thee,<br/>         Who gave their fathers truth and grace,<br/>         Long since, when Israel bent the knee,<br/>         And humbly walked before thy face.</p> <p>4 Then bow thine ear, thou Lord of earth,<br/>         While here thy saints, in Christ made free,<br/>         Make known the high, exceeding worth<br/>         Of full salvation wrought by thee.</p> |
|--|---|

**68** (279)**PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. (S. H. 433)**

IGNACE PLEYEL



1. Slow - ly, by God's hand unfurled, Down a - round the wea-ry world
2. Might-y Spir - it, ev - er nigh! Work in me as si - lent - ly;
3. Liv - ing stars to view be brought In the boundless realms of thought;
4. Ho - ly Truth, E - ter - nal Right, Let them break up-on my sight;

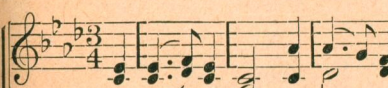


### PLEYEL'S HYMN—Concluded.


Falls the dark - ness; O, how still      Is the work - ing of his will!  
Veil the day's dis - tract - ing sights, Show me heav'n's e - ter - nal lights.  
High and in - fi - nite de - sires, Flam - ing like those up - per fires!  
Let them shine se - rene and still,      And with light my be - ing fill.

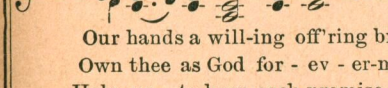
**69** (292)      **GRATEFULNESS. L. M.** (S. II. 173)

M. A. BRADFORD.

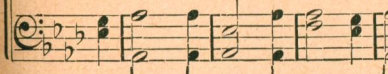


1. Lord, may our hearts be tuned to sing Thy great and ev-er - last ing praise;  
 2. Great God, thy goodness we a-dore, Help us to sing thy boundless love;  
 3. Our sa-cred vows we now re-new—Our lives a - fresh to thee de-vote;





Our hands a will-ing off'ring bring To thee on this the chief of days.  
 Own thee as God for - ev - er-more, And swell thy praise in realms above.  
 Help us to keep each promise true, And seek thy glo-ry to pro-mote.



## 70 (298)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 We bless thee for this sacred day,<br/>         Thou who hast every blessing given,<br/>         Which sends the dreams of earth away<br/>         And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.</p> <p>2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest!<br/>         May we improve the calm repose</p> | <p>And in God's service truly blest,<br/>         Forget the world, its joys, its woes.</p> <p>3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart<br/>         Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,<br/>         And flowers of grace in freshness start<br/>         Where once the weeds of error grew</p> |
|---|---|



71 (119)

MARTYN. 7s. D. (S. H. 96)

S. B. MARSH

1. Light of life, se - raph-ic fire! Love di-vine, thy - self im - part;  
2. Come, in this ac - cept - ed hour, Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in;

Ev - 'ry faint-ing soul in-spire; En - ter ev - 'ry drooping heart:  
Fill us with thy glo-rious pow'r, Root-ing out the seeds of sin:

Ev - 'ry mournful sin - ner cheer, Scat - ter all our guilt - y gloom;  
Noth-ing more can we re - quire, We will cov - et noth-ing less;

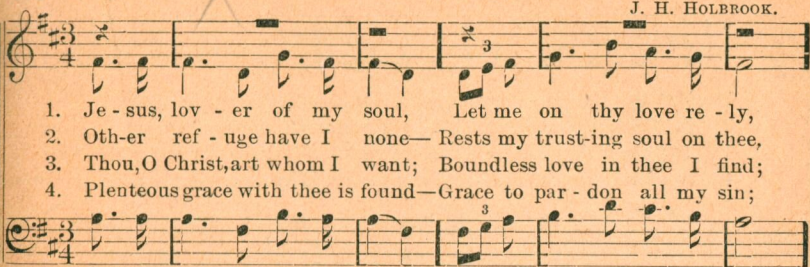
Fa-ther! in thy grace ap-pear, To thy hu-man tem-ples come.  
Be thou all our heart's de-sire, All our joy, and all our peace.

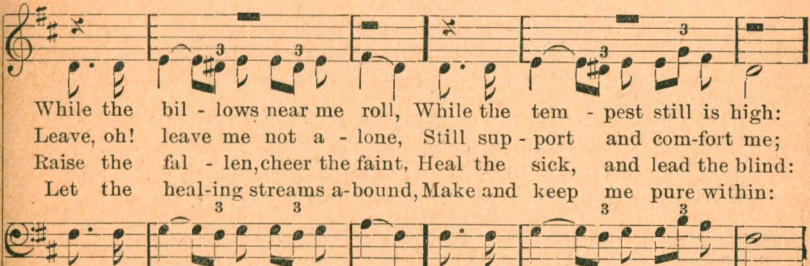


72 (519)

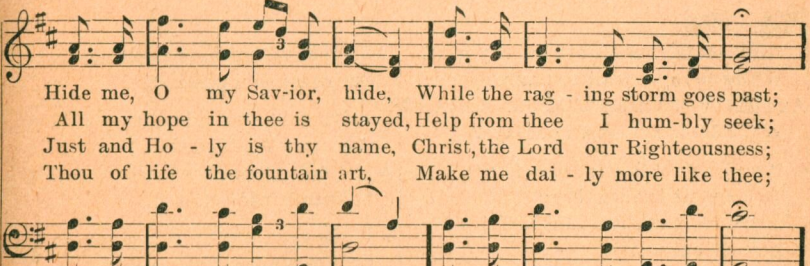
## REFUGE. 7s. D.

J. H. HOLBROOK.

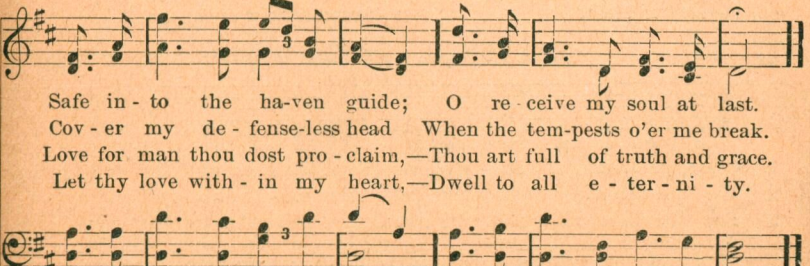
- 
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me on thy love re - ly,
  2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none— Rests my trust - ing soul on thee,
  3. Thou, O Christ, art whom I want; Boundless love in thee I find;
  4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to par - don all my sin;



While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high:  
 Leave, oh! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;  
 Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure within:



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, While the rag - ing storm goes past;  
 All my hope in thee is stayed, Help from thee I hum - bly seek;  
 Just and Ho - ly is thy name, Christ, the Lord our Righteousness;  
 Thou of life the fountain art, Make me dai - ly more like thee;

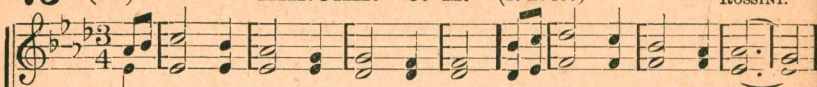


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head When the tem - pests o'er me break.  
 Love for man thou dost pro - claim,—Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Let thy love with - in my heart,—Dwell to all e - ter - ni - ty.

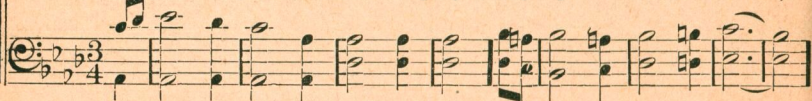


**73** (142)**MANOAH. C. M.** (S. H. 186)

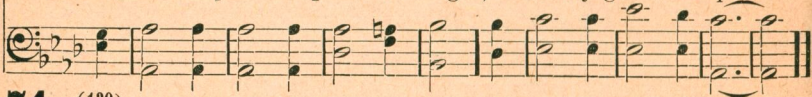
ROSSINI.



1. Met in thy sa - cred name, O Lord, To wor - ship thee be - low,
2. In fes - tive scenes, 'mid gid - dy throngs Of those whom sin de - light,
3. Thy cheering promise, Lord, we wait, Wher - ev - er two or three
4. In - spire our praise, di - rect our pray'r, Thy Spir - it fill each heart;



Grant that each soul with joy may thrill, With love each bo - som glow.  
 We would not min - gle, but would walk In truth's free sav - ing light.  
 Shall in my name to - geth - er meet, There will I deign to be.  
 Clothe thou with pow'r the preacher's tongue, To all thy grace im - part.

**74** (139)

1 Lord, let thy power attend thy word  
 While here we wait to praise,  
 And let the "fountain's" depths be stirred  
 While blessings crown our lays.

2 Here let us each our cares forget,  
 To sing our love to thee;  
 Nor sorrow, pain, nor vain regret  
 Disturb our unity.

3 Help from thy bounteous store afford,  
 Our poverty to bless;

Let light and truth, to earth restored,  
 Our every soul possess.

4 Drive from our midst each dark'ning  
 Our every fear dispel; [cloud;  
 While to thy temple's courts we crowd  
 To thee our love to tell.

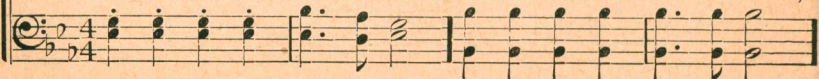
5 While here, thy Spirit's grace bestow  
 Each wounded heart to heal,  
 That when we hence by duty go,  
 Acceptance we may feel.

**75** (340)**BENEVENTO. 7s. D.** (S. H. 194)

S. WEBBE.



1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home!
2. We our - selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God will come, And will take his har - vest home;





## BENEVENTO—Concluded.

*f* *cres.*

All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin:  
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;  
From his field in that blest day All of - fence - s purge a - way:

*ff* *pp*

God our Mak - er doth pro - vide; He our wants hath well supplied:  
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear—  
Give his an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;

*f* *cres.*

To his house of wor - ship, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home!  
Grant, O Har vest Lord! that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
But the fruit - ful ears to store In his gar - ner ev - er - more.

## 76 (359)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Heaven and earth, and sea, and air,<br/>God's eternal praise declare;<br/>Up, my soul! awake and raise<br/>Grateful hymns and songs of praise.</p> <p>2 See the sun, with glorious ray,<br/>Pierce the clouds at opening day;<br/>Moon and stars, in splendor bright,<br/>Praise their God through silent night.</p> <p>3 See how earth, with beauty decked,<br/>Tells a heavenly Architect;<br/>Woods and fields, with lowing kine,<br/>Show their Maker all divine.</p> | <p>4 See the birds, how, pair by pair,<br/>Swift they cleave the yielding air;<br/>Thunder, lightning, storm and wind,<br/>God doth at his will unbind.</p> <p>5 See the billows tumbling o'er,<br/>Chafing with incessant roar;<br/>Hear them, as they sink and swell,<br/>Loud their Maker's praises tell.</p> <p>6 Through the world, great God, I trace<br/>Wonders of thy power and grace:<br/>Write more deeply on my heart<br/>What I am, and what thou art.</p> |
|--|---|



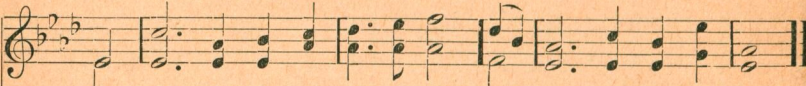
77 (566)

HAYDN. S. M.

HAYDN.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Let thy bright beams a - rise.  
 2. Con - firm us in the faith, All doubts and fears re - move,  
 3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul,  
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Our minds from bondage free;



Dis - pel all sor-row from our minds, All dark-ness from our eyes.  
 And kin - dle in each breast the flame Of nev - er dy - ing love.  
 To pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love, The Fa - ther, Son, and Thee.

78 (199)

1 Commit thou all thy griefs  
 And ways into his hands,  
 To his sure trust and tender care,  
 Who earth and heaven commands:

2 Who points the clouds their course,  
 Whom wind and seas obey,  
 He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,  
 He shall prepare thy way.


3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
 So safe shalt thou go on:  
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
 So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain  
 By self-consuming care;  
 To him commend thy cause, his ear  
 Attends the softest prayer.

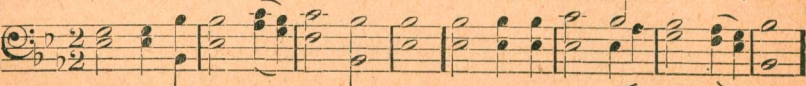
79 (100)

HAMBURG. L. M. (S. H. 66)

GREGORIAN. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.



1. What e - qual hon - ors shall we bring To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
 2. Wor - thy is he that once was slain, The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,  
 3. Hon - or im - mor - tal must be paid In - stead of scan - dal and of scorn;  
 4. Bless - ings for - ev - er on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretched men:

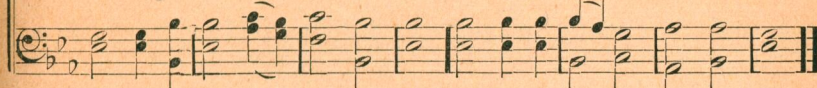




## HAMBURG—Concluded.



When all the notes that an - gels sing, Are far in - fe - rior to thy name?  
 Wor - thy to rise, and live. and reign, At his Al - might - y Fa - ther's side.  
 While glo - ry shines a - round his head, And a bright crown with - out a thorn.  
 Let an - gels sound his sa - cred name, And ev - 'ry creature say, A - men.



80 (1080)

JAMES. S. M. (S. H. 226)

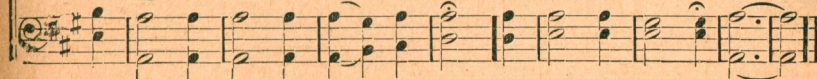
ARTHUR H. MILLS.



1. How gen - tle God's com - mand! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. His boun - ty will pro - vide; His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Unchanged from day to day;



Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.  
 That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Will guard his chil - dren well.  
 Oh, seek your Heav'nly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.  
 I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.



81 (363)

- 1 God, who is just and kind,  
 Will those who err instruct,  
 And in the paths of righteousness  
 Their wand'ring steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides;  
 Teaches the meek his way,  
 Kindness and truth he shows to all  
 Who his just laws obey.

- 3 Give me the tender heart  
 That mingles fear with love;  
 And lead me through whatever path  
 Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 O, ever keep my soul  
 From error, shame, and guilt!  
 Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,  
 Which on thy truth is built.



## 82 (204)

## PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. (S. H. 135)

JOHN READING, 1680.



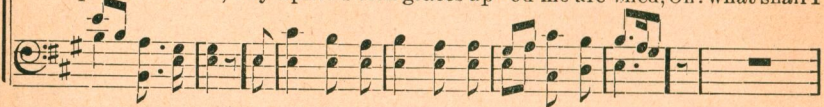
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-
2. Thro' th' valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my guardian, no
3. In th' midst of affliction my ta - ble is spread; With blessings unmeasur'd my



SOLO.



fold - ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow. Restores me when  
e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-  
cup runneth o'er; Thy Spirit's rich graces up - on me are shed, Oh! what shall I



DUET.

FULL CHORUS.



wand'ring, redeems when oppressed; Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.  
fall, with my Com-fort-er near; No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.  
ask of thy providence more; Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence more?



## 83 (201)

- 1 How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled!
- 2 In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health;  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,  
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.



- 3 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed;  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My Sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,  
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes:  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll *never*—no NEVER, no NEVER forsake!

84 (123)

## SUBMISSION. L. M. (S. H. 90)

W. H. MONK.

1. O God, whose presence glows in all With-in, a - round us, and a - bove!  
2. That truth be with the heart believed By all who seek this sa - cred place;  
3. That love its ho - ly influence pour, To keep us meek and make us free,  
4. Send down its an-gels to our side,—Send in its calm up - on the breast;

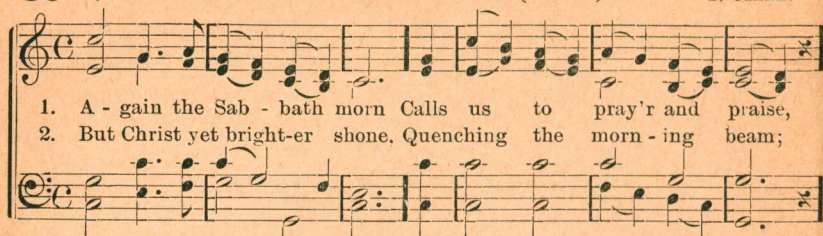
Thy word we bless, thy name we call, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.  
With pow'r proclaimed, in peace received,—Our spirits' light, thy Spir-it's grace.  
And throw its bind-ing bless-ing more Round each with all, and all with thee.  
For we would know no oth - er guide, And we can need no oth - er rest.



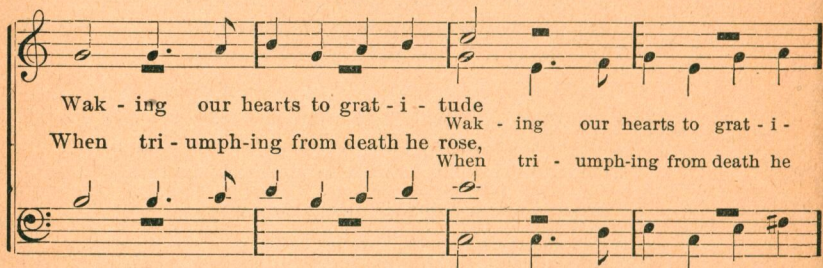
85 (291)

CRANBROOK. S. M. (S. H. 172)

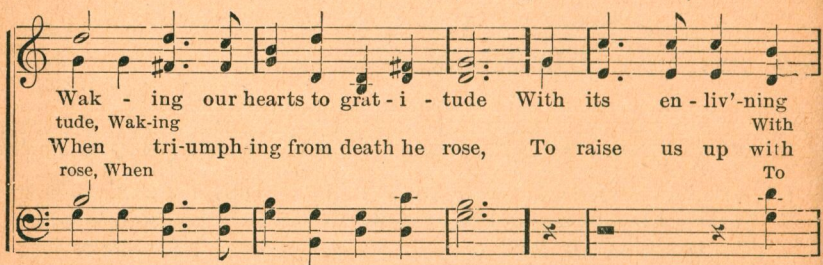
T. CLARK.



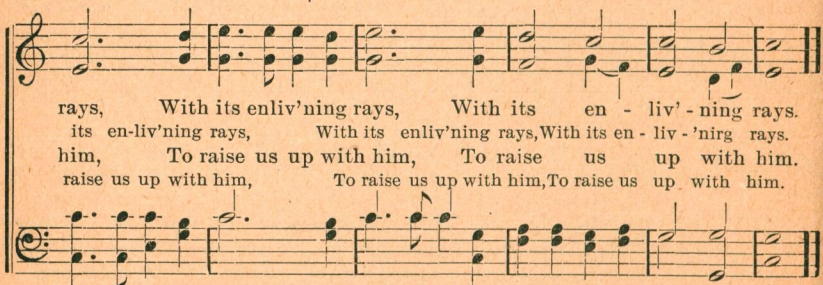
1. A - gain the Sab - bath morn Calls us to pray'r and praise,  
2. But Christ yet bright-er shone. Quenching the morn - ing beam;



Wak - ing our hearts to grat - i - tude Wak - ing our hearts to grat - i -  
When tri - umph-ing from death he rose, When tri - umph-ing from death he



Wak - ing our hearts to grat - i - tude With its en - liv'-ning  
tude, Wak-ing With  
When tri-umphing from death he rose, To raise us up with  
rose, When To



rays, With its enliv'ning rays, With its en - liv' - ning rays.  
its en-liv'ning rays, With its enliv'ning rays, With its en - liv' - ning rays.  
him, To raise us up with him, To raise us up with him.  
raise us up with him, To raise us up with him, To raise us up with him.

3 When first the Spirit came,  
In majesty arrayed,  
And bathed in streams of purest light,—  
What power was there displayed!

4 But O what love!—when Christ,  
For our transgressions slain,  
Was by th' Eternal Father raised,  
For us, to life again.



86 (967)

## NORTHFIELD. C. M. (S. H. 202) JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. How will the saints re - joice to tell! And count their suff'rings o'er,  
2. There they will see up - on that land Fair Zi - on from a - bove,

When they up - on Mount Zi - on dwell. And  
And meet with E - noch's ho - ly band, And

When they up - on Mount Zi - on dwell, When they up - on Mount  
Ane meet with E - noch's ho - ly band, And meet with E - noch's

*rit.*

view the land - scape o'er. And view the landscape o'er.  
they up - on Mount Zi - on dwell, And sing Re - deem - ing Love.  
sing Re - deem - ing Love, And sing Re - deem - ing Love.  
meet with E - noch's ho - ly band,

Zi - on dwell,  
ho - ly band,

- 3 There, no more sickness, pain, or woe, 4 O may I see that glorious day!  
Shall mar their peaceful rest, And join with all the blest,  
For God shall wipe a way their tears, To sing a loud the Savior's praise;  
And comfort the oppressed. And enter into rest.

87 (39)

- 1 Come, ye that love the Savior's name, 3 When in his earthly courts we view  
And joy to make it known; The beauties of our King,  
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, We long to love as angels do,  
And bow before his throne. And with their voice to sing.
- 2 Behold your King, your Savior, crowned 4 Oh, for the day, the glorious day!  
With glories all divine; When heaven and earth shall raise  
And tell the wond'ring nations round, With all their powers, the raptured lay,  
How bright these glories shine. To celebrate thy praise.



**88** (392) **TYROLESE. P. M. or 6, 6, 9, 9, 6.** (S. H. 222)

Tyrolese Air.

1. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,  
 2. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! Shep - herds wake, touched with fright.  
 3. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! Son of God! Light of Light!—

Round yon vir - gin mother and child. Ho - ly In - fant, ten - der and mild,  
 Glo - rious stream from heav'n a - far; Heav'nly hosts sing "Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 O how love beams from his face, With the dawn of heav - en - ly grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace! Sleep in heav - en - ly peace!  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born; Christ the Sav - ior is born."  
 At Im - man - u - el's birth! At Im - man - u - el's birth!

**89** (112)**THATCHER. S. M.**

HANDEL.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing;  
 2. Sweet—at the dawn - ing light, Thy bound - less love to tell;  
 3. Sweet on the day of rest, To join in heart and voice,



## THATCHER—Concluded.

To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grate-ful off'-rings bring.  
And when ap-proach the shades of night, Sweet on the theme to dwell.  
With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re-joice.

## 90 (420) OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. (S. H 234)

W. B. BRADBURY.

*Very slow and soft. Marcato. < > cres. < > dim.*

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:  
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Savior wrestles lone with fears;  
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-er's guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

*mf* *mp*

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suff'ring Savior prays a-lone.  
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.  
Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

## 91 (425)

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Savior cried, 3 "'Tis finished!"—Son of God, thy power  
And meekly bowed his head, and died; Hath triumphed in this awful hour;  
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run, And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won. That life to us was death to thee.

2 "'Tis finished!"—that which heaven 4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound  
By prophets in the days of old; [foretold Be heard thro' all the nations round;  
And truths are opened to our view, "'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,  
That kings and prophets never knew. And swell the chorus of the skies.



## 92 (448)

## CORONATION. C. M. (S. H. 213)

OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call;  
 3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;  
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all;  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

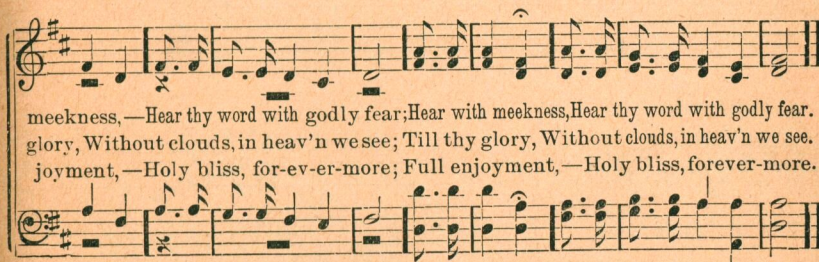
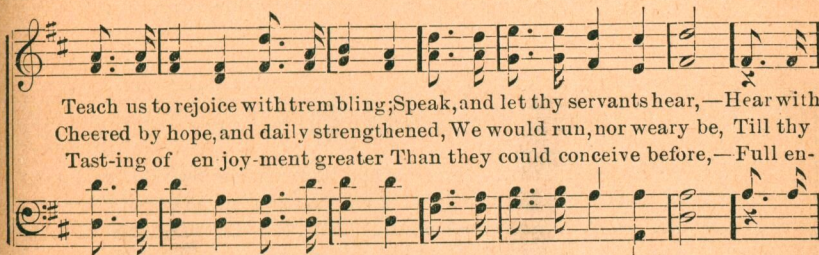
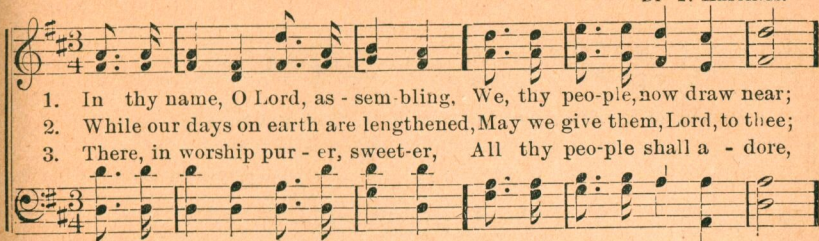
5 O! that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall:  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.



93 (110)

ZION. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s. (S. H. 236)

Dr T. HASTINGS.



94 (741)

- 1 Book of Mormon, hid for ages  
 On Cumorah's lonely hill,  
 Written by those ancient sages  
 Whom Jehovah taught his will;  
 Glad we hail it,  
 Fullness of the gospel still!
- 2 Hail this record, saints in Zion,  
 Hidden by Moroni's hand,  
 Till the God our souls rely on  
 Unto Joseph gave command  
 To translate it,  
 Send it forth to ev'ry land.

- 3 Hail the glorious light of Nephi,  
 Hail the truths that Alma taught;  
 We will trust in God like Lehi,  
 Seek the Lord as Mormon sought;  
 Like Moroni,  
 Buy the truth and sell it not.
- 4 Israel, gather round this standard,  
 Laman, see thy guiding star,  
 Judah, rally round thy banner,  
 Come, ye Gentiles from afar;  
 Book of Mormon,  
 It is truth's triumphal car!



**95** (521) **PRECIOUS NAME. 8s & 7s.** (S. H. 288)

W. H. DOANE.

1. Bow, ye mor-tals, bow be - fore him, Bow and keep his sa cred word;  
 2. Bow, ye an-gels, chant his prais-es, Strike your lyres with one ac-cord,  
 3. Men and an-gels, ser-aphs join-ing, In one grand harmonious chord,

Bow in rev'rence and a - dore him, Bow, con-fess your Savior, Lord.  
 While each voice melodious rais - es Pæ - ans un-to Christ the Lord.  
 Voice and in-stru-ment com-bin - ing, All, con-fess that Christ is Lord.

**CHORUS.**

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,  
 Pre-cious name, O how sweet!


Precious name, O how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
 Pre-cious name, O how sweet, how sweet

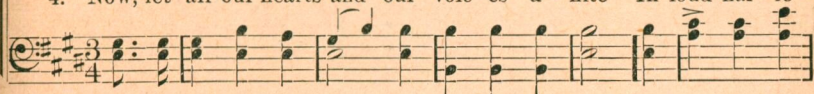


96 (447)


## BETTER LAND. P. M. (S. H. 254)

From Canadian S. S. Book.


- 
1. In the far bet - ter land of glo - ry and light, The ransomed are
  2. Round the bright flaming throne an anthem they raise, Like the sound of the
  3. Dear Re-deem-er, may we, with our voic-es so faint, Sing the chor-us
  4. Now, let all our hearts and our voic-es u - nite In loud hal - le -



sing-ing in garments of white; The harpers are harping and all the bright train  
seaswells their chorus of praise; And thrones and dominions re-ech-o the strain  
celestial with angel and saint? Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain,  
lu-jah with angels in light; To Jesus we'll sing that me-lo-di-ous strain,



*cres.*

CHORUS.

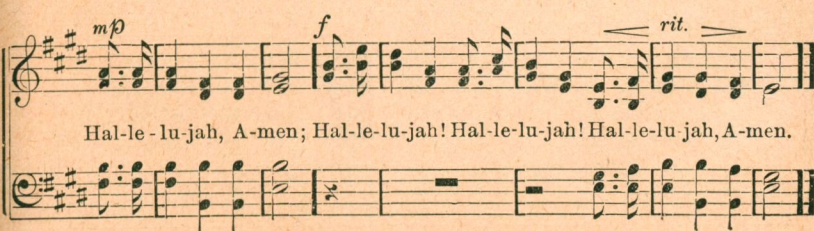


Sing the song of redemption, 'The Lamb that was slain.' Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
Of glo-ry e - ter - nal To him that was slain.  
With the song of redemption, - 'The Lamb that was slain.'  
The song of redemption, - 'The Lamb that was slain.'

Hal - le - lu-jah!



Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

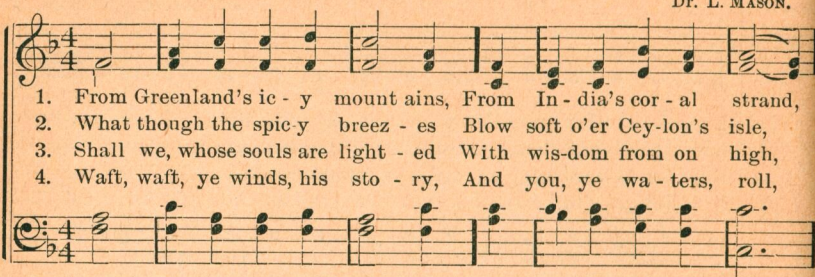




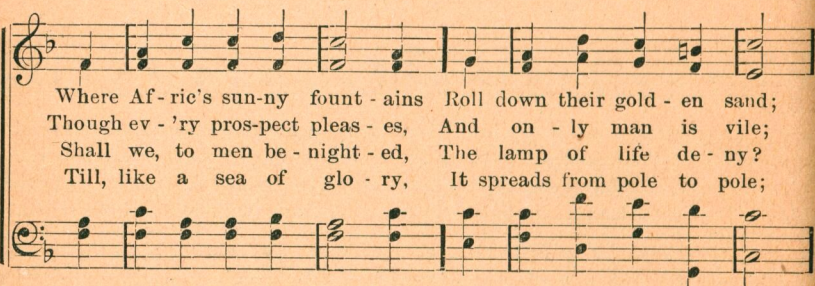
97 (622)

## MISSIONARY. 7s &amp; 6s. D. (S. H. 337)

DR. L. MASON.



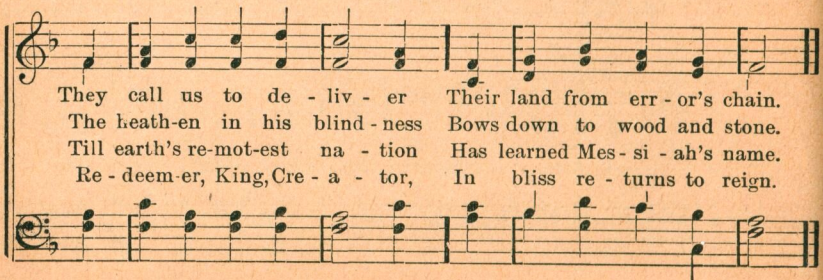
1. From Greenland's ic - y mount ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle,  
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,  
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;  
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;  
 Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?  
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an cient riv - er. From many a palm - y plain,  
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;  
 Sal - va - tion! O, Sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
 Till o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

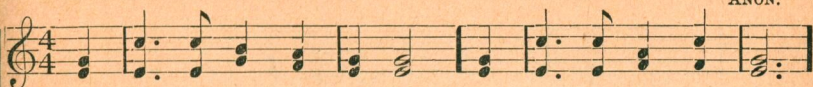


They call us to de - liv - er Their land from err - or's chain.  
 The heath - en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.  
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.  
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

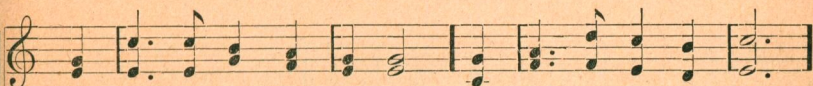
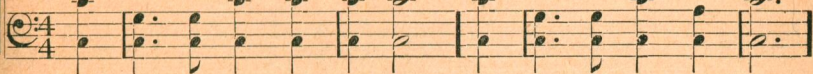


## 98 (1075) LIFE'S HARVEST. 7s &amp; 6s, D. (S. H. 330)

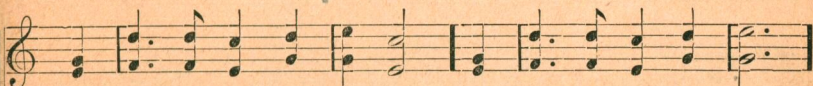
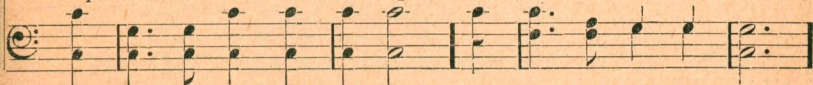
ANON.



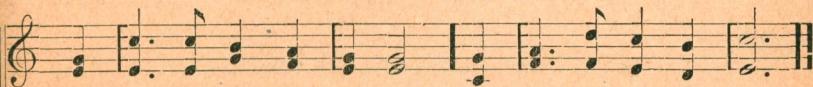
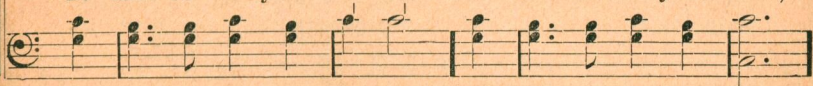
1. O reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharpened sick - les And gath - er in the grain,
3. Come down from hill and mount - ain, In morn - ing's rud - dy glow,
4. Mount up the height of wis - dom, And crush each err - or low;



Un - til the night draws round you And day be - gins to fade?  
 The night is fast ap - proach - ing And soon will come a - gain,  
 Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;  
 Keep back no words of knowledge, That hu - man hearts should know;



Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come,  
 Your Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall he call in vain?  
 And come with the strong sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,  
 Be faith - ful to your mis - sion And serv - ice of your Lord,



The gold - en morn is com - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?  
 Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?  
 And pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold.  
 And then a home in glo - ry Shall be your great re - ward.





## 99 (272)

## EVENTIDE. 10s. (S. H. 163)

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need thy Spir - it ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but thy  
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way: Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who like thy - self my  
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting, where,

fail, and com-forts flee! Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!  
 all a - round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if thou a - bide with me.

## 100

- 1 Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,  
 Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;  
 Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,  
 And shed renewing grace on lost mankind !
- 2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,  
 Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;  
 From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,  
 Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee no more.



101 (303)

NEW YEAR. 10s. (S. H. 179)

Mrs. M. A. BRADFORD.

*Moderato.*

1. God of the changing year, whose arm of pow'r In safe-ty leads thro'  
 2. Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way, And pour a-round the  
 3. If round our path the thorns of sor-row grew, And mortal friends were

Quartet only.

danger's darkest hour, Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down, To bless thy  
 glad'ning light of day; Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine To cheer its  
 faithless, thou wert true; Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear The wounded

CHORUS.

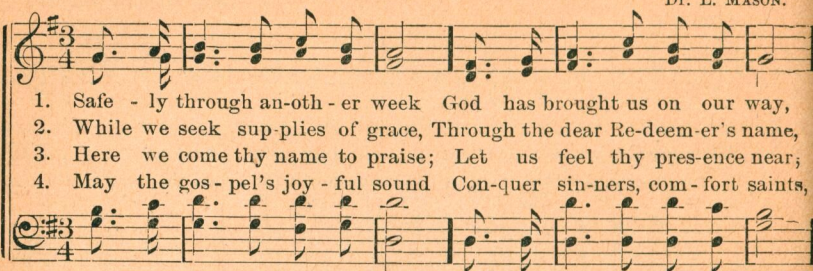
mer-cy, and thy might to own; To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.  
 hours of darkness,—all are thine; To cheer its hours of darkness, all are thine.  
 spir-it, thou wert present there; The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.

- 4 Yet when our hearts review departed days,  
 How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!  
 Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,  
 Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.
- 5 O, lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;  
 Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;  
 From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine  
 Draw our frail hearts and make them wholly thine.

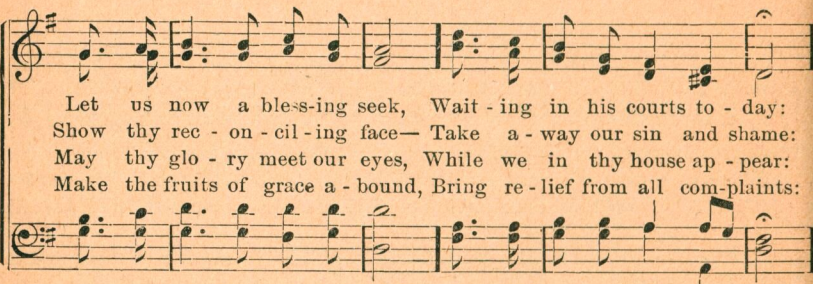


**102** (284) **SABBATH REST.** 7s. D. (S. H. 278)

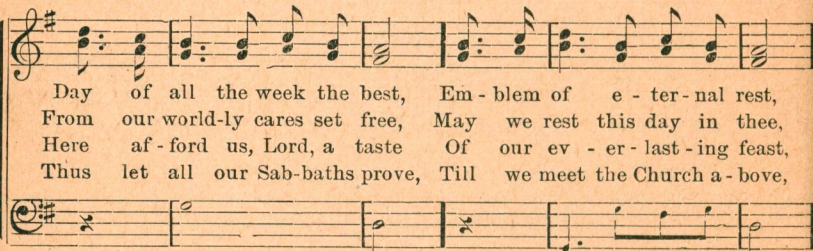
Dr. L. MASON.



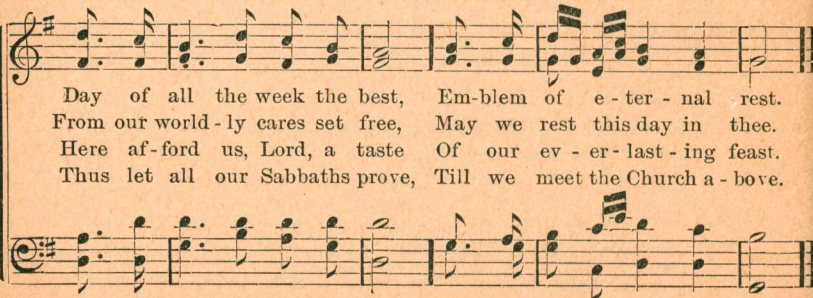
1. Safe - ly through an-oth - er week God has brought us on our way,  
 2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Through the dear Re-deem-er's name,  
 3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres-ence near;  
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints,



Let us now a ble-s-ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day:  
 Show thy rec - on - cil - ing face— Take a - way our sin and shame:  
 May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear:  
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com-plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee,  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,  
 Thus let all our Sab-baths prove, Till we meet the Church a - bove,



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we meet the Church a - bove.



103 (89)

HARWELL. 8s &amp; 7s.D. (S. H. 282)

Dr. L. MASON.

1 Hark! ten thous-and harps and voic es Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
 2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er; Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;  
 3. Sav - ior, hast - en thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love.  
 Noth-ing from thy love shall sev-er Those whom thou hast made thine own;-  
 When, the aw - ful summons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.

See! he sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.  
 See! he sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.  
 Hap-py ob-jects of thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold thy face.  
 Hap-py ob - - jects of thy grace, Destined to be-hold thy face.  
 Then with golden harps, we'll sing, — 'Glo - ry, glo-ry to our king.'  
 Then with gold - en harps, we'll sing, — Glo-ry, glo - - ry to our King.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.



**104** (473)

EVAN. C. M. (S. H. 318)

ANON.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe,  
 2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain Be-neath the chast'ning rod,  
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;  
 4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scorn-ful smile;

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an-y earth-ly woe!—  
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God;—  
 That when in dan-ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.  
 That seas of trou-ble can-not drown, Nor Satan's arts be-guile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
 Till life's last hour is fled,  
 And, with a pure and heavenly ray,  
 Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
 And then, whate'er may come,  
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss  
 Of an eternal home.

**105** (569)

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;  
 Let us thine influence prove;  
 Source of the old prophetic fire—  
 Fountain of light and love.  
 2 Come, Holy Ghost; for moved by thee.  
 The Prophets wrote and spoke:  
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key;  
 Unseal the sacred book.  
 3 Expand thy wings, celestial dove,  
 Brood o'er our nature's night;  
 On our disordered spirits move,  
 And let there now be light.  
 4 God, through thine aid, we then shall  
 If thou within us shine; [know,  
 And sound with all thy saints below,  
 The depth of love divine.

**106** (478)

1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves from Satan's snares,  
 Its aid, in ev'ry duty, brings,  
 And softens all my cares.  
 2 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
 Where deathless pleasures reign;  
 And bids me seek my portion there,  
 Nor bids me seek in vain.  
 3 It shows the precious promise sealed  
 With the Redeemer's blood;  
 And helps my feeble hope to rest  
 Upon a faithful God.  
 4 There—there unshaken would I rest,  
 Till this frail body dies;  
 And then on faith's triumphant wings  
 To endless glory rise.



107 (707)

ORTONVILLE. C. M. (S. H. 353)

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. O hap - py is the man who hears In-struc-tion's warn-ing voice!
2. For she has treasures great - er far, Than east or west un - fold;
3. In her right hand she holds to view, A length of hap - py days:

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice;  
And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold;  
Rich - es, with splen - did hon - ors joined, Are what her left dis - plays;

His ear - ly, on - ly choice.  
Than all their stores of gold.  
Are what her left dis - plays.

- 4 She guides the young with innocence,  
In pleasure's paths to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

- 5 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase.  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

108 (361)

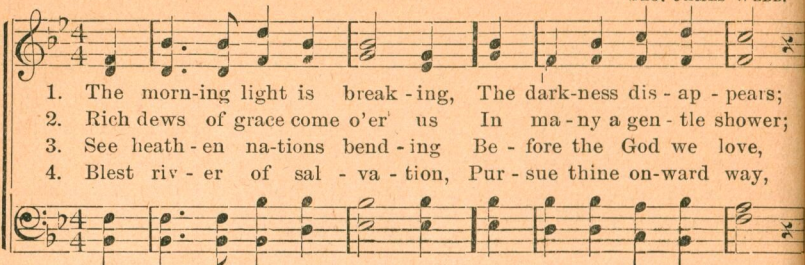
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 To thee, my God, my days are known,<br/>My soul enjoys the thought;<br/>My actions are before thy face,<br/>Nor are my faults forgot.</li> <li>2 Each secret breath devotion breathes,<br/>Is vocal to thine ear;<br/>And all my walks of daily life<br/>Before thine eye appear.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 Each golden hour of beaming light<br/>Is gilded by thy rays;<br/>And dark affliction's midnight gloom<br/>A present God surveys.</li> <li>4 Full in thy view through life I pass,<br/>And in thy view I die;<br/>And, when each mortal bond is broke,<br/>Shall find my God is nigh.</li> </ol> |
|---|--|



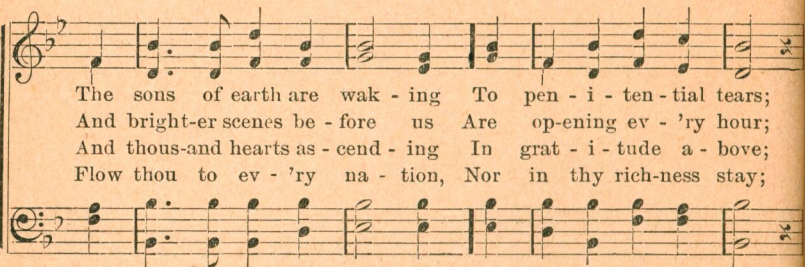
109 (719)

WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s. D. (S. H. 380)

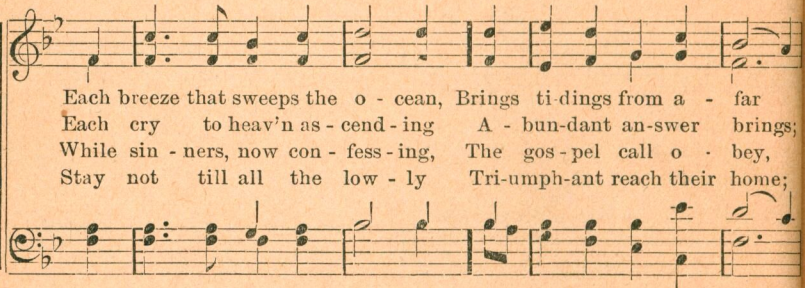
GEO. JAMES WEBB.



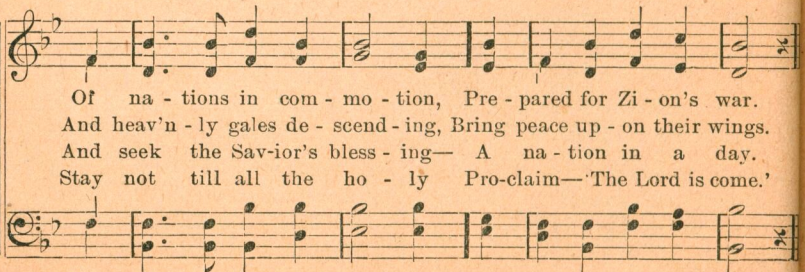
1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;  
 2. Rich dews of grace come o'er' us In ma-n'y a gen-tle shower;  
 3. See heath-en na-tions bend-ing Be-fore the God we love,  
 4. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion, Pur-sue thine on-ward way,



The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;  
 And bright-er scenes be-fore us Are op-en-ing ev-'ry hour;  
 And thous-and hearts as-cend-ing In grat-i-tude a-bove;  
 Flow thou to ev-'ry na-tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay;



Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean, Brings ti-dings from a-far  
 Each cry to heav'n as-cend-ing A-bun-dant an-swer brings;  
 While sin-ners, now con-fess-ing, The gos-pel call o-bey,  
 Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-umph-ant reach their home;



Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.  
 And heav'n-ly gales de-scend-ing, Bring peace up-on their wings.  
 And seek the Sav-ior's bless-ing—A na-tion in a day.  
 Stay not till all the ho-ly Pro-claim—'The Lord is come.'



## 110 (667) FRIEND IN JESUS. 8s &amp; 7s. D. (S. H. 361)

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. Glo-rious things are sung of Zi - on, E - noch's cit - y seen of old,  
 2. Then the towers of Zi - on glit-tered Like the sun in yon - der sky,  
 3. When the Lord returns with Zi - on, And we hear the watchman cry,

Where the righteous, be - ing per - fect, Walked with God in streets of gold:  
 And the wicked stood and trembled, Filled with won - der and sur - prise;  
 Then we'll sure - ly be u - nit - ed, And we'll all see eye to eye,

Love and vir - tue, faith and wis - dom, Grace and gifts were all combined,  
 Then their faith and works were perfect, Lo, they followed their great head,  
 Then we'll min - gle with the an - gels, And the Lord will bless his own;

As him - self each lov'd his neigh - bor, All were of one heart and mind.  
 So the cit - y went to heav - en, And the world said, "ZION'S FLED."  
 Then the earth will be as E - den, And we'll know as we are known.



## 111 (372)

## COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. My God! how won-der-ful thou art, Thy Maj - es - ty, how bright!  
 2. Yet I may love thee too, O Lord! Al - might - y as thou art,  
 3. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like thee, No moth - er half so mild

How glo - ri - ous thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!  
 For thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.  
 Bears and for - bears, as thou hast done, With me thy sin - ful child.

## 112 (158)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Our Father who in heaven doth dwell,<br>Hallowed be thy name;<br>Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,<br>In heaven and earth the same. | As we forgive our fellow-men,<br>May we thy grace receive.   |
| 2 Give us each day our daily bread;<br>Our trespasses forgive,  | 3 And in temptation leave us not;<br>From evil us defend;<br>For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,<br>Forever, without end. |

## 113 (463)

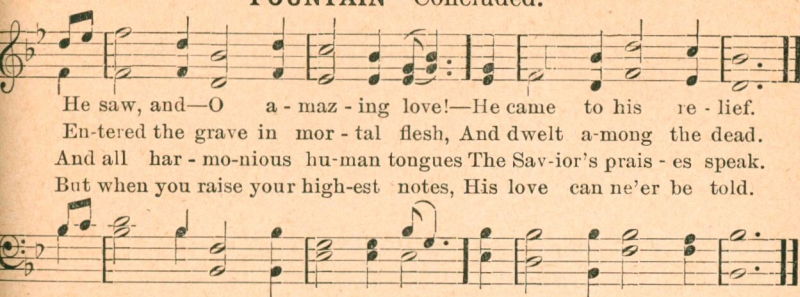
## FOUNTAIN. C. M. (S. H. 268)

L. MASON.

1. With pit - y'ng eyes the Prince of grace Be - held man's helpless grief;  
 2. Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove, With joy - ful haste he fled;  
 3. O for this love let rocks and hills Their last - ing si - lence break;  
 4. An - gels, as - sist our might - y joys; Strike all your harps of gold;



## FOUNTAIN—Concluded.



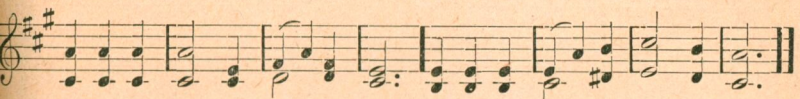
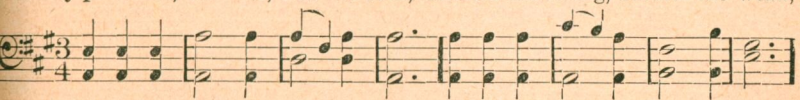
114 (135)

HICKS. L. M. (S. H. 274)

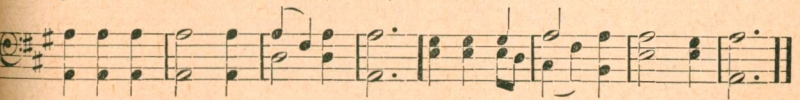
ARTHUR H. MILLS.



1. With thankful hearts we meet, O Lord, To sing thy praise, to hear thy word,
2. Dear Shepherd of thy chos-en flock, Thy people's shield, their shad'wing rock,
3. Thy pres-ence, Sav - ior, now we seek, Confirm the strong, sustain the weak,



To seek thy face in earnest prayer, To cast on thee each earth-ly care.  
Once more we meet to hear thy voice, Once more before thee to re - joice.  
Way-worn and tired we hither, come, Give us a fore-taste of our home.



115 (134)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 0 thou, at whose almighty word,<br>The glorious light from darkness sprung.<br>Thy quick'ning influence afford, [tongue.<br>And clothe with power the preacher's | 3 As when the walls of Jericho<br>Down to the earth at once were cast;<br>It was thy power that brought them low,<br>And not the trumpet's feeble blast. |
| 2 As when of old the waters flowed<br>Forth from the rock at thy command;<br>Moses in vain had waved his rod,<br>Without thy wonder-working hand.                | 4 Thus would we in the means be found,<br>And thus on thee alone depend;<br>Oh, make the gospel's joyful sound<br>Effectual to the promised end.         |



**116** (664) **CAMBRIDGE. C. M.** (S. H. 360)

Dr. RANDALL.

1. May we, who know the joy - ful sound, Still prac - tice what we know;  
 2. By acts of mer - cy let us show We have not heard in vain,  
 3. The wid-ow's heart shall share our joy, The or - phan and op-pressed  
 4. Thankful that we the gos - pel hear, And love the joy - ful sound,

Not hear-ers of the word a - lone, But do - ers of it too;  
 But kind-ly feel an - oth - er's woe, And long to ease his pain;  
 Shall see we love the sweet em - ploy, To suc - cor the dis-tressed;  
 O may the sa - cred fruits ap - pear, And in our lives a - bound;

But do - ers of it too, But do - ers of it too.  
 And long to ease his pain, And long to ease his pain.  
 To suc - cor the dis-tressed, To suc - cor the dis - tressed.  
 And in our lives a - bound, And in our lives a - bound.

**117** (695) **BLAIR, 3-7s & 5s.** (S. H. 371)*Slow and with feeling.*

M. H. FORSCUTT.

1. In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's rich-es flee a - way,  
 2. When the se - cret i-dol's gone, That my poor heart yearned upon,  
 3. Thou who wast so sore-ly tried, In the dark-ness cru - ci - fied:  
 4. So shall it be good for me, Much af - flict-ed now to be,



## BLAIR—Concluded.

And the last hope will not stay; Sav - ior, com-fort me.  
 Des - o - late, be - reft, for - lorn; Sav - ior, com-fort me.  
 Bid me in thy love con - fide; Sav - ior, com-fort me.  
 If thou wilt but ten - der - ly, Sav - ior, com-fort me.

## 118 (56)

## ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. When all thy mercies, O! my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,  
 2. Un - num-bered comforts to my soul Thy ten - der care be-stowed,  
 3. When in the slip-p'ry paths of youth With heed - less steps I ran,  
 4. Ten thousand thousand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em-ploy;

Trans - port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.  
 Be - fore my in - fant heart con-ceived From whom those comforts flowed.  
 Thine arm, un-seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.  
 Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

## 119 (59)

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
 And raise your thoughts above;  
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,  
 To sing that "God is love."  
 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
 And all his mercies prove;  
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,  
 To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long  
 With those who from him rove;  
 Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,  
 To teach them "God is love."  
 4 Oh, may we all, while here below,  
 This best of blessings prove;  
 Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
 Proclaim that "God is love."



## 120 (752) DUANE STREET. L. M. D. (S. H. 397)

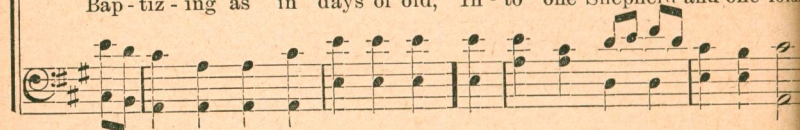
Rev. G. COLES.



1. When earth in bondage long had lain, And darkness o'er the nations reigned
2. He comes the gos-pel to re-veal In full-ness to be-night-ed man
3. Lo! from Cumorah's lone-ly hill, There comes a rec-ord of God's will
4. And now commission'd from on high, God's servants faith, repentance, cry,



And all man's precepts prove in vain, A per-fect sys-tem to ob-tain.  
 Re-store the Priesthood, long since lost, In truth and pow'r as at the first.  
 Trans-lat-ed by the pow'r of God, His voice bears rec-ord to his word.  
 Bap-tiz-ing as in days of old, In-to one Shepherd and one fold.



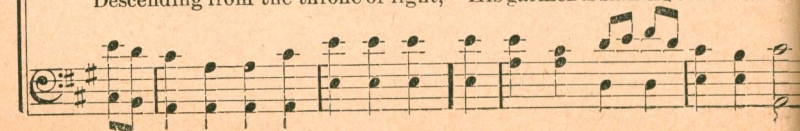
## CHORUS.



A voice commissioned from on high, Hark, Hark! it is the an-gel's cry,



Descending from the throne of light, — His garments shining clear and white

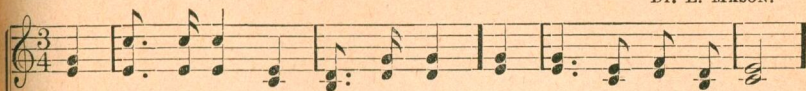




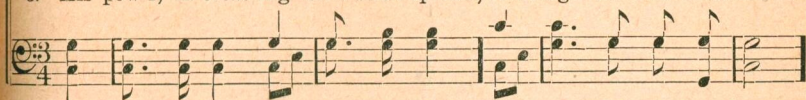
## 121 (380)

## ZERAH. C. M. (S. H. 415)

Dr. L. MASON.



1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is given;  
 2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For - ev - er - more a - dored;  
 3. His pow'r, in - creas - ing still shall spread; His reign no end shall know:



- Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n;  
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and mighty Lord;  
 Jus - tice shall guard his throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low;



- Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.  
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord!  
 Jus - tice shall guard his throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.



## 122 (21)

- 1 Beloved Brethren! sing his praise  
 Who formed the worlds on high;  
 Who taught the planets where to trace  
 Their orbits in the sky.  
 2 O sing the fervor of his love—  
 The wonders of his grace;  
 Who sent the Savior from above  
 To save a dying race.  
 3 In songs declare the works and ways  
 Of our Eternal God,

Whose kingdom, in these latter days,  
 Is spreading far abroad.

- 4 In Zion, let his name be praised,  
 Who hath a feast prepared,  
 The glorious gospel standard raised,  
 The ancient faith restored.  
 5 Swift heralds the glad news to bear  
 O'er land and ocean fly,  
 And to the wond'ring world declare  
 The message from on high.



## 123 (965)

## ANVERN. L. M. (S. H. 481)

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Tri-umph ant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust, and dark-ness, and the  
 2. Put all thy beau-teous garments on, And let thy ex - cel-lence be  
 3. No more shall foes un-clean in - vade, And fill thy hallowed walls with  
 4. God from on high, has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ru - in shall re -

dead! Though humbled long— a - wake at length, And gird thee  
 known: Decked in the robes of right-eous - ness, Thy glo - ries  
 dread; No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic - t'ry  
 pair; Nor will thy watch-ful Mon - arch cease To guard thee

with thy Sav - ior's strength! And gird thee with thy Sav-ior's strength!  
 shall the world con - fess; Thy glo-ries shall the world con - fess.  
 and thy sor - rows boast; Their vic t'ry and thy sor - rows boast.  
 in e - ter - nal peace; To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.

## 124 (242)

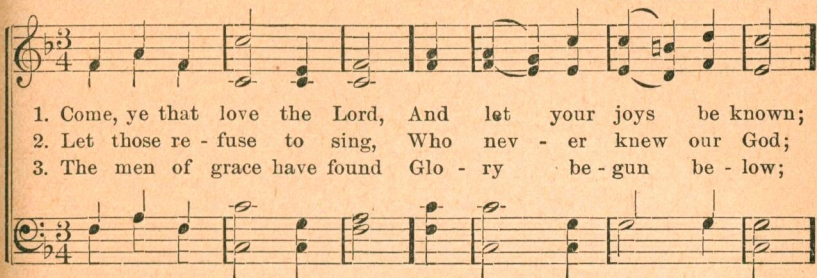
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun<br/>         Thy daily course of duty run;<br/>         Shake off dull sloth, and early rise<br/>         To pay thy morning sacrifice.</p> <p>2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,<br/>         Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:<br/>         'T improve thy talents take due care;<br/>         'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.</p> | <p>3 Let all thy converse be sincere,<br/>         Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;<br/>         Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways<br/>         And all thy secret thoughts surveys.</p> <p>4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,<br/>         And with the angels bear thy part;<br/>         In that rich chorus where they sing,<br/>         'Glory to thee, Eternal King.'</p> |
|---|---|



## 125 (115)

## GERAR. S. M.

From Carmina Sacra.



## 126 (11)

- 1 Come to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there,  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love; [dumb,  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow; your voices raise;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown  
Who gives the power to praise.

## 127 (133)

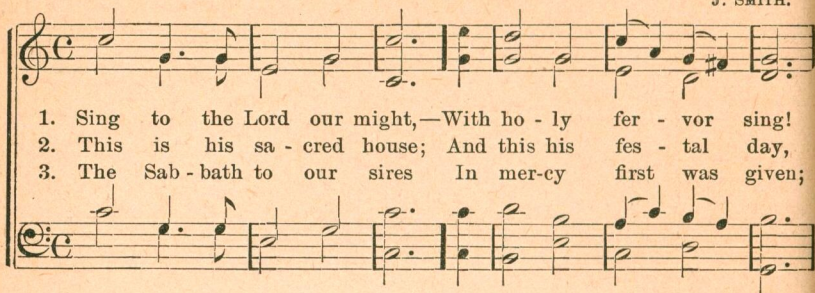
- 1 Lord, in this sacred hour,  
Within thy courts we bend,  
And bless thy love, and own thy pow'r,  
Our Father and our friend.
- 2 But thou art not alone  
In courts by mortals trod;  
Nor only is the day thine own  
When man draws near to God.
- 3 Thy temple is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky;  
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march  
Of grand eternity.
- 4 Lord may that holier day  
Dawn on thy servants' sight;  
And purer worship may we pay  
In heaven's unclouded light.



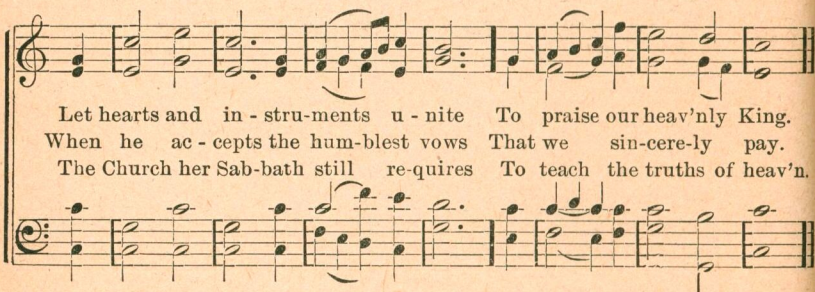
## 128 (92)

## SILVER STREET. S. M. (S. H. 399)

J. SMITH.



1. Sing to the Lord our might,—With ho - ly fer - vor sing!  
 2. This is his sa - cred house; And this his fes - tal day,  
 3. The Sab - bath to our sires In mer - cy first was given;



Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heav'nly King.  
 When he ac - cepts the hum - blest vows That we sin - cere - ly pay.  
 The Church her Sab - bath still re - quires To teach the truths of heav'n.

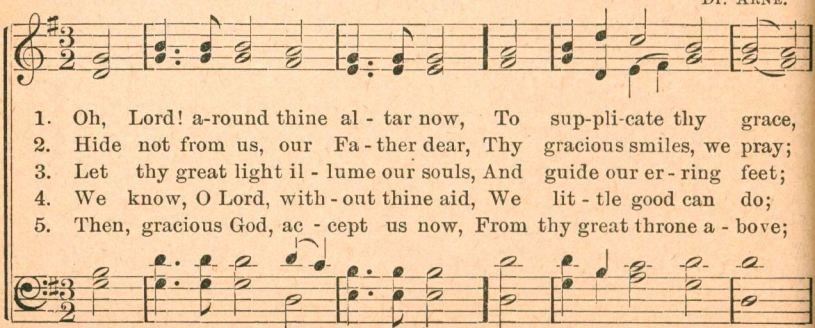
4 And we like them of old,  
 Are in earth's wilderness;  
 And God is now as near his fold  
 To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide  
 Our hearts for him to fill;  
 And he that Israel then supplied,  
 - Will keep his Israel still.

## 129 (147)

## ARLINGTON. C. M. (S. H. 391)

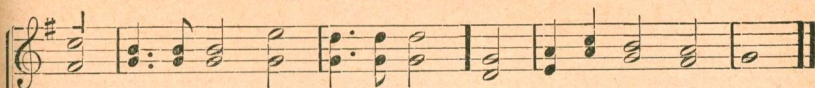
DR. ARNE.



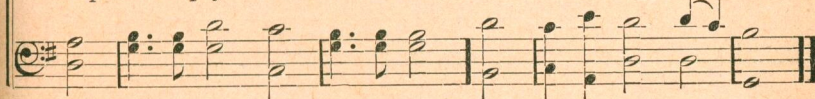
1. Oh, Lord! a-round thine al - tar now, To sup - pli - cate thy grace,  
 2. Hide not from us, our Fa - ther dear, Thy gra - cious smiles, we pray;  
 3. Let thy great light il - lume our souls, And guide our er - ring feet;  
 4. We know, O Lord, with - out thine aid, We lit - tle good can do;  
 5. Then, gracious God, ac - cept us now, From thy great throne a - bove;



## ARLINGTON—Concluded.



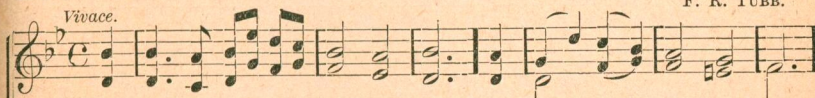
As chil-dren we would humbly bow, And seek our Fa-ther's face.  
 But let thy love dis-pel our fear, And draw us near to thee.  
 Thy Spir-it o'er us hold con-trol, And keep us from de-ceit.  
 But when our minds on thee are staid, Thou bring'st us conq'ring through.  
 Help each to pay his sa-cred vow, And fill us with thy love.



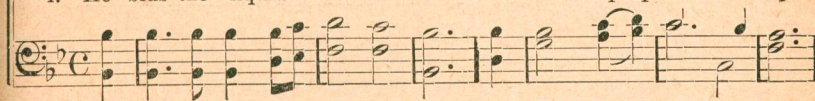
130 (71)

CLAPTON. C. M. (S. H. 48)

F. R. TUBB.

*Vivace.*

1. Re-joice, ye righteous, in the Lord; This work be-longs to you—
2. His mer-cy and his right-eous-ness Let heav'n and earth pro-claim;
3. His wis-dom and al-might-y word The heav'n-ly arch-es spread;
4. He bids the liquid wa-ters flow To their ap-point-ed deep;



Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How ho-ly, just and true!  
 His works of na-ture and of grace Re-veal his won-drous name.  
 And by the Spir-it of the Lord Their shin-ing hosts were made.  
 The flow-ing seas their lim-its know, And their own sta-tion keep.



5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
 With fear before him stand;  
 He spake, and nature took its birth,  
 And rests on his command.

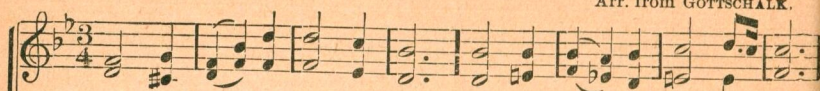
6 He scorns the angry nation's rage,  
 And breaks their vain designs;  
 His counsel stands through ev'ry age,  
 And in full glory shines.



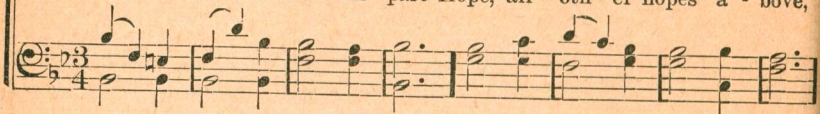
## 131 (114)

## MERCY. 7s.

Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.



1. Sov'-reign and transforming Grace! We in - voke thy quick'ning pow'r;  
 2. Ho - ly and cre - a - tive Light! We in - voke thy kind - ling ray;  
 3. To the anx - ious soul im - part Hope, all oth - er hopes a - bove,




Reign the spir - it of this place, Bless the pur - pose of this hour.  
 Dawn up - on our spir - its' night, Turn our dark - ness in - to day.  
 Stir the dull and harden'd heart With a long - ing and a love.

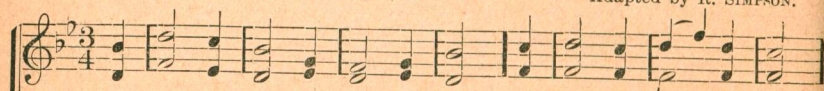


- 4 Give the struggling, peace for strife,  
 Give the doubting, light for gloom,  
 Speed the living into life,  
 Warn the dying of their doom.
- 5 Work in all, in all renew,  
 Day by day, the life divine;  
 All our wills to thee subdue,  
 All our hearts to thee incline.


## 132 (520)

## BALERMA. C. M. (S. H. 355)

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.



1. O Lord! my best de - sires ful - fill, And help me to re - sign  
 2. Why should I shrink at thy command, Thy love for - bids my fears;  
 3. No,—let me rath - er free - ly yield What most I prize, to thee;  
 4. Thy fa - vor, all my journey through, Shall be my rich sup - ply;





## BALERMA—Concluded.

My - self and all things to thy will, And make thy pleas-ure mine.  
 Why trem-ble at the gra-cious hand, That wipes a - way my tears?  
 Thou nev - er hast a good with-held, Nor wilt with - hold from me.  
 Give what I need; but all things else, Let wis - dom still de - ny.

## 133 (362)

## CHIMES. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way; His won - ders to per - form;  
 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,  
 3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take! The clouds ye so much dread,

He plants his foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
 He treas-ures up his bright de-signs, And works his sov'reign will.  
 Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace,  
 Behind a frowning Providence  
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding ev'ry hour;

- The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain;  
 God is his own Interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.



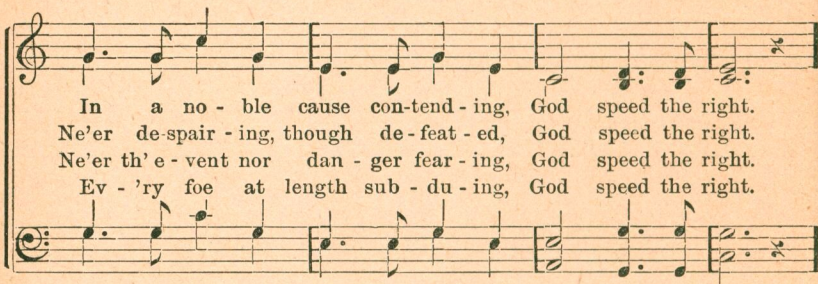
## 134 (696)

## GOD SPEED THE RIGHT. P. M.

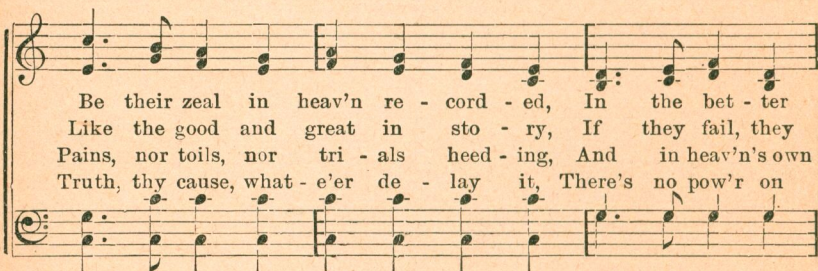
From the German.



1. Now to heav'n our pray'rs as - cend - ing, God speed the right;  
 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;  
 3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;  
 4. Still their on - ward course pur - su - ing, God speed the right;



In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.  
 Ne'er de - spair - ing, though de - feat - ed, God speed the right.  
 Ne'er th'e - vent nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right.  
 Ev - 'ry foe at length sub - du - ing, God speed the right.



Be their zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, In the bet - ter  
 Like the good and great in sto - ry, If they fail, they  
 Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heav'n's own  
 Truth, thy cause, what - e'er de - lay it, There's no pow'r on



land re - ward - ed, God speed the right; God speed the right.  
 fail with glo - ry—God speed the right; God speed the right.  
 time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right; God speed the right.  
 earth can stay it, God speed the right; God speed the right.



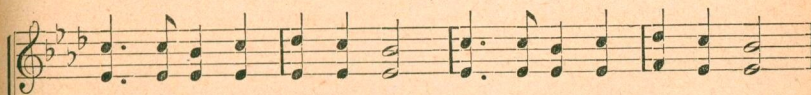
135 (144) SPANISH CHANT. (Litany.) 7s D. (S. H. 396)



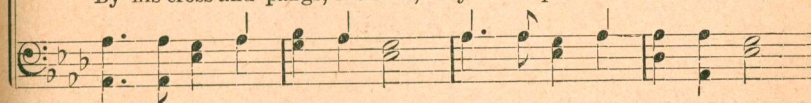
1. Fa-ther, when in love to thee Low we bow th' a-dor - ing knee;
2. By his birth and ear - ly years, By his hu-man griefs and fears,
3. By his hour of dark de-spair, By his ag - o - ny of pray'r,



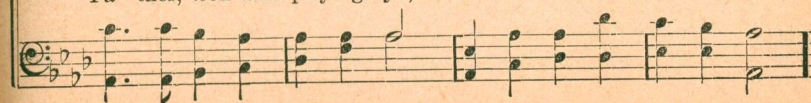
When, re-pent ant to the skies Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes;  
By his fast-ing and dis - tress In the lone - ly wil - der-ness,  
By his pur-ple robe of scorn, By his wounds and crown of thorn,



O, by all the pain and woe Suf - fer'd by thy Son be - low,  
By his vic - t'ry in the hour Of the sub-tle tempter's pow'r;  
By his cross and pangs, his cries, By his per-fect sac - ri - fice;



Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear and an-swer when we cry.  
Fa - ther, look with pity'ng eye; Hear and an-swer when we cry.  
Fa - ther, look with pity'ng eye; Hear and an-swer when we cry.





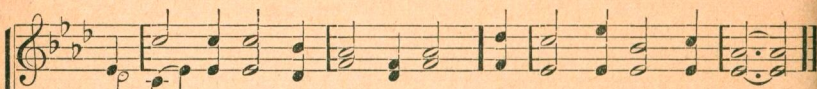
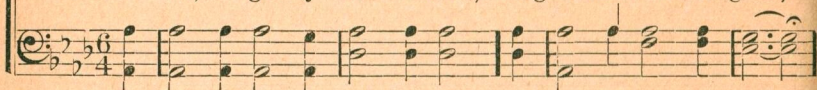
## 136 (54)

## REMSEN. C. M.

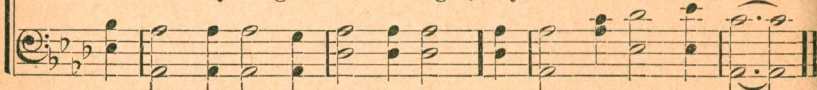
J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Blest are the souls that hear and know The gos-pel's joy - ful sound;
2. Their joy shall bear their spir-its up, Thro' their Re-deem-er's name;
3. The Lord, our glo-ry and de-fense, Strength and sal-va-tion gives;



Peace shall at-tend the path they go, And light their steps sur-round.  
His righteousness ex-alt their hope, Nor Sa-tan dare con-demn.  
Is-rael! thy King for-ev-er reigns, Thy God for-ev-er lives.



## 137 (357)

- 1 Jehovah, God! thy gracious power  
On ev'ry hand we see;  
O, may the blessing of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,  
Thy love our path surround.

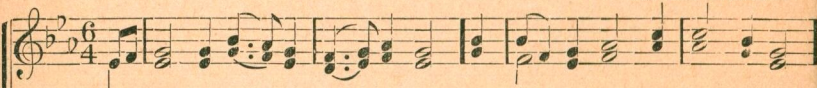
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.

- 4 In all the vary'ng scenes of time,  
On thee our hopes depend;  
Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,  
Our Father, and our Friend!

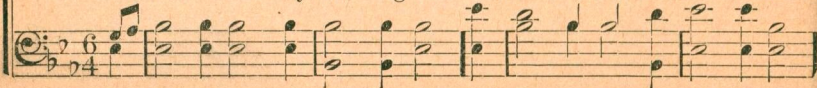
## 138 (518)

## WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Je-sus! and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man' ashamed of thee?
2. A-shamed of Je-sus!—Sooner far Let eve-ning blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend
4. A-shamed of Christ, my Sav-ior! Nay; Tho' I'd no guilt to wash a-way,
5. E'en then—nor is my boasting vain—E'en then I'd boast a Savior slain!





## WOODWORTH--Concluded.



Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!  
 He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this once darkened soul of mine.  
 No! When I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.  
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.  
 And O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!



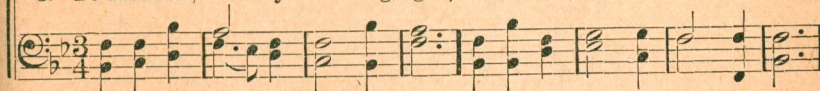
139 (136)

## MENDON. L. M.

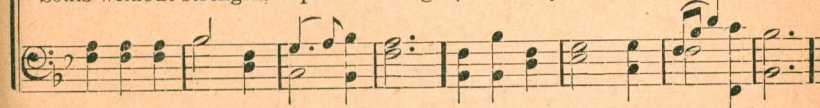
Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.



1. O Spir-it of the liv - ing God! In all the full-ness of thy grace,
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love To preach the rec - on-cil - ing word,
3. Be darkness, at thy com - ing, light; Con-fu-sion, or - der in thy path;



Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our sin - la - den race.  
 Give pow'r and unction from a - bove, Where'er the joy - ful sound is heard.  
 Souls without strength, inspire with might; Bid mercy tri - umph o - ver wrath!



140 (155)

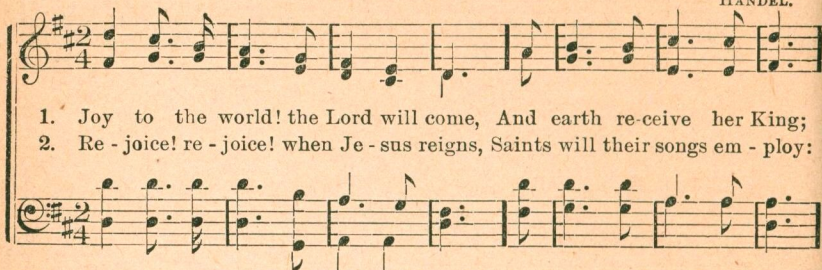
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought<br/>         E'er deem thy chastisements severe;<br/>         But may this heart, by sorrow taught,<br/>         Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.</p> <p>2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;<br/>         The sun shines bright, and man is gay;<br/>         Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,<br/>         That darkens o'er his little day.</p> | <p>3 Many a throb of grief and pain<br/>         Thy frail and erring child must know;<br/>         But not one prayer is breathed in vain,<br/>         Nor does one tear unheeded flow.</p> <p>4 Thy various messengers employ;<br/>         Thy purposes of love fulfill;<br/>         And 'mid the wreck of human joy,<br/>         Let kneeling faith adore thy will.</p> |
|--|--|



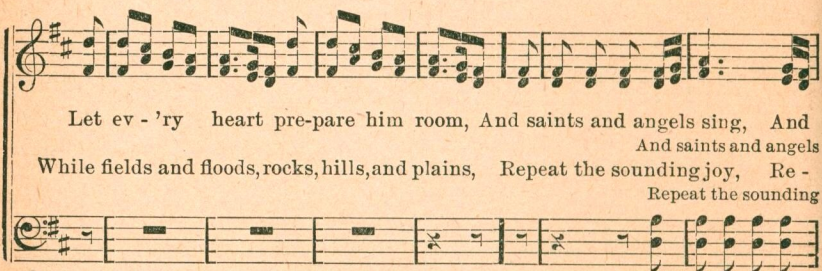
## 141 (1031)

## ANTIOCH. C. M. (S. H. 507)

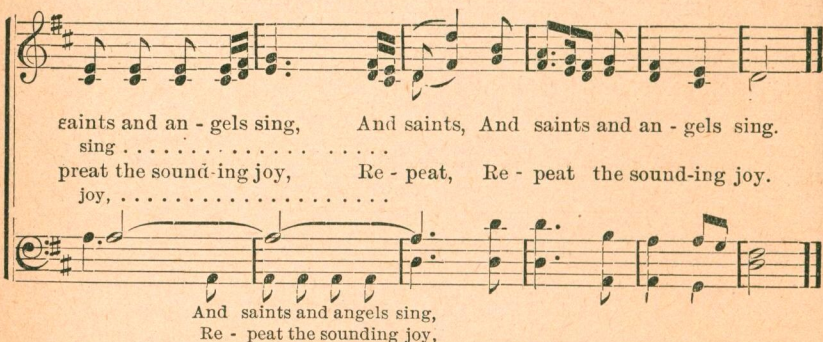
HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord will come, And earth re-ceive her King;  
2. Re-joice! re-joice! when Je-sus reigns, Saints will their songs em-ploy:



Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And saints and angels sing, And  
And saints and angels  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-  
Repeat the sounding



saints and an-gels sing, And saints, And saints and an-gels sing.  
sing . . . . .  
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, Re-peat the sound-ing joy.  
joy, . . . . .  
And saints and angels sing,  
Re-peat the sounding joy,

3 No more will sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;—  
He'll come and make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse was found.

4 Rejoice! rejoice! in God Most High,  
While Israel spreads abroad  
Like stars that glitter in the sky,  
And ever worship God.



## 142 (346) SUTHERLAND. 4-6s &amp; 2-8s. (S. H. 197)

W. B. BRADRURY.

1. { The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; }  
 { The garments he as - sumes Are light and maj-es - ty: }  
 2. { The thun-ders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe; }  
 { His wrath and jus-tice stand To guard his ho - ly law; }

His glo - - ries shine with beams so bright,  
 His glo - - ries shine with beams so bright,  
 And where his love re - solves to bless,  
 And where his love re - solves to bless,

No mor - - tal eye can bear the sight.  
 His truth con - firms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works  
 Amazing wisdom shines,  
 Confounds the powers of hell,  
 And breaks their dark designs;  
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill  
 His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King  
 Of glory condescend?  
 And will he write his name  
 My Father and my Friend?  
 I love his name, I love his word;  
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

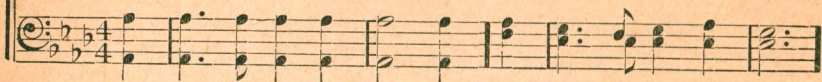


**143** (691) **BARBARA. 7s, 6s & 8s.** (S.H. 369)

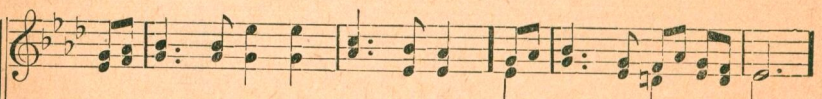
H. R. MILLS.



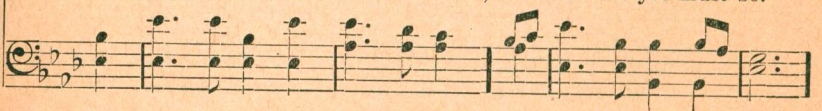
1. Think gent - ly of the err - ing! Lord, let us not for - get,  
 2. Speak gen - tly to him, broth - er; Thou yet mayst lead him back,



How - ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is our broth - er yet.  
 With ho - ly words, and tones of love, From mis'ry's thorn - y track.



Heir of the same in - her - i - tance, Child of the self - same God,  
 For - get not thou hast of - ten sinned, And sin - ful yet must be:



He hath but stumbled in the path, We have in weak - ness trod.  
 Deal gen - tly with the err - ing one, As God has dealt with thee.





## BARBARA—Concluded.

Think gen-tly of the err-ing! Lord, let us not for-get,

How-ev-er dark-ly stained by sin, He is our broth-er yet.

144 (99)

ERNAN. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. The Lord! how wondrous are his ways! How firm his truth! how large his grace!  
 2. Not half so high his pow'r hath spread The starry heav'ns a-bove our head,  
 3. Not half so far hath na-ture placed The rising morn-ing from the west,

He takes his mer-cy for his throne, And thence he makes his glo-ries known.  
 As his rich love ex-ceeds our praise, Ex-ceeds the high est hopes we raise.  
 As his for-giv-ing grace re-moves The dai-ly guilt of those he loves.

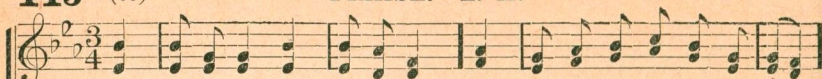
4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!  
 On swifter wings salvation flies:  
 Or, if he lets his anger burn,  
 How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 His everlasting love is sure  
 To all his saints, and shall endure;  
 From age to age his truth shall reign,  
 Nor children's children hope in vain.

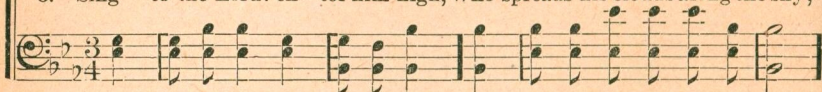


## 145 (78)

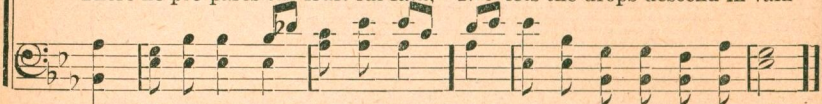
## PRAISE. L. M.



1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise;
2. He formed the stars, those heav'nly flames, He counts their numbers, calls their names;
3. Sing to the Lord! ex - tol him high, Who spreads his clouds along the sky;



His na-ture and his works in - vite To make this du-ty your de-light.  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound, A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned.  
There he pre-pares the fruit-ful rain. Nor lets the drops descend in vain.



- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens, when they cry.
- 5 His saints are lovely in his sight;  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks and loves his image there.

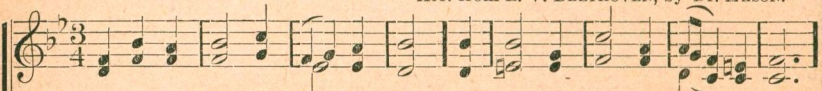
## 146 (145)

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home in life's dull way;  
O, teach me from my soul to say,  
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
- 2 Though dark my path and hard my lot,  
May I be still and murmur not;  
But breathe the prayer divinely taught:  
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only then yield what is thine;  
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
- 4 And when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

## 147 (350)

## GERMANY. (S. H. 154)

ARR. from L. V. BEETHOVEN, by DR. MASON.

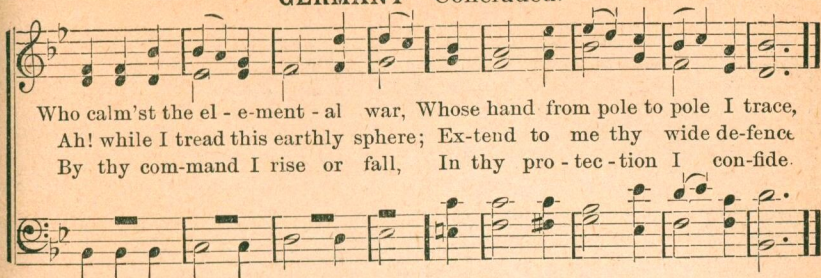


1. Thou, who canst guide the wand'ring star Thro' trackless realms of e-ther's space,
2. In wisdom thou hast placed me here, Thou, when thou wilt, canst take me hence;
3. To thee my God, to thee I call! What-ev - er weal or woe be-tide,





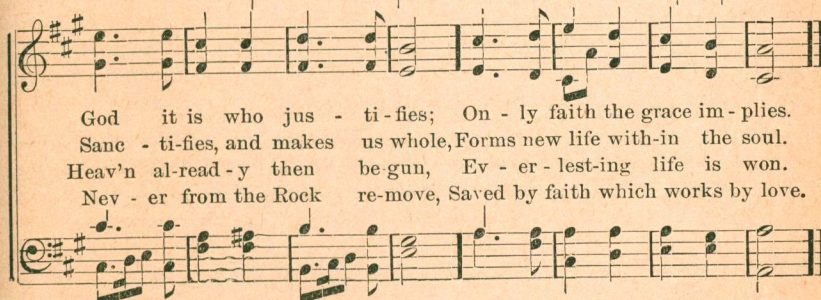
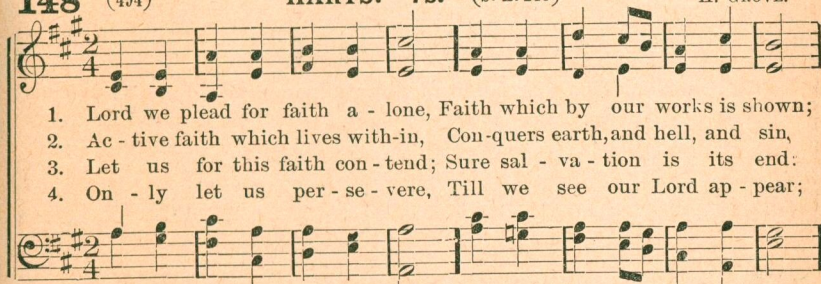
## GERMANY—Concluded.



148 (494)

HARTS. 7s. (S. H. 213)

H. GROVE.



149 (390)

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,—  
 'Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—  
 God and sinners reconciled.'
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies,  
 With th' angelic host proclaim.—  
 'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die;

- Born to raise the sons of earth;  
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace!  
 Hail! the Sun of righteousness!  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Let us then with angels sing,—  
 'Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—  
 God and sinners reconciled.'



## 150 (709)

CARTER. 8s &amp; 7s.

E. S. CARTER.

1. With my sub-stance I will hon - or My Re-deem - er and my Lord;  
 2. While the her - alds of sal - va - tion His a - bound-ing grace proclaim,  
 3. Be his king-dom now pro-mot - ed, Let the earth her Monarch know;

Were ten thousand worlds my manor, All were nothing to his word.  
 Let his friends, of ev - 'ry sta-tion, Glad - ly join to spread his fame.  
 Be my all to him de-vot - ed; To my Lord my all I owe.

## 151 (708)

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
 Thinking not 'tis thrown away;  
 God himself saith, thou shalt gather  
 It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
 Wildly though the billows roll,  
 They but aid thee as thou toilest  
 Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
 Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
 Bounteous God will send the harvest,  
 If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

4 Give then freely of thy substance—  
 O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;  
 Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,  
 Thou shalt labor not in vain.

## 152 (286)

LISCHER. 4-6s &amp; 2-8s. (S. H. 207)

F. SCHNEIDER.

1. Wel - come, de-light-ful morn;  
 2. Now may the King de - scend  
 3. De - scend, Ce - les - tial Dove,

Sweet day of sa - cred rest,  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 With all thy quick - 'ning powers;



## LISCHER—Concluded.

I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest:  
 Thy scep - tre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress thy face:  
 Dis - close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours;

*mp*  
 From low de - sires and fleet - ing toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys;  
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord;  
 Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain;

*f*  
 I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.  
 And learn to know I soar to reach and fear the Lord.  
 Nor Sab - baths be Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain.

## 153 (379)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Hark! hark! the notes of joy<br/>         Roll o'er the heav'nly plains,<br/>         And seraphs find employ<br/>         For their sublimest strains:<br/>         Some new delight in heaven is known;<br/>         Loud sound the harps around the throne.</p> | <p>3 Bear, bear the tidings round!<br/>         Let every mortal know<br/>         What love in God is found,<br/>         What pity he can show:<br/>         Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,<br/>         Bear the glad news from pole to pole.</p> |
| <p>2 Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh,—<br/>         The joyful hosts descend;<br/>         Jesus forsakes the sky,<br/>         To earth his footsteps bend:<br/>         He comes to bless our fallen race;<br/>         He comes with messages of grace.</p>         | <p>4 Strike! strike the harps again,<br/>         To greet Immanuel's name!<br/>         Arise, ye sons of men,<br/>         His grace aloud proclaim!<br/>         Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,<br/>         'Tis God the Savior's name we sing!</p>   |



154 (348)

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

BLUMENTHAL.

1. Fa-ther! thy pa - ter - nal care Has my guardian been, my guide!  
 2. Ev - 'ry sun of splen-did ray, Ev - 'ry moon that shines se-rene,  
 3. And for all, my hymns shall rise Dai - ly to thy gra - cious throne;

Ev - 'ry hal-low-ed wish and pray'r Has thy hand of love sup-plied;  
 Ev - 'ry morn that welcomes day, Ev - 'ry eve-ning's twi-light scene,  
 Thith-er let my ask - ing eyes Turn un - wea-ried,—righteous One!

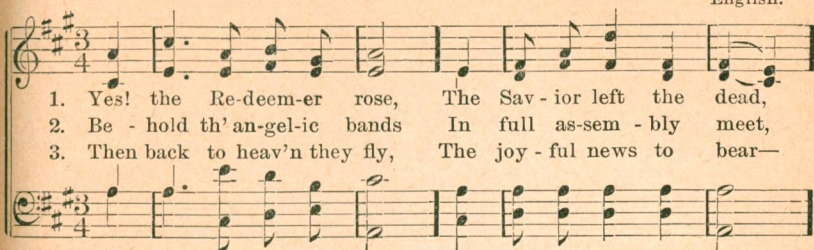
Thine is ev - 'ry thought of bliss Left by hours and days gone by;  
 Ev - 'ry hour which wisdom brings, Ev - 'ry in - cense at thy shrine,  
 Through life's strange vi-cis-si - tude, There re - pos - ing all my care;

Ev - 'ry hope thy off-spring is, Beam - ing from fu - tu - ri - ty.  
 These,—and all life's ho-liest things, And its fair - est, all are thine.  
 Trust-ing still, thro' ill and good, Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

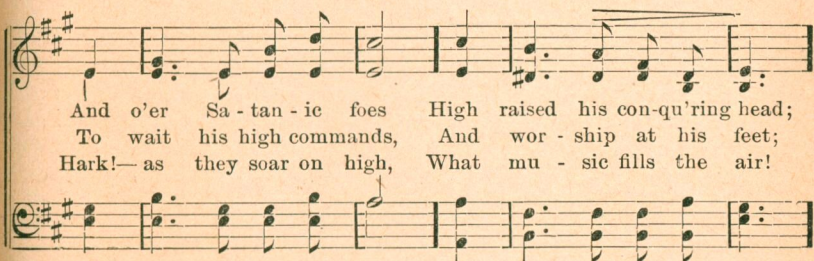


## 155 (431) CLAREMONT. 4-6s &amp; 2-8s. (S. H. 239)

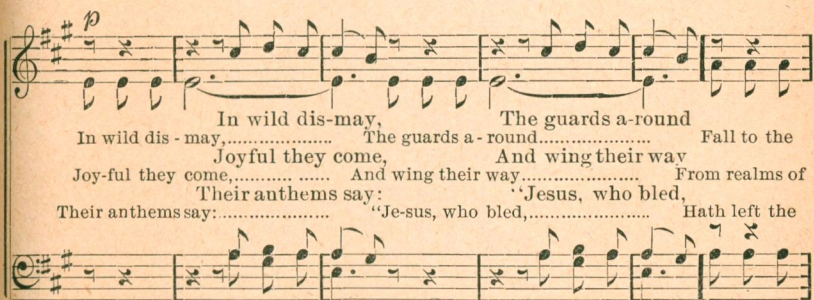
English.



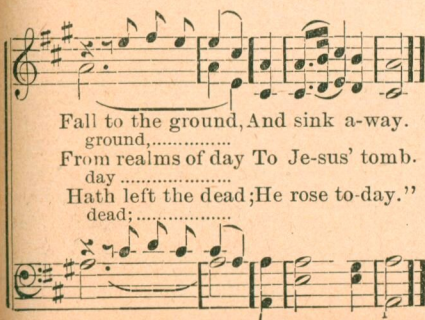
1. Yes! the Re-deem-er rose, The Sav-ior left the dead,  
 2. Be-hold th'an-gel-ic bands In full as-sem-bly meet,  
 3. Then back to heav'n they fly, The joy-ful news to bear—



And o'er Sa-tan-ic foes High raised his con-qu'ring head;  
 To wait his high commands, And wor-ship at his feet;  
 Hark!—as they soar on high, What mu-sic fills the air!



In wild dis-may, The guards a-round  
 In wild dis-may,..... The guards a-round..... Fall to the  
 Joy-ful they come, And wing their way  
 Joy-ful they come,..... And wing their way..... From realms of  
 Their anthems say: Their anthems say: "Jesus, who bled,  
 Their anthems say:..... "Je-sus, who bled,..... Hath left the



Fall to the ground, And sink a-way.  
 ground,.....  
 From realms of day To Je-sus' tomb.  
 day.....  
 Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."  
 dead;.....

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound—  
 Redeemed by him from hell,  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe on which you dwell;  
 Transported, cry:  
 "Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead;  
 No more to die."



**156** (970)**WESLEY. 11s & 10s. (S. H. 482)**

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing; Joy to the  
 2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Long by the  
 3. Lo, in the des-ert wild rich flow'rs are springing; Streams ev-er  
 4. See from all lands, from the isles of the o-cean, Praise to Je-  
 lands that in dark-ness have lain; Hushed be the ac-cents of  
 proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told! Hail to the millions from  
 co-pious are glid-ing a-long; Loud from the mountain-tops  
 ho-vah, as-cend-ing on high; Fall-en the en-gines of  
 sor-row and mourning; Zi-on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.  
 bond-age re-turn-ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.  
 ech-oes are ring-ing! Wastes rise in ver-dure, and mingle in song.  
 war and com-mo-tion; Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

**157** (105)**WARD. L. M. (S. H. 236)**

Arr. by Dr. MASON.

1. With glory clad, with strength array'd. The Lord that o'er all na-ture reigns,  
 2. How sure established is thy throne, Which shall no change or period see!  
 3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high,  
 4. Thy promise, Lord, is ev-er sure; And they that in thy house would dwell.



## WARD--Concluded.

The world's foundations strongly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sustains.  
 For thou, O Lord, and thou a - lone, Art King from all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 But God a - bove can still their noise, And make the an - gry sea com - ply.  
 That happy sta - tion to se - cure, Must still in ho - li - ness ex - cel.

158 (720)

## BELOVED. 11s &amp; 8s. (S. H. 381)

J. SWAIN. Arr. by FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813.

1. Re - deem - er of Is - rael, Our on - ly de - light,  
 2. We know he is com - ing To gath - er his sheep,  
 3. How long we have wan - dered As stran - gers in sin,  
 4. As chil - dren of Zi - on, Good ti - dings for us;

On whom for a bless - ing we call: Our shad - ow by day,  
 And plant them in Zi - on, in love; For why in the valley  
 And cried in the des - ert for thee! Our foes have re - joiced  
 The to - kens al - read - y ap - pear; Fear not and be just,

And our pil - lar by night, Our king, our com - pan - ion, our all.  
 Of death should they weep, Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?  
 When our sorrows they've seen; But Is - rael will short - ly be free.  
 For the king - dom is ours, And the hour of re - demp - tion is near.



## 159 (205) HANOVER. 6s &amp; 5s. D. (S. H. 23)

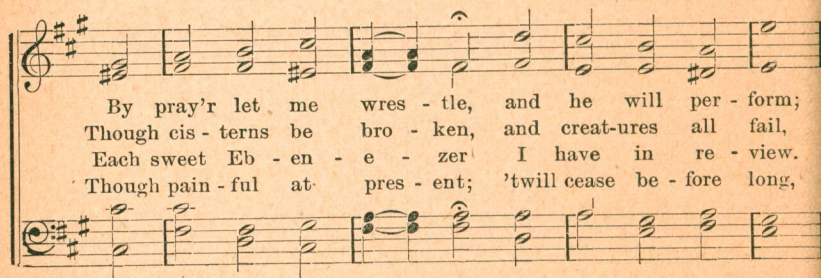
HANDEL.



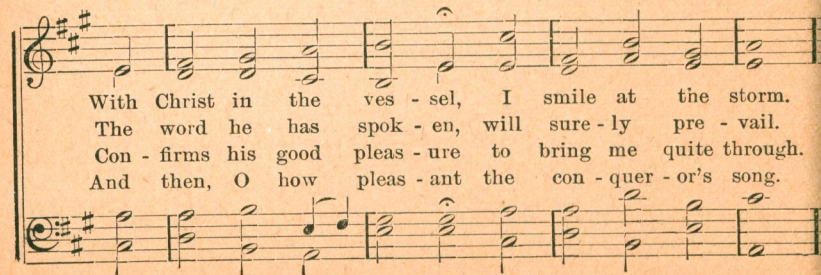
1. Be - gone un - be - lief, my Sav - ior is near,  
 2. Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 3. His love in time past for - bids me to think,  
 4. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,



And for my re - lief will sure - ly ap - pear;  
 'Tis mine to o - bey, 'tis his to pro - vide;  
 He'll leave me at last in troub - le to sink;  
 The bit - ter is sweet, the med - 'cine is food;



By pray'r let me wres - tle, and he will per - form;  
 Though cis - terns be bro - ken, and creat - ures all fail,  
 Each sweet Eb - en - e - zer I have in re - view.  
 Though pain - ful at pres - ent; 'twill cease be - fore long,

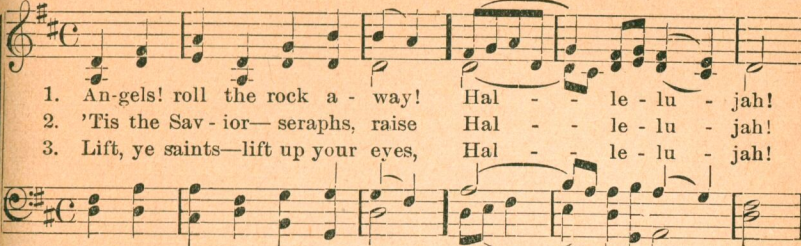


With Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.  
 The word he has spok - en, will sure - ly pre - vail.  
 Con - firms his good pleas - ure to bring me quite through.  
 And then, O how pleas - ant the con - quer - or's song.

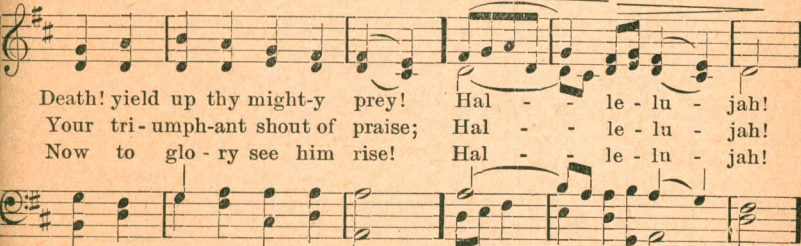


## 160 (427) EASTER HYMN. 7s. (Ascension) (S. H. 219)

Dr. MORGAN.



1. An-gels! roll the rock a - way! Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 2. 'Tis the Sav - ior—seraphs, raise Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 3. Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes, Hal - - le - lu - jah!



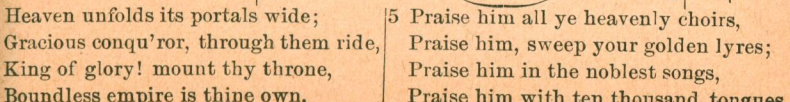
Death! yield up thy might-y prey! Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Your tri-umph-ant shout of praise; Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Now to glo - ry see him rise! Hal - - le - lu - jah!



See!—he ris - es from the tomb, Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Let the earth's re-mot - est bound Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Hosts of an - gels on the road, Hal - - le - lu - jah!



Ris-es with im-mor-tal bloom, Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Hear the joy - in - spir-ing sound, Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Hail and sing their ris-ing Lord, Hal - - le - lu - jah!



4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;  
 Gracious conqu'ror, through them ride,  
 King of glory! mount thy throne,  
 Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him all ye heavenly choirs,  
 Praise him, sweep your golden lyres;  
 Praise him in the noblest songs,  
 Praise him with ten thousand tongues.



161 (759)

GENEVA. C. M. (S. H. 402)

COLE.

*pp* *p* *cres.*

1. I saw a mighty angel fly; To  
 I saw a mighty angel fly;  
 earth he bent his way, A mes-sage bear-ing  
 A mes-sage bear-ing  
 from on high, To cheer the sons of day.

2 Truth is the tidings which he bears—  
 The Gospel's joyful sound,  
 To calm our doubts to chase our fears,  
 And make our joys abound.

3 He cries, and with a mighty voice;  
 Ye nations, lend an ear;  
 Let isles and continents rejoice;  
 The great Redeemer's near.

4 He cries, let ev'ry tongue attend,  
 And thrones and empires all,  
 Fear God, and make the King your Friend  
 The King, the Lord of all.

5 Fear God, and worship him who made  
 The heavens, and earth and sea;  
 Fear him on whom your sins were laid—  
 Who died to make you free.

162 (55)

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their songs,  
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they  
 To be exalted thus; [cry,  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honor and power divine;

And blessings, more than we can give  
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell below the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
 And speak thine endless praise.

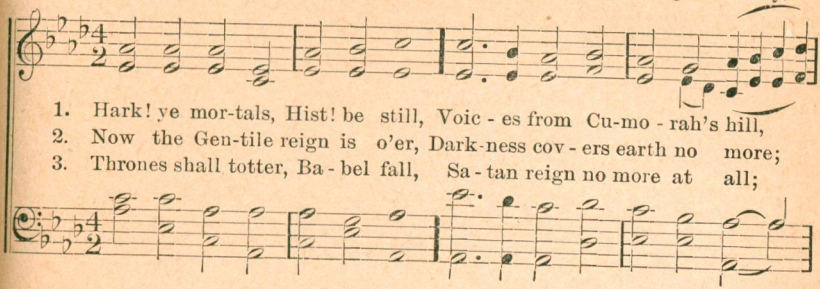
5 The whole creation join in one;  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

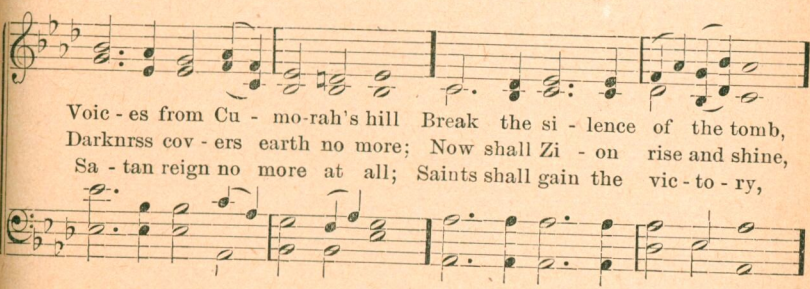


163 (748)

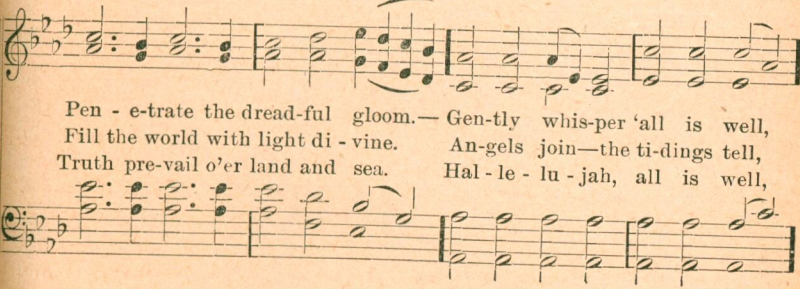
AZUBA. 7s, or 6-7s. (S. H. 245)

Arr. from English Melody.

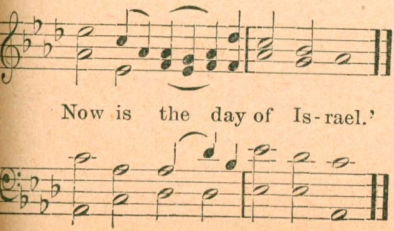
- 
1. Hark! ye mor-tals, Hist! be still, Voic - es from Cu-mo - rah's hill,
  2. Now the Gen-tile reign is o'er, Dark-ness cov - ers earth no more;
  3. Thrones shall totter, Ba - bel fall, Sa - tan reign no more at all;



Voic - es from Cu - mo-rah's hill Break the si - lence of the tomb,  
 Dark-ness cov - ers earth no more; Now shall Zi - on rise and shine,  
 Sa - tan reign no more at all; Saints shall gain the vic - to - ry,



Pen - e-trate the dread-ful gloom.— Gen-tly whis-per 'all is well,  
 Fill the world with light di - vine. An-gels join—the ti-dings tell,  
 Truth pre-vail o'er land and sea. Hal - le - lu - jah, all is well,



Now is the day of Is-rael.'

4 Jesus soon shall come again,  
 Saints with him shall rise and reign,  
 Heaven and earth in songs combine,  
 All the worlds in chorus join.  
 Ev'ry tongue the music swell,  
 Now is the day of Israel.



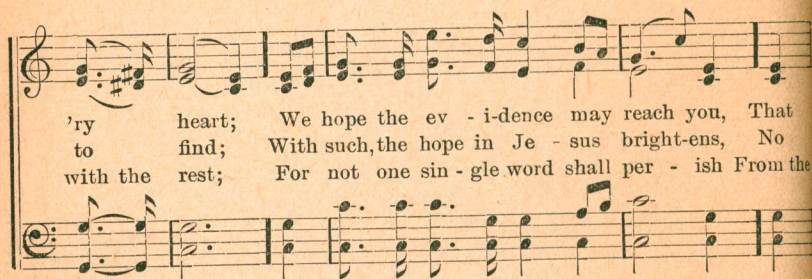
## 164 (1115)

## GREETING. P. M.

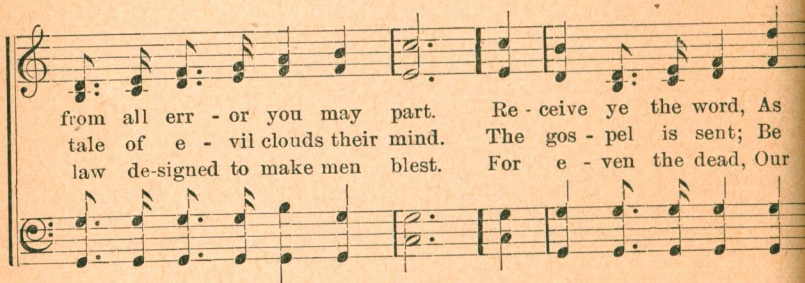
Old Tune.



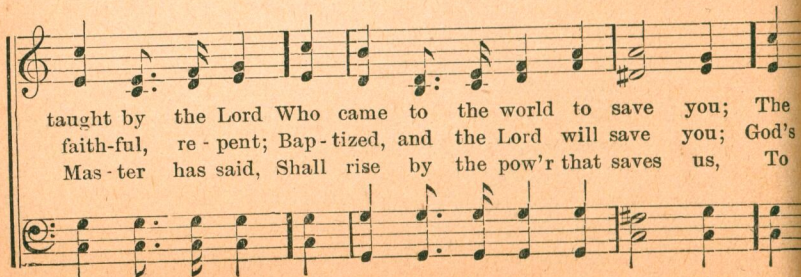
1. We come with joy the truth to teach you, To sow the seed in ev -  
 2. We hope in ev - 'ry land God light - ens, True, hon-est-hearted souls  
 3. Such prin-ci-ples as these we cher - ish, The lay-ing on of hands



'ry heart; We hope the ev - i-dence may reach you, That  
 to find; With such, the hope in Je - sus bright-ens, No  
 with the rest; For not one sin - gle word shall per - ish From the



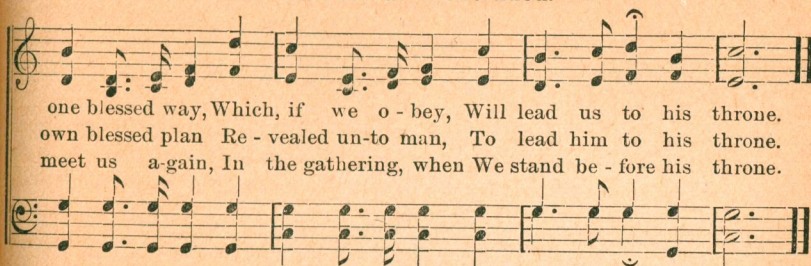
from all err - or you may part. Re - ceive ye the word, As  
 tale of e - vil clouds their mind. The gos - pel is sent; Be  
 law de-signed to make men blest. For e - ven the dead, Our



taught by the Lord Who came to the world to save you; The  
 faith-ful, re - pent; Bap - tized, and the Lord will save you; God's  
 Mas - ter has said, Shall rise by the pow'r that saves us, To



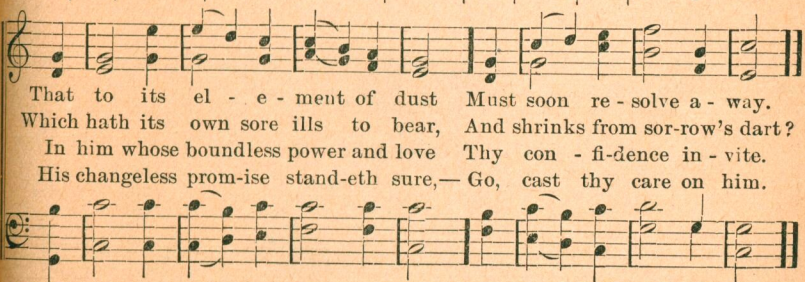
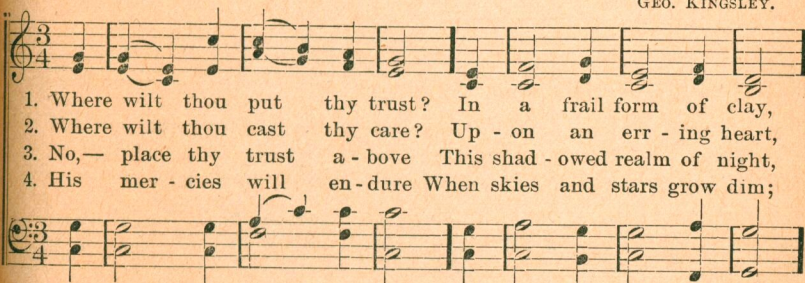
## GREETING—Concluded.



165 (206)

## FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



166 (156)

- 1 To God your every want  
In instant prayer display:  
Pray fervently, and never faint;  
Pray humbly, meekly pray.
- 2 In fellowship,—alone,—  
To God in faith draw near;  
Approach his courts, address his throne.  
With all the power of prayer:
- 3 Go to his temple, go,  
All doubtings hence remove;

- Let ev'ry house his worship know,  
And ev'ry heart his love.
- 4 Confess your sins to God,  
And contrite bow the knee;  
Spread forth your hands, and pray aloud  
That Zion may be free.
- 5 Your guides and brethren bear  
For ever on your mind;  
Extend the arms of mighty prayer  
In love for human kind.



167 (94)

ARIEL. 8s, 8s &amp; 6s. (S. H. 295)

Dr. L. MASON.

1. How hap-py, gra-cious Lord, are we, Divinely drawn to fol-low thee,  
 2. With us no mel-an-chol-y void, No period lingers un-em-ployed.  
 3. The win-ter's night and summer's day Glide im-per-cep-ti-bly a-way,

Our hours di-vid-ed are Be-twixt the mount and mul-ti-tude;  
 Or un-im-proved be-low; Our wea-ri-ness of life is gone,  
 Too short to sing thy praise; Too few we find the hap-py hours,

Our day is spent in do-ing good, Our night in praise and prayer;  
 Who live to serve our God a-lone, And on-ly thee to know;  
 And haste to join those heav'nly powers, In ev-er-last-ing lays;

4 With all who chant thy name on high,  
 And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
 A bright harmonious throng!  
 We long thy praises to repeat,  
 And sing around thy mercy-seat,  
 The new, eternal song.



168 (1083)

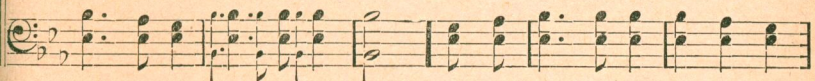
## FELLOWSHIP. 12s.



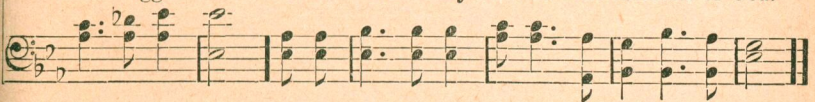
1. You may sing of the beau-ty of mountain and dale, Of the sil - ver-y
2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's ear-ly dawn, Of the skies' soft'ning
3. You may val - ue the friendship of youth and of age, And se - lect for your



- stream-let and flow'rs of the vale; But the place most de light-ful this  
 grac - es where day is just gone; But there's no oth-er sea - son or  
 com-rades the no - ble and sage; But the friends that most cheer me on



- earth can af - ford Is the place of de - vo-tion—the house of the Lord.  
 time can compare With the house of de - vo-tion—the sea-son of prayer.  
 life's rugged road Are the friends of my Mas-ter—the children of God.



- 4 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,  
 And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;  
 But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,  
 Take away every other, and give me but this.

- 5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!  
 I will turn to thee often, to hear from thy word;  
 I will walk to the altar with those that I love,  
 And delight in the prospect revealed from above.



## 169 (418)

## SWEET AFTON. 11s.

1. Thou sweet glid-ing Ced-ron, by thy sil-ver stream, Our Sav-ior at  
 2. How damp were the va-pors that fell on his head, How hard was his  
 3. O gar-den of Ol-i-vet, dear honored spot, The fume of thy

mid-night, when Cynthia's pale beam Shone bright on the wa-ters, would  
 pil-low—how hum-ble his bed, The an-gels, as-ton-ished, grew  
 won-ders shall ne'er be for-got; The theme most transporting to

fre-quent-ly stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.  
 sad at the sight, And followed their Mas-ter with sol-emn de-light.  
 seraphs a-bove, The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love.

CHORUS to No. 418.

Come saints and a-dore him, come bow at his feet, O! give him the



## SWEET AFTON—Concluded.

glo - ry, the praise that is meet; Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un -

ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Sweet Afton'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with the lyrics 'glo - ry, the praise that is meet; Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un -'. The second system continues with 'ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies.' The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the bass line providing a steady accompaniment.

## 170 (30)

1 O Jesus! the giver  
Of all we enjoy,  
Our lives to thy honor  
We wish to employ;  
With praises unceasing,  
We'll sing of thy name,  
Thy goodness ne'er ceasing,  
Thy love we'll proclaim.

2 The wonderful name  
Of our Jesus we'll sing,  
And publish the fame  
Of our Captain and King;  
With sweet exultation,  
His goodness we prove,  
His name is Salvation,  
His nature is Love.

3 With joy we remember  
The dawn of that day,  
When, led by the Spirit,  
The truth to obey,  
The light dawned upon us,  
And filled us with love;  
The Spirit's sure witness,  
Sent down from above.


4 We now are enlisted  
In Jesus' bless'd cause,  
Divinely assisted  
To conquer our foes;  
His grace will support us  
Till conflicts are o'er,  
He then will escort us  
To Zion's bright shore.




## 171 (443)

## AZALEAH. C. M. D. (S. H. 250)

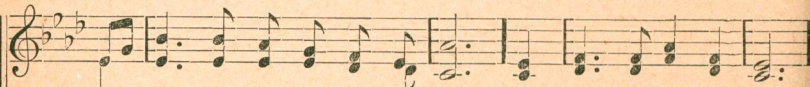
Arr. from Old Melody.




1. Be - yond the glit-t'ring star - ry sky, Which God's right hand sustains,
2. "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for-ev-er hail! Whose un - ex - am-pled love,
3. Through all his trav-els here be-low, They did his steps at - tend;
4. They saw him break the bars of death, Which none e'er broke before;



There, in the boundless world of light, Our great Re-deem-er reigns.  
 Moved thee to quit these bliss-ful realms And roy - al - ties a - bove!"  
 Oft gazed, and wondered where, at length, This scene of love would end.  
 And rise in con-qu'ring maj - es - ty, To stoop to death no more.



Le - gions of an-gels, strong and fair, In count-less arm-ies shine,  
 While from the sons of men on earth He suf-fered rude dis-dain,  
 They heard him in the gar-den groan, And saw his sweat of blood;  
 They brought his chariot from a - bove, To bear him to his throne;



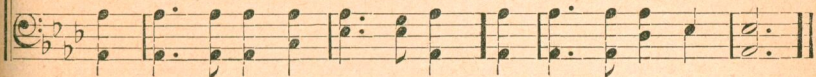
At his right hand, with gold-en harps, They of - fer songs di - vine;  
 They threw their honors at his feet, And wait - ed in his train;  
 They saw his pierc-ed hands and feet Nailed to the curs-ed wood;  
 And with a shout, ex - ult - ing, cried, "The glo-rious work is done!"



AZALEAH—Concluded.



At his right hand, with golden harps, They of - fer songs di - vine.  
They threw their honors at his feet, And wait - ed in his train.  
They saw his pierc-ed hands and feet Nailed to the curs-ed wood!  
And with a shout, ex - ult - ing, cried, "The glo - rious work is done!"



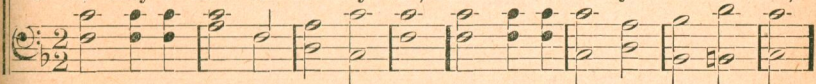
172 (371)

BISHOP. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Be with me, Lord, where'er I go; Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
2. Prevent me lest I har-bor pride, Lest I in mine own strength confide;
3. En-rich me al-ways with thy love; My kind pro-tect-or ev - er prove;
4. O, may I nev - er do my will, But thine and on-ly thine ful - fill;



Suggest what e'er I think or say; Di - rect me in the nar - row way.  
Show me my weakness, let me see I have my pow'r, my all from thee.  
Thy sig-net put up - on my breast, And let thy Spir - it on me rest.  
Let all my time and all my ways Be spent and ended to thy praise.



173 (169)

1 God of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor.

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;  
I have an advocate with thee:  
Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not.



**174** (903) **FUTURE HOME. 7s, 6s & 4s.** (S. H. 451)*Andante.*

PAXAN. From a German Melody.

1. Home, home, shin-eth be - fore us! When, when shall we get there?  
 2. Home, home, there in thy bow-ers, Sweet, sweet music shall swell;  
 3. Home, home, rest to the wea - ry, Peace, peace to the torn breast;

Long, long, here we have wan-dered, Burdened with sorrow and care;  
 Sin, sin nev - er can en - ter; Peace in each bo - som shall dwell.  
 Hope, hope, hope of the err - ing—There in thy bo - som he'll rest!

Home, home, sweet home— Sor-row breathes not in its air.  
 Home, home, sweet home— Peace in each bo - som shall dwell.  
 Home, home, sweet home— There will the wan - der-ers rest.

4 Home, home, bliss to the parted;  
 Friends, friends meet on its shore,  
 Here, here lonely they've left us;  
 Soon we'll be parted no more,  
 Home, home, sweet home—  
 Friends will be parted no more.

5 Home, home let us now hasten,  
 See, see angels above!  
 Hark, hark, now do they call us,  
 Home to their dwelling of love.  
 Home, home, sweet home—  
 Home of our Savior's kind love.





175

## LUX BENIGNA. 10s &amp; 4s.

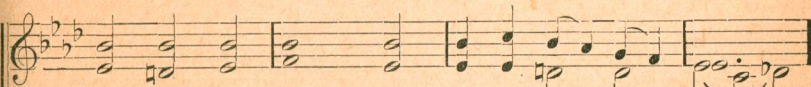
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.


- 
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on;
  2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on;
  3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



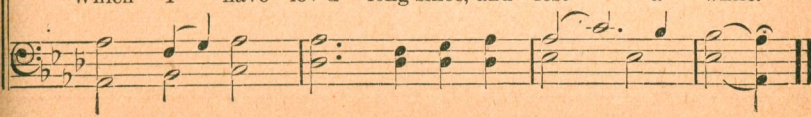
The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead thou me on.  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on.  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,



Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,  
 And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.  
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.





176 (336)

MISSION. 10s. D. (S. H. 190)

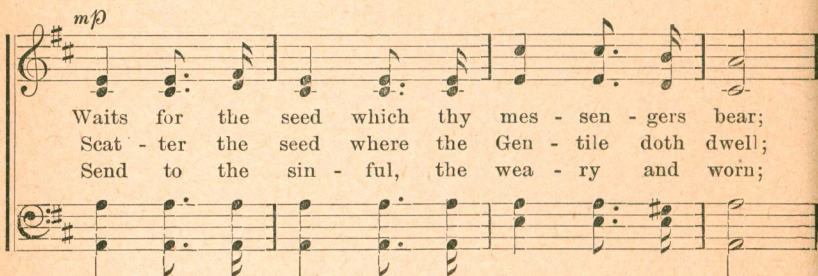
*With emphasis.*

M. H. FORSCUTT.

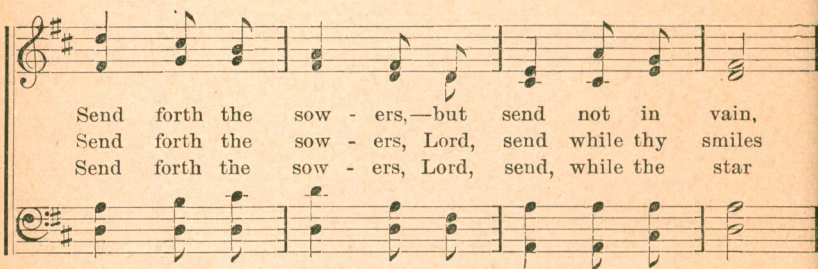


1. Send forth the sow - ers,—each ham - let and plain  
 2. Send forth the sow - ers, Lord, send to the Isles,  
 3. Send forth the sow - ers, Lord, send them a - far;

*mp*



Waits for the seed which thy mes - sen - gers bear;  
 Scat - ter the seed where the Gen - tile doth dwell;  
 Send to the sin - ful, the wea - ry and worn;



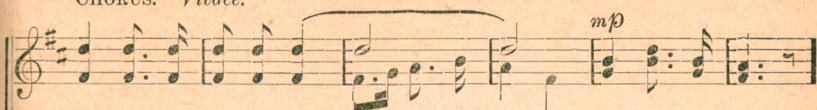
Send forth the sow - ers,—but send not in vain,  
 Send forth the sow - ers, Lord, send while thy smiles  
 Send forth the sow - ers, Lord, send, while the star



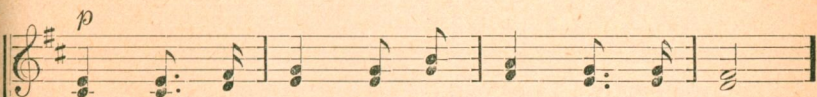
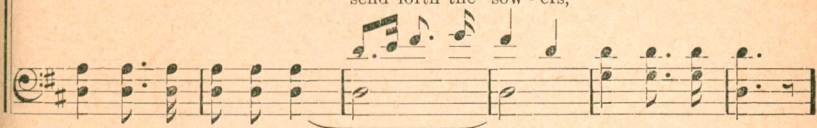
Give to their sow - ing thy fa - ther - ly care.  
 Give to the seed sown their life - giv - ing spell.  
 Of Beth - le - hem's King to the ze - nith is borne.



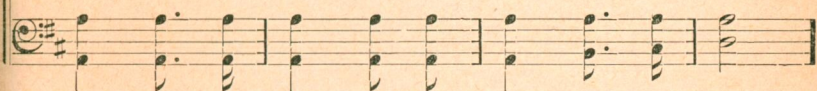
## MISSION—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

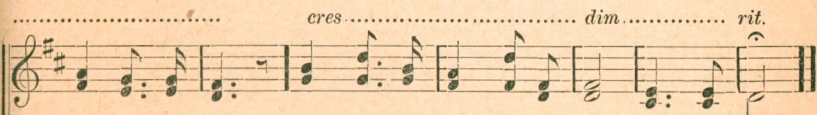
Send forth the sow-ers, Lord,..... send once a - gain,  
 send forth the sow - ers,



Now is the seed - time of Life and of Peace;



Send forth the sow-ers, Lord,..... send once a -  
 send forth the sow - ers,



gain, once a - gain, Sow - ing the world for the Har - vest of Peace.





**177** (946) **ISRAEL IS FREE. P. M.** (S. II. 468)

Arr. from Old Melody.

1. Is - rael, a - wake from thy long, si - lent slum - ber,  
 2. Trem - ble ye na - tions of Gen - tiles, for yon - der  
 3. Hail to the land of the mount - ain and prai - rie,

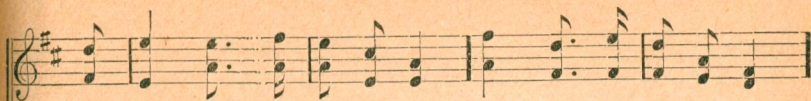
Shake off the fet - ters that bound thee so long;  
 The hosts of the des - pot in bat - tle ar - ray,  
 Gath - er to Zi - on's fair home in the west;

Chains of op - pres - sion! we'll break them a - sun - der,  
 With en - gines of war shake the earth with their thun - der,—  
 Free are her sons as the breeze round the æ - rie,—

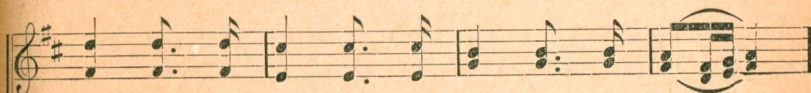
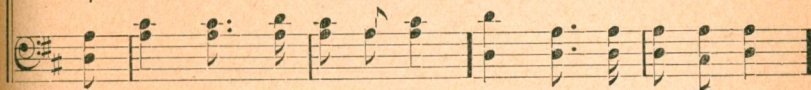
And join with the ran - somed in vic - to - ry's song!  
 The bright sword is drawn and the sheath thrown a - way!  
 Birth - place of Proph - ets and home of the blest.



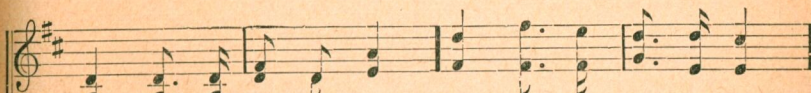
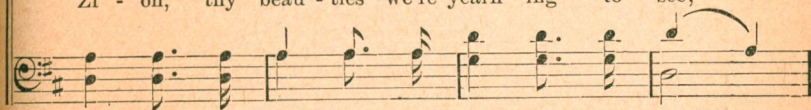
## ISRAEL IS FREE--Concluded.



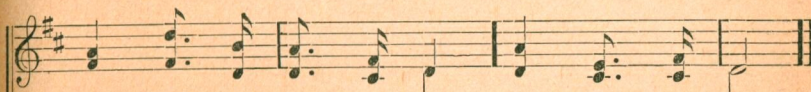
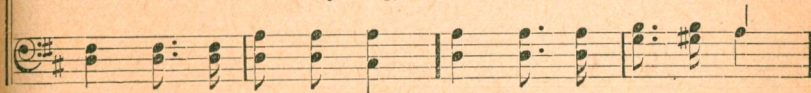
A - rise! for the time has come, Is - rael must gath-er home,  
 Sound the a - larm of war, Through na - tions near and far,  
 There will the saints be one, Thith - er we'll gath-er home,



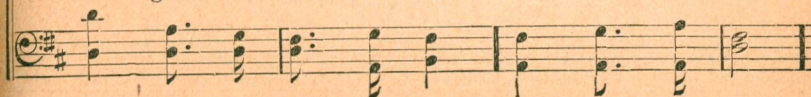
High on the mount - ains the En - sign we see;  
 Let its dread tones be heard o'er land and sea;  
 Zi - on, thy beau - ties we're yearn - ing to see;



Fall'n is the Gen - tile pow'r, Soon will its reign be o'er,  
 Zi - on shall dwell in peace, Is - rael will still in - crease,  
 Saints raise the heav - 'nly song, Join with the ran-somed throng,



Ty - rants must rule no more, Is - rael is Free!  
 Lib - er - ty ne'er shall cease, Is - rael is Free!  
 An - gels the notes pro - long, Is - rael is Free!



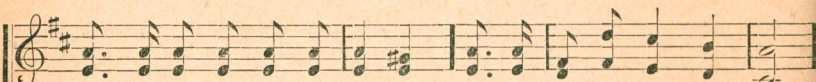


178 (85)

ABBA. 8s &amp; 7s. (S. H. 148)



1. Praise the Sav-ior, all ye na-tions, Praise him, all ye hosts a - bove;
2. See how beauteous on the mountains Are their feet, whose grand design
3. With my substance I will hon-or My Re-deem-er and my Lord;



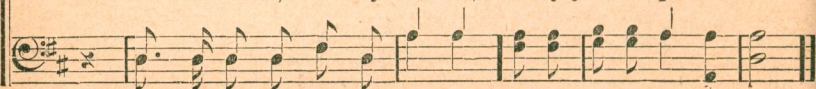
Shout, with joy-ful ac - cla - ma-tions, His Di-vine, vic - to-rious love:  
 Is to guide us to the fount-ains That o'er-flow with bliss di - vine—  
 Were ten thousand worlds my man-or, All were noth-ing to his word:



Be his Kingdom now pro-mot-ed, Let the earth her monarch know;  
 Be his King - Let the earth  
 Who proclaim the joyful ti-dings Of sal-va-tion all a - round,  
 Who pro-claim Of sal - va -  
 While the heralds of sal - va-tion His abounding grace proclaim,  
 While the her - His a-bound -



Be my all to him de - vot - ed, To my Lord my all I owe.  
 Dis-re-gard the world's de - rid-ings, And in works of love a - bound.  
 Let his friends, of ev - 'ry sta-tion, Glad-ly join to spread his fame





## 179 (190) PITTSFIELD. 8s &amp; 7s. D. (S. H. 294)

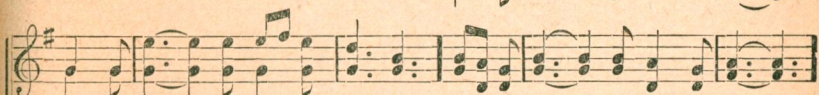
H. R. MILLS.



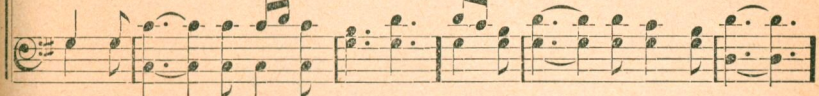
1. God is mar-shal-ing his ar - my For the res-cue of his truth,
2. Let the watchman in the tow - er Keep his post with sleepless eyes;
3. 'Tis a war that calls for val - or; 'Tis a con-flict with the world;
4. Let us not be wea-ry, comrades! Let us faint not by the way!



He is call-ing now to bat - tle, Both the a - ged and the youth.  
 Let the pri-vate out on pick-et Guard a - gainst the least sur-prise;  
 There can be no furlough granted; Nev-er must the flag be furled.  
 Though the night be long and drear-y, Soon will dawn mil-len-nium's day.



You can hear his mighty summons In the thun - der of his word—  
 For the or - der is for - ev - er, To be read - y at a word;  
 We can nev - er cease the con - flict, Till the summons home be heard,  
 Let us keep the camp-fires blazing, Let us sound a-broad his word:



Let us then be val-i-ant soldiers, In the ar - my of the Lord!  
 There must be no sleeping soldiers, In the ar - my of the Lord!  
 We have all for life en-list - ed, In the ar - my of the Lord.  
 There are glo - rious vic-t'ries coming For the ar - my of the Lord.





## 180 (434)

## TRUMPET. P. M. (S. H. 242)

*Con spirito.*

J. B. WOODBURY.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris-en, and  
D. S.—Loud was the chorus of an - gels on high,—“The Savior hath ris - en, and  
2. Glo - ry to God in full anthems of joy; The be - ing he gave us, death  
D. S.—Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris-en, and

FINE.

man can-not die. Vain were the ter - rors that gathered a - round him,  
man shall not die.”  
can - not de-destroy. Sad were the life we must part with to - mor - row,  
man shall not die.

DUET.

And short the do - min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fetters of  
If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end; But Jesus hath cheered the dark

D. C.

dark-ness that bound him, Resplendent in glo - ry, to live and to save.  
val - ley of sor - row, We'll rise from the dead and im-mor - tal as - cend.



181 (517)

## MOUNT PISGAH. C. M. (S. H. 286)

A favorite in the South

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause,  
 2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name; In him I place my trust;  
 3. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well se - cure  
 4. Then will he give me a new name, Be-fore his Fa-ther's face,

Main-tain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.  
 What I've com-mit - ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.  
 And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place.

CODA. *After last verse.*

We'll praise the Lord on high, And hal - le - lu - jah's sing,

To him who rules both earth and sky, The Lord our sov-'reign King.




## 182 (1078)

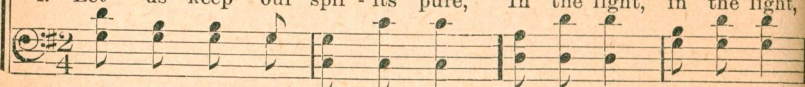
## IN THE LIGHT. P. M. (S. H. 524)

WM. B. BRADBURY.


*m* *p* *pp*




1. 'Tis a glo - rious thing to be, In the light, in the light,  
 2. Long the earth in dark-ness lay, With-out light, with-out light,  
 3. Proph-ets are re-stored a - gain, In the light, in the light,  
 4. Let us keep our spir - its pure, In the light, in the light,




*m* *mp*




Which the saints of old did see, The true light of God;  
 But the dark-ness fled a - way, Before the light of God.  
 And the gos - pel gifts to men, In the light of God;  
 And un - to the end en - dure, In the light of God;




*m* *p* *pp*




Rev - e - la - tion's ho - ly light, Is the light, is the light,  
 God has spok - en from on high, This the light, this the light,  
 Bless - ings to the an - cients giv'n, In the light, in the light,  
 Then when Je - sus comes a - gain, In the light, in the light,



*m* *mp*



And all else is dark as night, Save this light of God.  
 And now bids the world come nigh, To this light of God.  
 Are a - gain re - ceived from heav'n, In the light of God.  
 We shall live and with him reign, In the light of God.



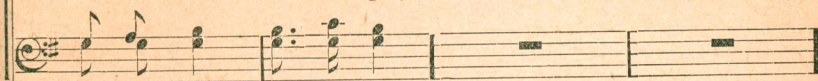


## IN THE LIGHT--Concluded.

REFRAIN.



Let us walk in the light, In the light, in the light,



Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.



183 (79)

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sing, ye re-deem-ed of the Lord, Your great De - liv - 'rer sing;
2. No rav-'ning li - on shall de-destroy, Nor lurk-ing ser-pent wound!
3. A hand di-vine shall lead you on, Through all the bliss-ful road,
4. There gar-lands of im - mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev' - ry head;



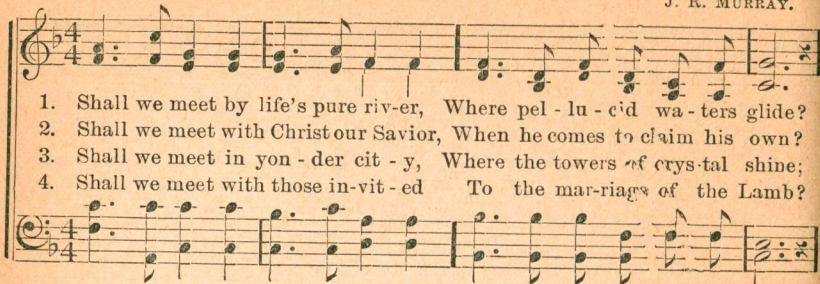
Pil - grims for Zi - on's cit - y bound, Be joy - ful in your King.  
 Pleas - ures and safe - ty, peace and praise Thro' all the path are found.  
 Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your smil - ing God.  
 When sor - row, sigh - ing, and dis - tress Like shad - ows all are fled.



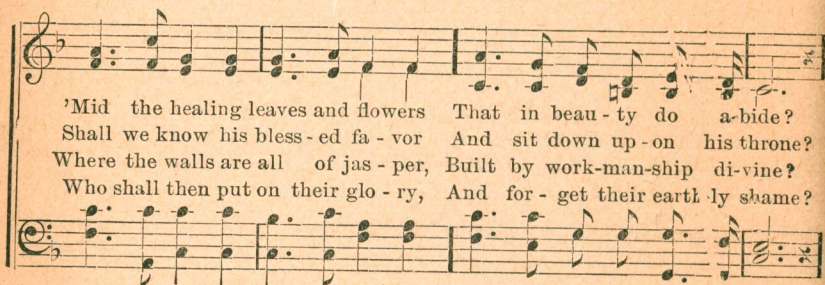


**184** (1066) **CRYSTAL SEA. 8s & 7s. D. (S. H 533)***Moderato.*

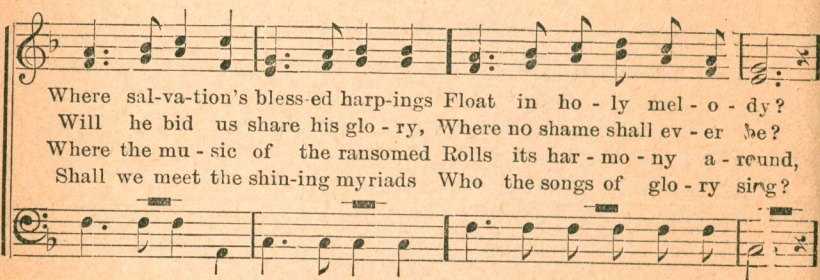
J. R. MURRAY.



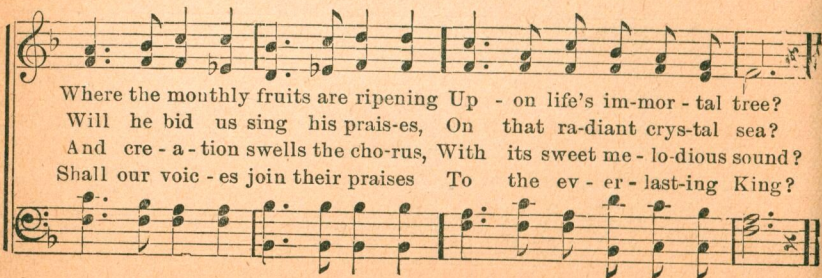
1. Shall we meet by life's pure riv-er, Where pel-lu-cid wa-ters glide?  
 2. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior, When he comes to claim his own?  
 3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the towers of crys-tal shine;  
 4. Shall we meet with those in-vit-ed To the mar-riage of the Lamb?



'Mid the healing leaves and flowers That in beau-ty do a-bide?  
 Shall we know his bless-ed fa-vor And sit down up-on his throne?  
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 Who shall then put on their glo-ry, And for-get their earth-ly shame?



Where sal-va-tion's bless-ed harp-ings Float in ho-ly mel-o-dy?  
 Will he bid us share his glo-ry, Where no shame shall ev-er be?  
 Where the mu-sic of the ransomed Rolls its har-mo-ny a-round,  
 Shall we meet the shin-ing myriads Who the songs of glo-ry sing?



Where the month-ly fruits are ripening Up-on life's im-mor-tal tree?  
 Will he bid us sing his prais-es, On that ra-diant crys-tal sea?  
 And cre-a-tion swells the cho-rus, With its sweet me-lo-dious sound?  
 Shall our voic-es join their praises To the ev-er-last-ing King?



## 185 (1024) THOUSAND YEARS. P. M. (S. H. 502)

H. C. WORK.

*Maestoso.*

1. Lift up your heads, ye heirs of glo - ry, Cast a - side your doubts and fears;  
 2. What if the hour of pain and sor - row Bring to your eyes most bitter tears?  
 3. Signs of which there's no mis-tak-ing, Tell that the day of glo - ry nears,  
 4. The budding fig - tree tells that summer, With its rip-'ning har-vest nears;  
 5. Come, Jesus, come and reign vic - to - rious; Come with prophets, martyrs, seers;

He who called you to his king-dom, Soon will reign a thousand years.  
 God will wipe tears from all fac - es, In that day of a thousand years.  
 When Satan bound shall cease his conflict With saints, thro'out a thousand years.  
 So the times as plain-ly teach us The day's at hand, — a thousand years.  
 Come and take us home to Zi - on; Come and reign a thousand years.

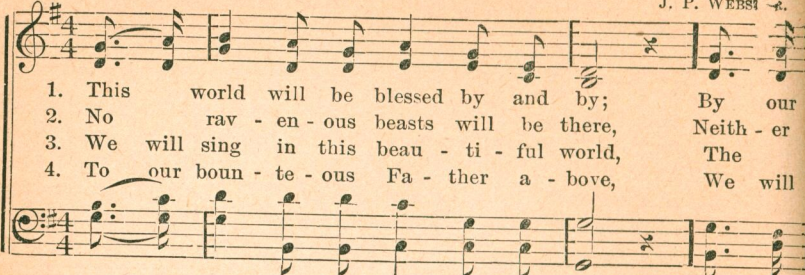
## CHORUS.

A thousand years, children of Zi - on, The glorious day so long fore-told;  
 'Tis the morn of Zi-on's glo - ry, Sung of by saints in days of old.

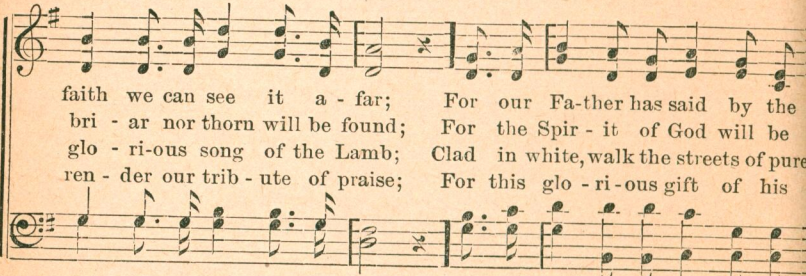


## 186 (1063) BY AND BY. P. M. or 9s. (S. H. 516)

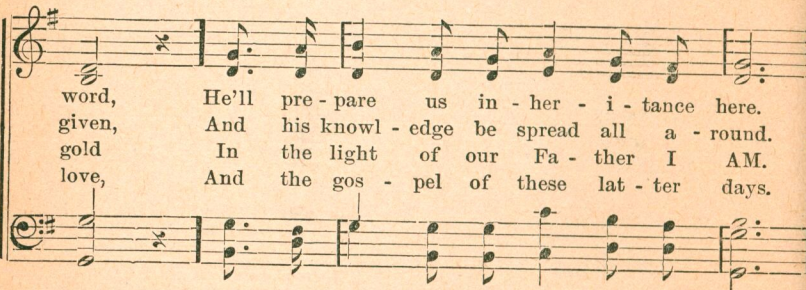
J. P. WEBB.



1. This world will be blessed by and by; By our  
 2. No rav - en - ous beasts will be there, Neith - er  
 3. We will sing in this beau - ti - ful world, The  
 4. To our boun - te - ous Fa - ther a - bove, We will

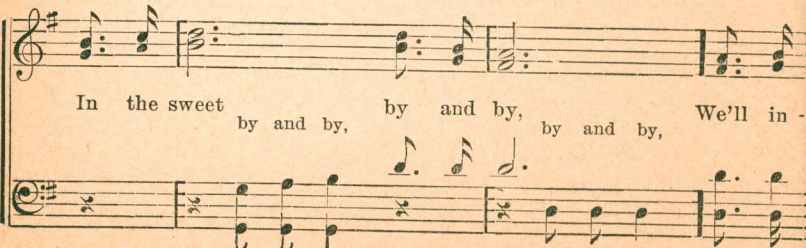


faith we can see it a - far; For our Fa - ther has said by the  
 bri - ar nor thorn will be found; For the Spir - it of God will be  
 glo - ri - ous song of the Lamb; Clad in white, walk the streets of pure  
 ren - der our trib - ute of praise; For this glo - ri - ous gift of his



word, He'll pre - pare us in - her - i - tance here.  
 given, And his knowl - edge be spread all a - round.  
 gold In the light of our Fa - ther I AM.  
 love, And the gos - pel of these lat - ter days.

## REFRAIN.



In the sweet by and by, by and by, by and by, We'll in -



BY AND BY—Concluded.

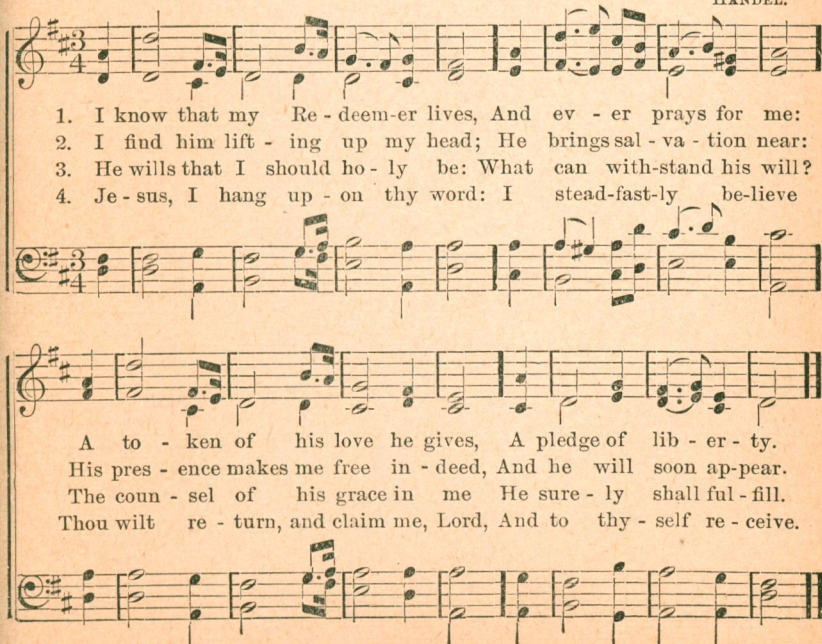


her - it this beau-ti-ful world, In the sweet by and  
by and by, by and by,  
by, by and by, We'll in - her - it this beau - ti - ful world.

187

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me:  
2. I find him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near:  
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with-stand his will?  
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on thy word: I stead-fast-ly be-lieve

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.  
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap-pear.  
The coun - sel of his grace in me He sure - ly shall ful-fill.  
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re - ceive.



**188** (896) **REST BY AND BY. P. M.** (S. H. 448)

J. T. WILLIAMS.

1. O how sweet is the soul-cheer - ing thought, There is  
 2. He has gone as he said, to pre - pare For the  
 3. Now we walk through a val - ley of tears, And our

rest for the pure and the good; 'Tis the rest that the Sav -  
 tempt - ed, the tried, and the true; A mansion more glo - ri -  
 spir - its are burdened and sad; But the end of our pil -

ior has bought, By the shed - ding of his pre - cious blood.  
 ous and fair, Than the chil - dren of earth ev - er knew.  
 grim-age nears, So we lift up our heads and are glad.

**CHORUS.**

There'll be rest, by and by, With the  
 There'll be rest, by and by,



## REST BY AND BY—Concluded.

saints in their glo - ri - fied home, There'll be rest  
by and by, by and by,  
by and by, by and by, With the saints in their glo - ri - fied home.

189 (364)

## CHERITH. C. M.

SPOHR.

1. Lord! thou art good: all na - ture shows Its might-y Au - thor kind;  
2. The whole, and ev - 'ry part pro - claims Thine in - fi - nite good-will;  
3. We view it o'er the spreading main, And heav'ns which spread more wide;  
4. My ad - mi - ra - tion let it raise! My best af - fec - tions move!

Thy boun - ty thro' cre - a - tion flows, Full, free, and un - con - fined.  
It shines in stars, and flows in streams, And blooms on ev - 'ry hill.  
It drops in gen - tle show'rs of rain, And rolls in ev - 'ry tide.  
Em - ploy my tongue in songs of praise, And fill my heart with love!

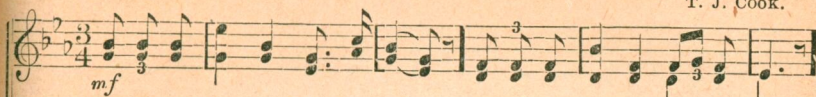




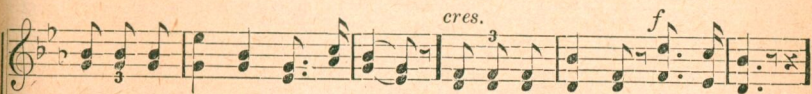


## 191 (1056) BEAUTIFUL ZION. P. M. (S. H. 520)

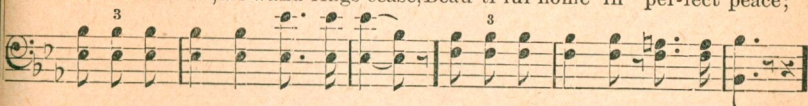
T. J. COOK.



1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love,
2. Beau-ti-ful world where all is light, Beau-ti-ful angels clothed in white,
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beautiful palms the conqu'rors show,
4. Beau-ti-ful throne of Christ our King, Beau-ti-ful songs the an-gels sing,



Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light;  
 Beau-ti-ful strains that never tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir;  
 Beau-ti-ful robes the ransomed wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en - ter there;  
 Beau-ti-ful rest, all wand'rings cease, Beau-ti-ful home in per-fect peace;



He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Will open those pearly gates to me.  
 Zi-on shall to the new earth come; Home of the saints, beau-ti - ful home.  
 Thither I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.  
 There shall my eyes the Sav-ior see, Happy with him for - ev - er be.



## REFRAIN.



Zi - on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, cit-y of our God.





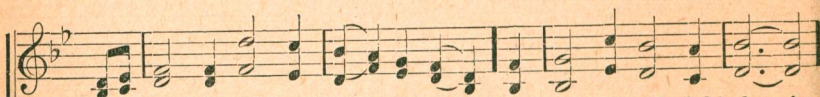
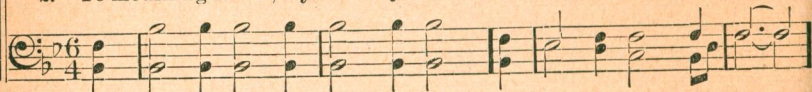
192 (441)

CALM. 8s. 6s &amp; 2-8s. (S. H. 115)

THOMAS HASTINGS.



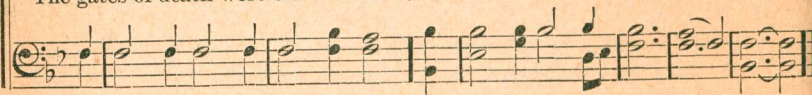
1. How calm and beau-ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev - 'ry tear For your de-part - ed Lord;



Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid-night gloom!  
 "Be - hold the place—he is not here," The tomb is all un - barred:



O weep no more the Savior slain; The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.  
 The gates of death were closed in vain; The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.



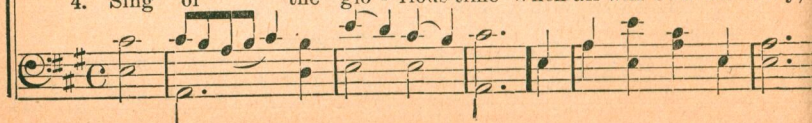
193 (48)

AUDENTIA. S. M. (S. H. 104)

A. UNICORN.



1. To him who reigns on high, Whom heav'nly hosts a - dore,
2. Let Saints their voic - es raise, His won-drous love to sing;
3. Ex - tol the wis - dom great That framed salvation's scheme,
4. Sing of the glo - rious time When all will own his sway,





## AUDENTIA—Concluded.

Whom heav'n - ly hosts a - dore, The sov'reign Lord of earth and sky,  
His won - drous love to sing; Conspire with one accord to praise  
That framed salvation's scheme, Which "upright man" could first create,  
When all will own his sway, And sing his praise in songs sublime,

Be glo - ry ev - er-more, Be glo - ry ev - er-more;  
Be glo - ry ev - er-more. Be glo - ry ev - er-more;  
Their Fa - ther and their King, Their Fa - ther and their King;  
Their Father and their King, Their Father and their King;  
And "fall - en man" re-deem, And "fall - en man" re-deem;  
And "fallen man" re-deem, And "fallen man" re-deem;  
In realms of end - less day, In realms of end - less day;  
In realms of endless day, In realms of endless day;

The sov'reign Lord of earth and sky, Be glo - - ry ev - er - more.  
Con-spire with one ac-cord to praise Their Fa - ther and their King.  
Which "upright man" could first create, And "fall - - en man" re - deem.  
And sing his praise in songs sublime, In realms of end-less day.

## 194 (20)

- 1 Awake, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing, till we feel the heart  
Ascending with the tongue;  
Let ev'ry meaner joy depart,  
And grace inspire the song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day  
In Christ, th' Eternal King.



## 195

## ROCK OF AGES.

E. O. EXCELL.

A. M. TOPLADY.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,  
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,  
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleet-ing breath,

Let me hide my - self in thee;  
 Could my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in thee;  
 Could my zeal no languor know, Oh! Could my zeal no languor know,  
 when my eyes shall close in death, Yes, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
 These for sin could not a - tone,  
 When I rise to worlds un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
 These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown, Yes, When I rise to worlds unknown,



## ROCK OF AGES—Concluded.

From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,  
 Thou must save and thou a - lone,  
 And be - hold thee on thy throne;

From thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,  
 Thou must save and thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and thou a - lone,  
 And be - hold thee on thy throne, Yes, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure,  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Rock of A - ges cleft for me,

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Yes, Be of sin the dou-ble cure,  
 In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,  
 Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.  
 Let me hide my - self in thee.

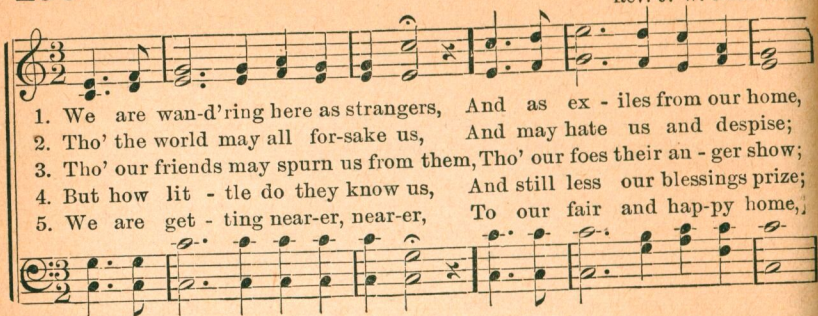
Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 Sim-ply to thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.  
 Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in thee.



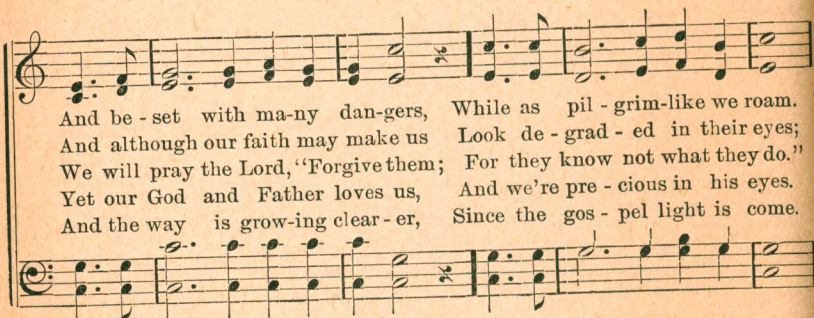
196 (898)

## LAND OF REST. P. M. (S. H. 447)

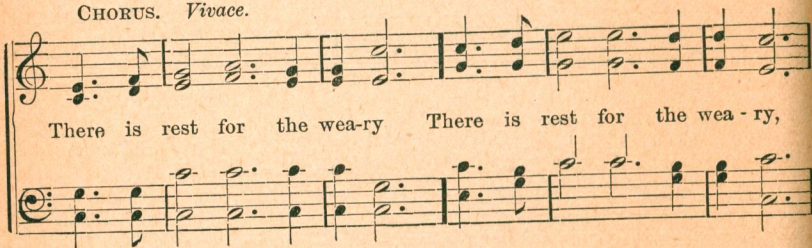
Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



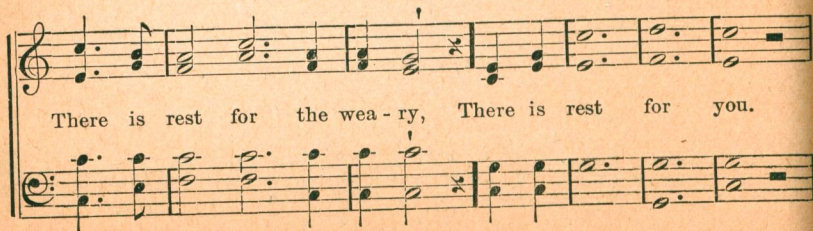
1. We are wan-d'ring here as strangers, And as ex - iles from our home,  
 2. Tho' the world may all for-sake us, And may hate us and despise;  
 3. Tho' our friends may spurn us from them, Tho' our foes their an - ger show;  
 4. But how lit - tle do they know us, And still less our blessings prize;  
 5. We are get - ting near-er, near-er, To our fair and hap-py home,



And be - set with ma - ny dan - gers, While as pil - grim-like we roam.  
 And although our faith may make us Look de - grad - ed in their eyes;  
 We will pray the Lord, "Forgive them; For they know not what they do."  
 Yet our God and Father loves us, And we're pre - cious in his eyes.  
 And the way is grow - ing clear - er, Since the gos - pel light is come.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*


There is rest for the wea-ry There is rest for the wea-ry,



There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.



## LAND OF REST—Concluded.

In the land where none are dy-ing, Where no broken hearts are sighing,

In the spir - it's hap - py Zi - on, There is rest for you.

197 (661)

## STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. O arm me with the mind, Sav - ior, that was in thee!
2. Con - trol my ev - 'ry thought; My whole of sin re - move;
3. Oh! may I learn the art, With meekness to re - prove!

And let my fer - vid zeal be joined With per - fect char - i - ty.  
 Let all my works in thee be wrought; Let all be wrought in love.  
 To hate the sin with all my heart, But still the sin - ner love.



**198** (1118) **EVENING THOUGHTS. 8s. D.** (S. H. 542)

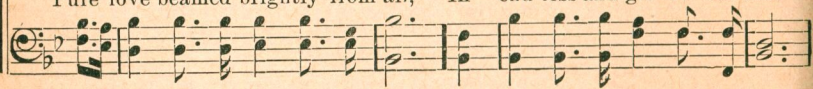
H. R. MILLS.



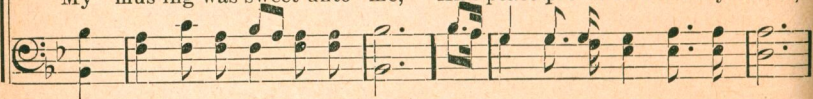
1. As mus-ing, I sat all a-lone, When th' day's busy work I had done,
2. I scarce could refrain shedding tears Of anguish, and bit-ter-ness too,
3. My fan-cy then paint-ed the scene That prophets had seen from a-far,
4. Con-fu-sion and hate were not there, No jeal - ous-y, an-ger, nor strife;



As th' sun's golden rays disappeared, And darkness her reign had be-gun,  
 When man's low es-tate did ap-pear Heart-rend-ing and sad to my view.  
 When Je-sus would reign with his saints Ho-san-nahs to God rend the air.  
 Pure love beamed brightly from all, In end-less and glo-ri-ous life.



I thought of the next better state, When th' body and spir-it would be  
 Once more the bright vision appeared, So glorious, en chant-ing to me,  
 When peace like a riv-er would flow, And strife and confusion ne'er be  
 My mus-ing was sweet unto me, And peace prevailed o-ver my breast;



U-nit - ed to dwell with the just, Im - mor-tal, e - ter-nal and free;  
 My sadness was soon all dis - pelled, My mind from its bondage set free;  
 In the saints' ev-er-last-ing a - bode,—The home of the hap-py and free;  
 My spir-it felt tranquil and free. As calm-ly I lay down to rest;





## EVENING THOUGHTS—Concluded.

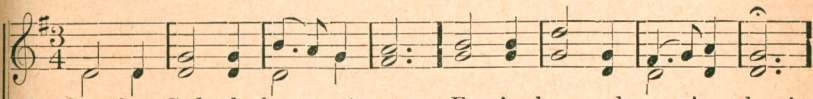


U - nit - ed to dwell with the just, Im - mor - tal, e - ter - nal and free.  
 My sadness was soon all dispelled, My mind from its bondage set free.  
 In the saints' ev - er - last - ing a - bode, — The home of the happy and free.  
 My spir - it felt tranquil and free. As calm - ly I lay down to rest.

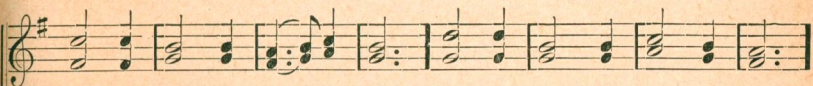


199 (149)

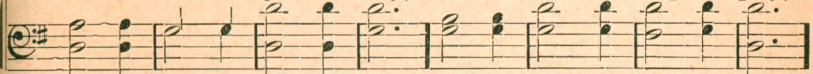
GUIDE. 6-7s.



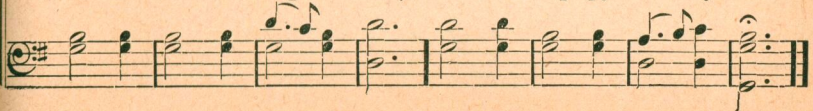
1. O thou God who hear - est prayer Ev - 'ry hour and ev - 'ry-where!  
 2. Hear and save us gra - cious Lord! For our trust is in thy word;  
 3. Leave us not, our Strength, our Trust! Oh, re - mem - ber we're but dust!



For his sake, whose blood we plead, Hear us in our hour of need:  
 Cleanse us from the stain of sin, That thy peace may rule with - in:  
 Leave us not a - gain to stray; Leave us not the tempter's prey;



On - ly hide not now thy face, God of all - suf - fi - cient grace.  
 May each know him - self thy child, Ransomed, pardoned, rec - on - ciled.  
 Fix our hearts on things a - bove; Make us hap - py in thy love.





## 200 (378) OAK GROVE. 11s &amp; 10s. (S. H. 208)

A. D. HOUGAS.

1. Hail the blest morn, when the great Me - di - a - tor, Down from the  
 2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies his  
 3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of  
 4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with

re - gions of glo - ry de - scends, Shepherds, go wor - ship the  
 bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in  
 E - den, and off - 'rings di - vine, Gems from the mountains, and  
 gold we his fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the

babe in the man - ger; Lo! for his guard, the bright angels at - tend.  
 slum - bers re - clin - ing, Wise men and shep - herds be - fore him do fall.  
 pearls from the o - cean; Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?  
 heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

## REFRAIN.

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our



## OAK GROVE—Concluded.



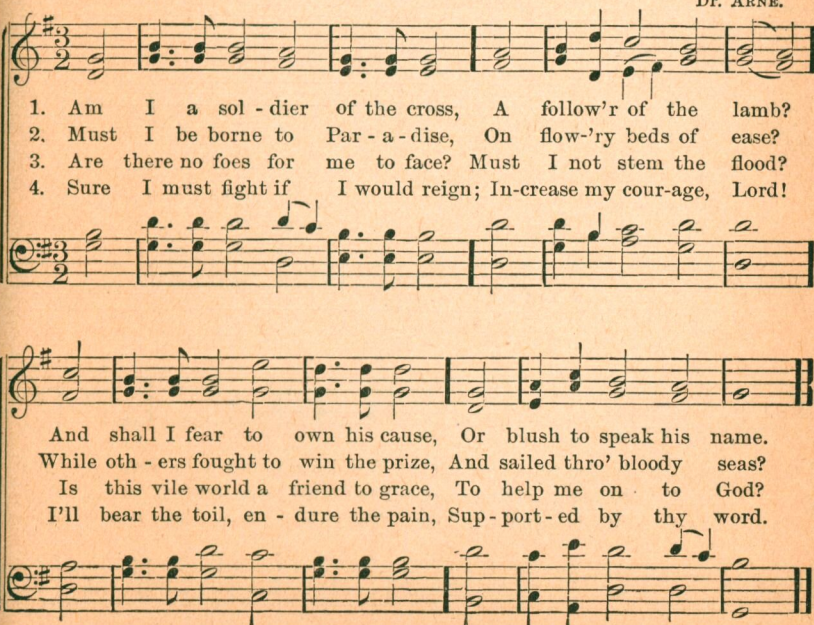
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid, Star in the east, the ho -

ri - zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem-er was laid.

201 (182)

## ARLINGTON. C. M. (S. H. 391)

Dr. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follow'r of the lamb?  
 2. Must I be borne to Par-a-dise, On flow'ry beds of ease?  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name.  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by thy word.



## 202 (635) SPEAK GENTLY. C. M. D. (S. H. 368)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Speak gen-tly, speak gen-tly, Speak gen - tly,—it is  
 2. Speak gen-tly, speak gen-tly, Speak gen - tly to the  
 3. Speak gen-tly, speak gen-tly, Speak gen - tly,—'tis a

bet - ter far To rule by love than fear; Speak  
 a - ged one, Grieve not the care-worn heart; The  
 lit - tle thing, Dropped in the heart's deep well; The

DUET.

gen-tly,—let no harsh word mar The good we may do here. Speak  
 sands of life are near-ly run, Let them in peace de - part. Speak  
 good, the joy, that it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell. Speak

gen-tly to the young,—for they Will have e-nough to bear; Pass  
 gen-tly to the erring ones,—They must have toiled in vain; Per -  
 gen-tly,—it is bet - ter far To rule by love than fear; Speak



## SPEAK GENTLY—Concluded.

through this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anx-ious care.  
 chance unkindness made them so; Oh, win them back a-gain.  
 gen-tly,—let no harsh word mar The good we may do here.

203 (487)

## HELENA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Un - wor - thy to be called thy son, I come with shame to thee,  
 2. Help me to break the heav-y chains The world has round me thrown,  
 3. That I may henceforth heed whate'er Thy voice with-in me saith,  
 4. Faith that, like ar - mor to my soul, Shall keep all e - vil out,


Fa - ther! oh, more than Fa-ther, thou Hast al - ways been to me!  
 And know the glo - rious lib - er - ty Of an o - be - dient son.  
 Fix deep - ly in my heart of hearts A prin - ci - ple of faith,—  
 More might-y than an an - gel host, En - camp-ing round a - bout.

204 (653)

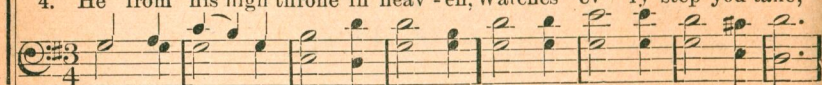

- 1 Father of mercies, send thy grace,  
 All-powerful from above,  
 To form in our obedient souls  
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
 That gen'rous pleasure know;  
 Kindly to share in others' joy,  
 And weep for other's woe!

- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief  
 In low distress are laid,  
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,  
 When throned above the skies;  
 And midst th' embraces of thy love,  
 He felt compassion rise.

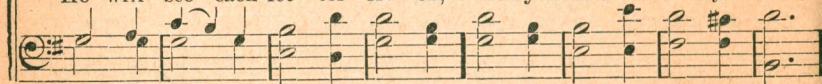
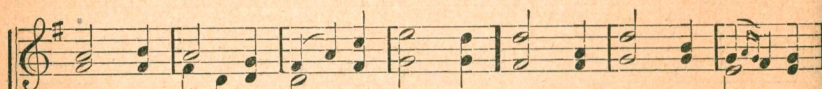




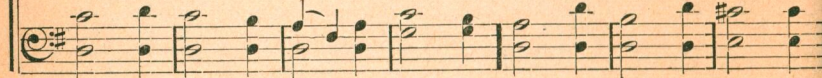

1. Broth-er, is life's morning clouded? Has its sun-light ceased to shine?  
 2. Broth-er, has life's hope re - ced - ed? Hast thou sought its joys in vain?  
 3. Broth-er, all things round are calling With u - nit - ed voice, be strong;  
 4. He from his high throne in heav - en, Watches ev - 'ry step you take;

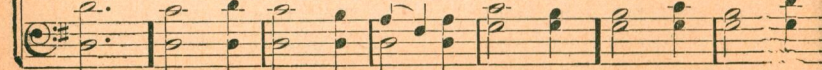
Is the earth in dark-ness shrouded? Dost thou at thy lot re - pine?  
 Friends proved false when mostly needed? Foes re-joiced to see thy pain?  
 Though the wrongs of earth be gall-ing, They must lose their strength ere long;  
 He will see each fet - ter riv - en, Which your foes in fu - ry make;

Cheer up, broth-er, let thy vis - ion Look a - bove; see, light is  
 Cheer up, broth-er, there's a bless - ing Wait - ing for thee; nev - er  
 Yes, my broth-er, tho' life's troub - les Drive thee near to dark des -  
 Yes, my broth-er, he has pow - er To dry up the bit - ter

near; Soon will come the next tran - si - tion, Trust in GOD and  
 fear; Foes for - giv - ing, sins con - fess - ing, Trust in GOD and  
 pair, Soon they'll van - ish like a bub - ble, Trust in GOD and  
 tear; And though dark - est tem - pests low - er, Trust in GOD and





## GUIDANCE—Concluded.

per - se - vere; Trust in GOD and per - se - vere.  
 per - se - vere; Trust in GOD and per - se - vere.  
 per - se - vere; Trust in GOD and per - se - vere.  
 per - se - vere; Trust in GOD and per - se - vere.

206 (196)

## BETHANY. 6s &amp; 4s. D.

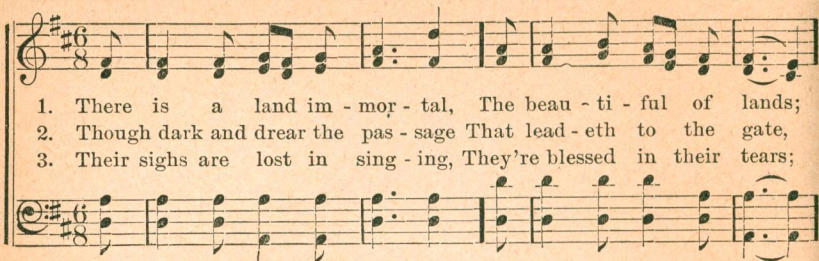
Dr. L. MASON.

1. Be - neath the dark-est cloud, God's hand I see; Al - though it  
 2. If wound-ed sore, I faint, Lord, com - fort me; Still let me  
 3. If 'neath my woes I fall, Tried un - to death, Still let me  
 4. Thro' blind-ing tears, thy smile, My God, I see; It cheers me

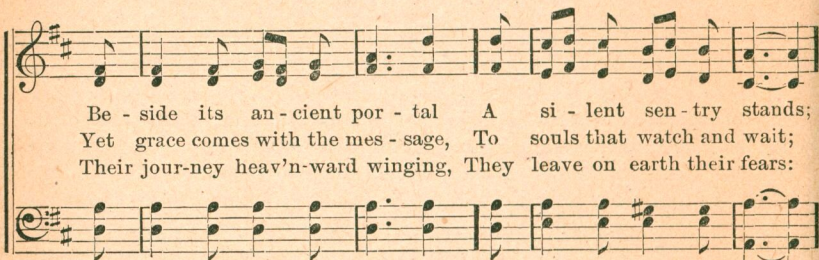
be a shroud That sheweth me. Still let not sorrows part E're change my  
 be a saint, Loved still of thee. Indulge me with the tho't To find the  
 on thee call While I have breath. O let me on thee call, Thou God and  
 still, the while Thou chas'teneth me. By it I know thee near; Nor can I

lov - ing heart, His mer - cy heal the smart That woundeth me.  
 par - don sought, By blood of Je - sus bought, That sav - eth me.  
 friend of all; Nor sin my cry fore-stall— My God to thee.  
 doubt or fear, For - give me ev - 'ry tear, For love to thee.

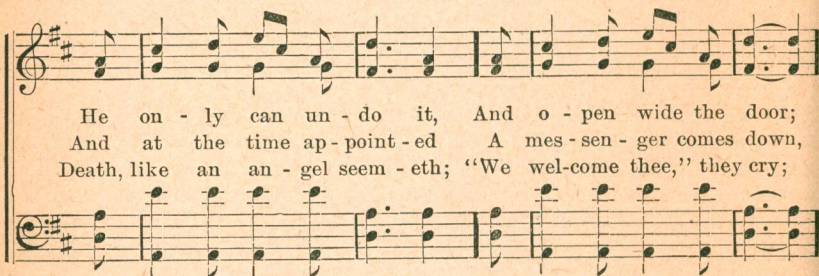


**207** (900) **BEAUTIFUL HOME.** 7s & 6s. D. (S. H. 450)


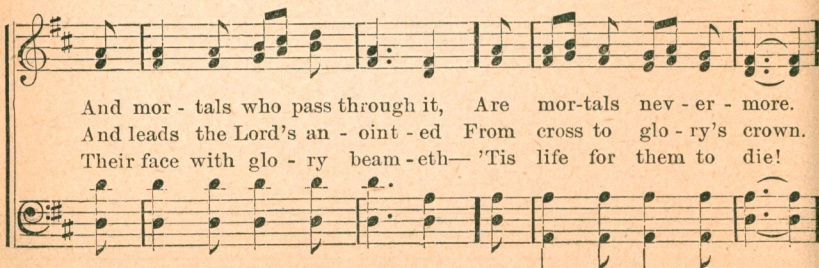
1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands;  
 2. Though dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate,  
 3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing, They're blessed in their tears;



Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands;  
 Yet grace comes with the mes - sage, To souls that watch and wait;  
 Their jour - ney heav'n - ward winging, They leave on earth their fears:



He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door;  
 And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen - ger comes down,  
 Death, like an an - gel seem - eth; "We wel - come thee," they cry;



And mor - tals who pass through it, Are mor - tals nev - er - more.  
 And leads the Lord's an - oint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.  
 Their face with glo - ry beam - eth—'Tis life for them to die!



## BEAUTIFUL HOME—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

Home, beau-ti-ful home,..... Bright, beau-ti-ful home.....  
Beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home,

Home, home of the ran - somed, Bright, beau - ti - ful home.  
Beau - ti - ful,

## 208 (146)

BELMONT. C. M.

From MOZART.

1. Fa-ther! what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de-nies,  
2. 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;  
3. 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at-tend:

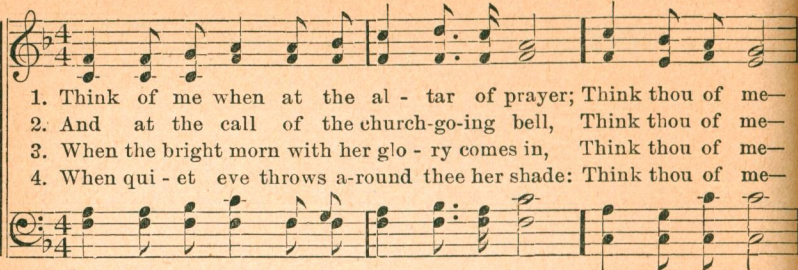
Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—  
The bless - ings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.  
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my journey's end.



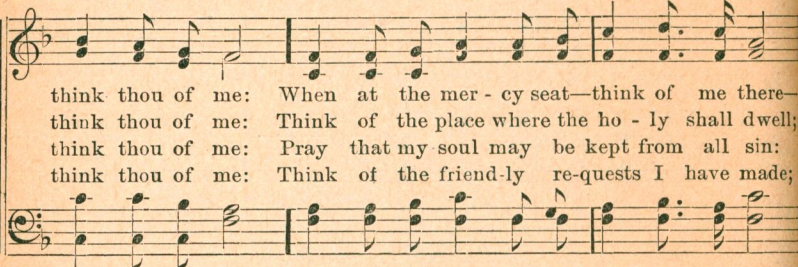
209 (626)

I AM GONE. P. M. (S. H. 339)


ANON.



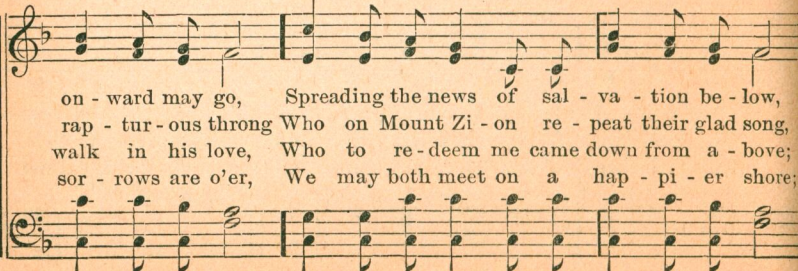
1. Think of me when at the al - tar of prayer; Think thou of me—  
 2. And at the call of the church-go-ing bell, Think thou of me—  
 3. When the bright morn with her glo - ry comes in, Think thou of me—  
 4. When qui - et eve throws a-round thee her shade: Think thou of me—



think thou of me: When at the mer - cy seat—think of me there—  
 think thou of me: Think of the place where the ho - ly shall dwell;  
 think thou of me: Pray that my soul may be kept from all sin:  
 think thou of me: Think of the friend-ly re-quests I have made;



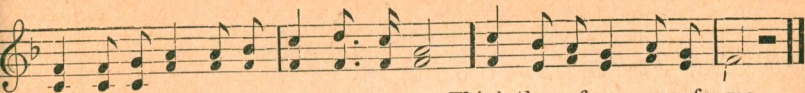
Think thou of me—pray for me. Pray that with cour-age I  
 Think thou of me—pray for me— Pray that with all of the  
 Think thou of me—pray for me— Pray that thro' life I may  
 Think thou of me—pray for me— Pray that when life and its



on - ward may go, Spreading the news of sal - va - tion be - low,  
 rap - tur - ous throng Who on Mount Zi - on re - peat their glad song,  
 walk in his love, Who to re - deem me came down from a - bove;  
 sor - rows are o'er, We may both meet on a hap - pi - er shore;



## I AM GONE—Concluded.

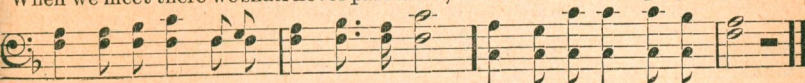


Plucking poor rebels from sin and from woe; Think thou of me—pray for me.

I may at last to the Sav - ior belong; Think thou of me—pray for me.

Pray that the world his salvation may prove. Think thou of me—pray for me.

When we meet there we shall never part more; Think thou of me—pray for me.



5 When you may hear of my fast failing breath,

Think then of me—pray then for me.

Pray that the Lord may be with me in death,

Think then of me—pray for me.

Pray that with joy I may finish my race;

Triumph at last in the strength of his grace;

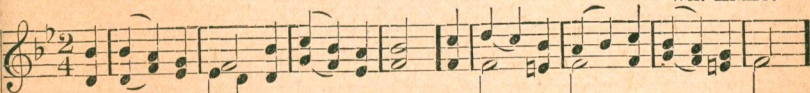
Rise up to heaven in raptures of praise:

Think then of me—think of me.

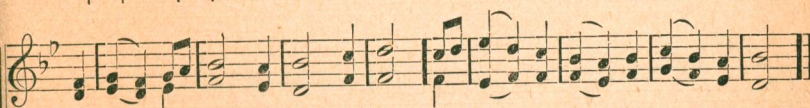
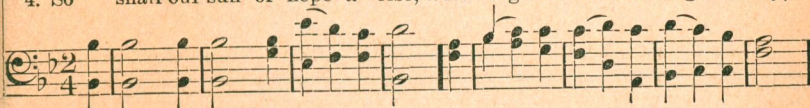
210 (74)

## ALL SAINTS.

WM. KNAPP.



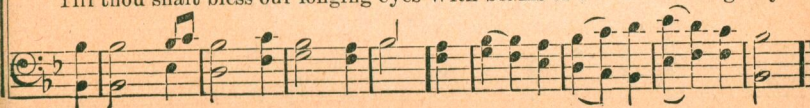
1. Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for thee; Thy saints a-dore thy ho - ly name;
2. Thy hand has raised us from the dust; The breath of life thy Spir-it gave.
3. Here, at the por - tal of thy house, We leave our mor-tal hopes and fears;
4. So shall our sun of hope a - rise, With brighter and still bright-er ray,



Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee, And hum-bly thy pro-tec-tion claim.  
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust! Who, but our God, has pow'r to save!

Answer our pray'r; and bless our vows, Ac-cept our praise, and dry our tears.

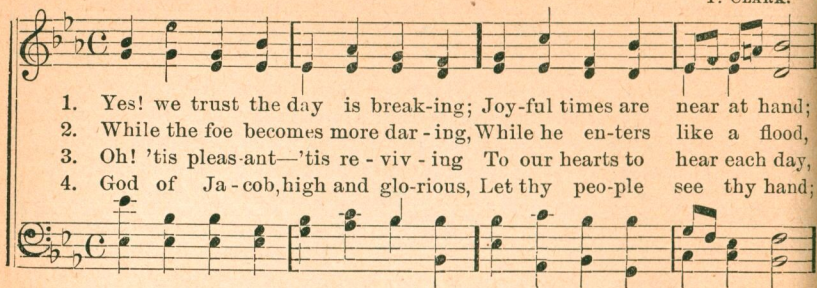
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes With beams of ev - er - last-ing day.



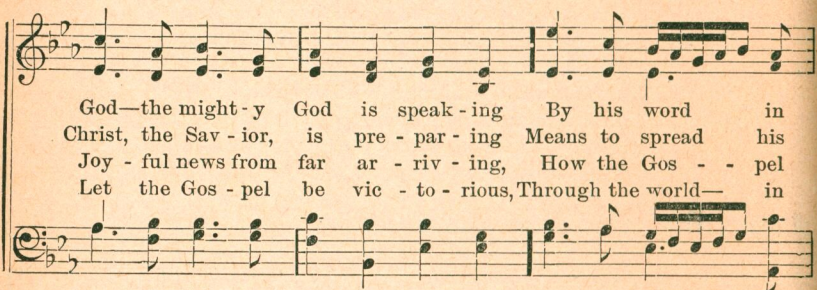


**211** (721) **CALCUTTA. 8s, 7s & 4s.** (S. H. 333)

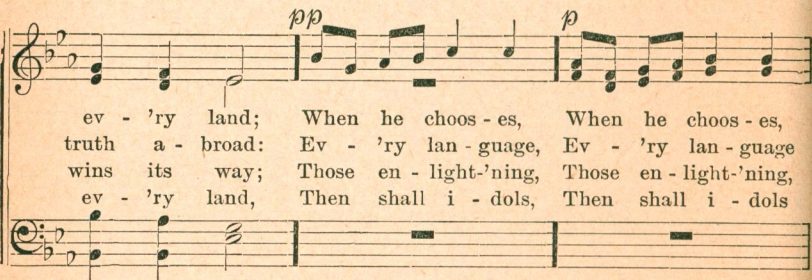
T. CLARK.



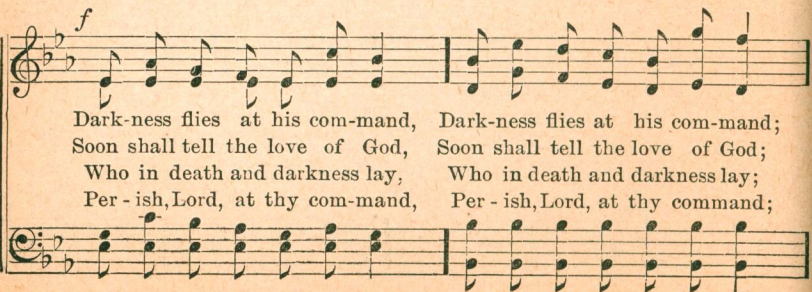
1. Yes! we trust the day is break-ing; Joy-ful times are near at hand;  
 2. While the foe becomes more dar-ing, While he en-ters like a flood,  
 3. Oh! 'tis pleas-ant—'tis re-viv-ing To our hearts to hear each day,  
 4. God of Ja-cob, high and glo-rious, Let thy peo-ple see thy hand;



God—the might-y God is speak-ing By his word in  
 Christ, the Sav-ior, is pre-par-ing Means to spread his  
 Joy-ful news from far ar-riv-ing, How the Gos - - pel  
 Let the Gos-pel be vic-to-rious, Through the world—in



ev - 'ry land; When he choos-es, When he choos-es,  
 truth a - broad: Ev - 'ry lan-guage, Ev - 'ry lan-guage  
 wins its way; Those en-light-'ning, Those en-light-'ning,  
 ev - 'ry land, Then shall i - dols, Then shall i - dols



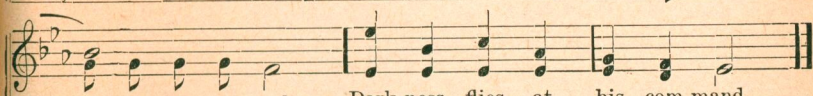
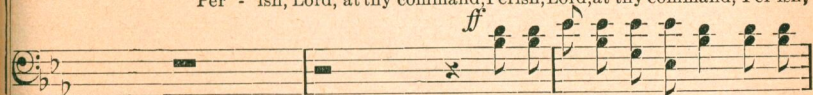
Dark-ness flies at his com-mand, Dark-ness flies at his com-mand;  
 Soon shall tell the love of God, Soon shall tell the love of God;  
 Who in death and darkness lay, Who in death and darkness lay;  
 Per-ish, Lord, at thy com-mand, Per-ish, Lord, at thy command;



## CALCUTTA—Concluded.



Dark - ness flies at his com - mand,.....  
 Dark-ness flies at his command, Darkness flies at his command, Darkness  
 Soon shall tell the Love of God,.....  
 Soon shall tell the Love of God, Soon shall tell the Love of God, Soon shall  
 Who in death and dark - ness lay,.....  
 Who in death and darkness lay, Who in death and darkness lay, Who in  
 Per - ish, Lord, at thy com - mand,.....  
 Per - ish, Lord, at thy command, Perish, Lord, at thy command, Per-ish,



flies at his command, Dark-ness flies at his com-mand.  
 tell the Love of God, Soon shall tell the Love of God.  
 death and dark-ness lay, Who in death and dark - ness lay.  
 Lord, at thy command, Per - ish, Lord, at thy com-mand.



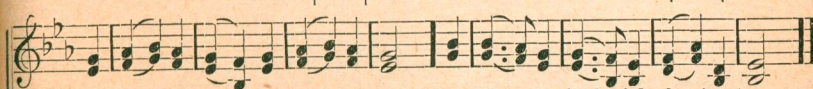
212 (49)

## GRATITUDE. L. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



1. O thou to whom, in ancient time, The Psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
2. Not now, on Zi - on's height alone The favored wor-ship-er may dwell;
3. From ev-'ry place be - low the skies, The grateful song, the fervent prayer,



Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets prais'd with glowing tongue.  
 Nor where, at sul-try noon, thy Son Sat, wea - ry, by the patr'arch's well.  
 The incense of the heart may rise To heav'n and find acceptance there.

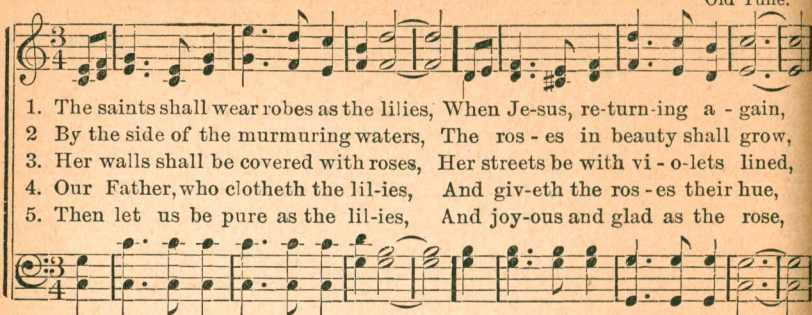




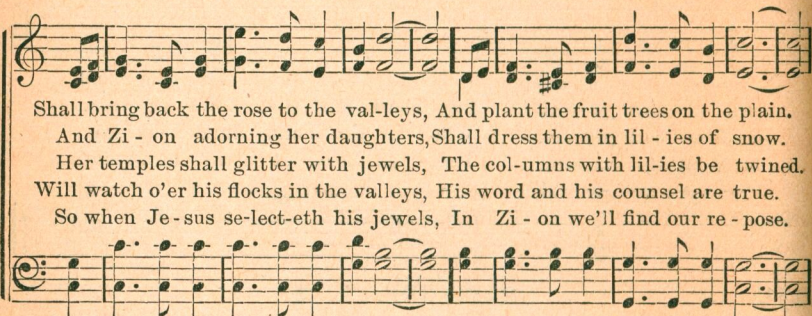
## 213 (1006)

## PURITY. P. M.

Old Tune.

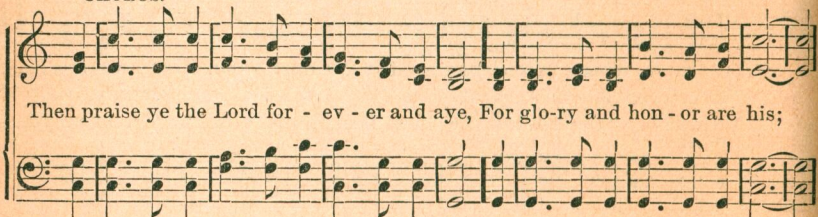


1. The saints shall wear robes as the lilies, When Je-sus, re-turn-ing a - gain,  
 2 By the side of the murmuring waters, The ros-es in beauty shall grow,  
 3. Her walls shall be covered with roses, Her streets be with vi-o-lets lined,  
 4. Our Father, who clotheth the lil-ies, And giv-eth the ros-es their hue,  
 5. Then let us be pure as the lil-ies, And joy-ous and glad as the rose,

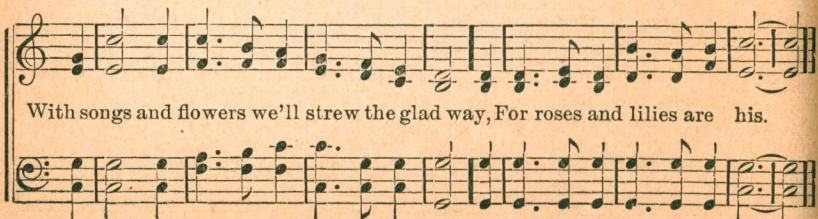


Shall bring back the rose to the val-leys, And plant the fruit trees on the plain.  
 And Zi-on adorning her daughters, Shall dress them in lil-ies of snow.  
 Her temples shall glitter with jewels, The col-umns with lil-ies be twined.  
 Will watch o'er his flocks in the valleys, His word and his counsel are true.  
 So when Je-sus se-lect-eth his jewels, In Zi-on we'll find our re- pose.

## CHORUS.



Then praise ye the Lord for - ev - er and aye, For glo-ry and hon - or are his;



With songs and flowers we'll strew the glad way, For roses and lilies are his.



214 (238)

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M. (S. H 147)

German Choral.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

215 (222)

1 From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word; [shore,  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

216

## DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

DE FLEURY.  
*Fine.*

{ This God is the God we a-dore, Our faith-ful, unchangeable Friend;  
Whose love is as large as his pow'r, And knows not beginning, nor end. }

D. C.—We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

*D. C.*

'Tis Je-sus, the first and the last, Whose Spir-it will guide us safe home;



## 217 (229)

## DANCER. 7s. D. (S. H. 145)

NORMAN W. SMITH.

1. { Brethren, breathe one fervent prayer, Ere from hence our footsteps tend,  
To the Prince up-on whose care, All our hopes and joys de-pend. }

2. { Go with rev-'rent purpose hence, Strengthened, helped by Spirit's pow'r;  
Christ is Help-er, Strength, De-fence; Bless him for this peace-ful hour. }

Look be-neath, a-round, a - bove, All is filled with bless-ed peace;  
Look with chastened heart be-fore; See! the clouds are sil-ver lined!

'Tis the gift of God's best love,—Pray that love may still in-crease.  
What as-sur-ance need we more? "God is ev-er true and kind."

## 218 (221)

## NAOMI. C. M. (S. H. 91)

HANS GEORGE NAEGLI.

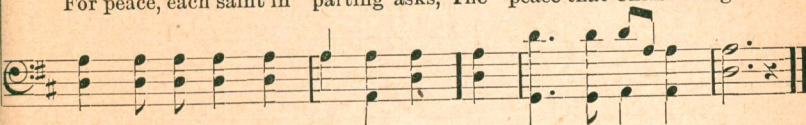
1. Lord, let thy bless-ing rest in peace Up-on us ere we part,  
2. Let us go hence, in deepest tho't—Up-on thy bounteous love,  
3. We go from out these hallowed walls, To toil in wearying care;  
4. Cheer us, blest Lord, for dai-ly tasks, That we may love and live;



## NAOMI—Concluded.



Nor let that bless-ing ev - er cease To cheer the contrite heart.  
 To find how much that love has wrought, To lift our souls a - bove.  
 To seek supplies for dai - ly calls, And dai - ly burthens bear.  
 For peace, each saint in parting asks, The peace that Christ can give.



## 219 (216)

## SARDIS. 8s &amp; 7s.

BEETHOVEN.



1. Heav'nly Fa-ther, grant thy blessing On the teach-ing of this day.  
 2. Have we wan-dered? oh, forgive us; Have we wished from truth to rove?



That our hearts, thy fear pos-sess-ing, May from sin be turned a - way.  
 Turn, oh, turn us, and re-ceive us, And in-cline us thee to love.



## 220 (233)

1 May the grace of Christ our Savior,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.



## 221 (215)

## LYONS. 10s &amp; 11s.

HAYES.

1. O Je - sus, our Lord, thy name be a - dored, For all the rich  
2. Thrice happy are they who hear and o - bey, And share in the

bles - ings conveyed in thy word; Be - liev-ing, we trace thy  
bles - ings of this gos-pel - day, That bless-ing be mine, through

won-ders of grace, And cheer-ful-ly join in a concert of praise.  
fa - vor di - vine; And, O my Re-deem-er, the glo - ry be thine.

## 222 (219)

## LISBON. S. M. (S. H. 143)

D. READ.

1. To God the on - ly wise, Who keeps us by his word,  
2. Ho - san-nah to the Word, Who from the Fa - ther came;  
3. The grace of Christ our Lord, The Fa-ther's boundless love,



## LISBON—Concluded.

Be glo-ry now and ev-er-more, Through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
 As-cribe sal-va-tion to the Lord, And ev-er bless his name.  
 The Spir-it's blest com-mun-ion, too, Be with us from a-bove.

## 223 (231) HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s. (S. H. 60)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace. }  
 2. { Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the Gos-pel's joy-ful sound:  
 May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound. }

O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.  
 Ev-er faith-ful, Ev-er faith-ful To the truth may we be found.

## 224 (237)

- 1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit!  
 Bless the sower and the seed;  
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;  
 From the gospel  
 Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing  
 Which thy word's designed to give!  
 Let us all thy love possessing,  
 Joyfully the truth receive,  
 And for ever  
 To thy praise and glory live.



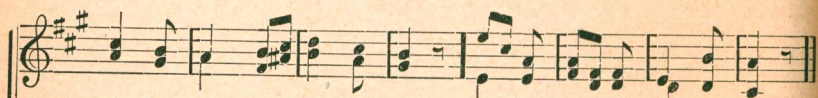
## 225 (214)

## HORTON. 7s. (S. H. 246)


SCHNYDER V. WARTENSEE.



1. For a sea - son called to part, Let us now our-selves commend  
 2. Je - sus! hear our hum-ble prayer; Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!  
 3. Then if thou thy help af-ford, Joy-ful songs to thee shall rise,

To the gra - cious eye and heart Of our ev - er present Friend.  
 Let thy mer - cy and thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep.  
 And our souls shall praise the Lord, Who re-gards our humble cries



## 226 (217)

1 Father of our spirits! hear  
 Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;  
 Hear, and our petitions seal;  
 Let us now the answer feel.

2 Life of all that lives below!  
 Let thy Spirit in us flow;  
 Let us all thy life receive,  
 From thee, in thee, ever live.

## 227 (213)

## LABAN. S. M. (S. H. 138)

Dr. L. MASON.



1. O God! with thanks un-feigned, We bless thee for thy word;  
 2. Oh, may we treas - ure well The coun - sels that we hear,  
 3. Wa - ter the sa - cred seed, Oh! may its growth in - crease;  
 4. And though we sow in tears, The reap - ing time will come,





## LABAN—Concluded.

We praise thee for the joy - ful news, Which our glad ears have heard.  
 Till right-eous-ness and ho - ly joy In all our hearts ap - pear.  
 May nei-ther fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns, Pre - vent the fruits of peace.  
 And an - gels gath - er in our sheaves, At earths great harvest-home.

228 (224)

## SHIRLAND. S. M. (S. H. 378)

Dr. STANLEY.

1. Once more be - fore we part, Oh, bless the Sav - ior's name;  
 2. Lord, in thy grace we came, That bless - ing still im - part;  
 3. Still on thy ho - ly word Help us to feed, and grow,

Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.  
 We met in Je - sus' sa - cred name, In Je - sus' name we part.  
 Still to go on to know the Lord, And practice what we know.

229 (235)

- 1 Lord, at this closing hour,  
 Establish ev'ry heart  
 Upon thy word of truth and power,  
 To keep us when we part.
- 2 Through changes bright or drear,  
 We would thy will pursue;

- And toil to spread thy kingdom here,  
 Till we its glory view.
- 3 To God, the Only Wise,  
 In ev'ry age adored,  
 Let glory from the church arise  
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.



## 230 (220)

## HENDON. 7s. (S. H. 90)

Rev. C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Fa - ther, bless thy word to all, Quick and pow'r - ful  
 2. Thine own gra - cious mes - sage bless, Fol - low it with  
 3. Fa - ther, bid the world re - joice, Send, oh, send thy

let it prove; Oh, may sin - ners hear thy call, Let thy  
 pow'r di - vine; Give the gos - pel great suc - cess, Thine the  
 truth a - broad; Let the na - tions hear thy voice, Hear it

peo - ple grow in love; Let thy peo - ple grow in love.  
 work, the glo - ry thine; Thine the work, the glo - ry thine.  
 and re - turn to God; Hear it and re - turn to God.

## 231 (228)

- 1 By thy Spirit's presence stirred,  
 While we in thy house have dwelt;  
 Cheered by what our ears have heard,  
 Blest by what our hearts have felt.
- 2 Father, as we each retire,  
 Bid our souls depart in peace;  
 Ev'ry bosom still inspire,  
 Let our fervor not decrease.

- 3 Though in body we may part;  
 Still in spirit keep us one;  
 Fill with faith our ev'ry heart,  
 Till the conquest shall be won:
- 4 Then, in brighter spheres, shall we  
 Thine unchanging love adore,  
 And, throughout eternity,  
 Dwell where parting comes no more.



## 232 (366) THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE. 12s &amp; 11s.

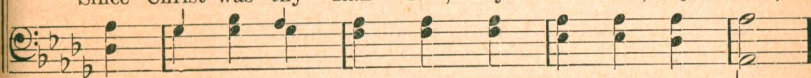
J. H. FILLMORE.



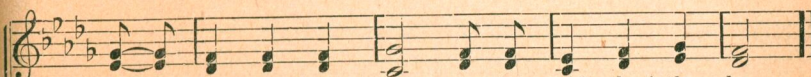
1. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not de - plore thee,
2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no long - er be - hold thee,
3. Thou art gone to the grave; and, its man - sion for - sak - ing,
4. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not de - plore thee;



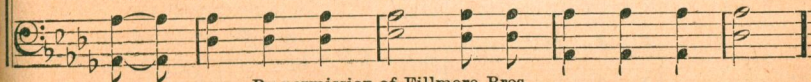
Though sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb;  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;  
 Per - chance thy weak spir - it in doubt lin - gered long;  
 Since Christ was thy Ran - som, thy Guar - dian, thy Guide;



The Sav - ior has passed thro' its por - tals be - fore thee,  
 But th' wide arms of mer - cy are spread to en - fold thee,  
 But th' sun - shine of heav - en beamed bright on thy wak - ing,  
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re - store thee;



And th' lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.  
 And sin - ners may hope, since the Sav - ior hath died.  
 And th' sound thou didst hear, was the ser - a - phim's song.  
 For death has no sting, since the Sav - ior hath died.



By permission of Fillmore Bros.



**233** (881)**SILOAM. C. M.** (S. H. 408)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. An - oth - er hand is beck-'ning us, An - oth - er call is giv'n;  
 2. Un - to our Fa - ther's will a - lone One thought hath rec-on-ciled;  
 3. Fold her, O Fa - ther, in thine arms, And let her henceforth be  
 4. Still let her mild re-buk - ings stand Be - tween us and the wrong,

And glows once more with an - gel steps The path that leads to heaven.  
 That he whose love ex-ceed - eth ours Hath tak - en home his child.  
 A mes-sen - ger of love be-tween Our hu-man hearts and thee.  
 And her dear mem-'ry serve to make Our faith in good-ness strong.

**234** (846)

- 1 Asleep in Jesus—glorious thought!  
 A balm for all our wounds;  
 A balm with hope and comfort fraught,  
 Amid our grief and gloom.
- 2 Our tears with sad profusion flow,  
 At loss of those we love;  
 Yet full of hope this truth we know,  
 Their spirits dwell above.
- 3 By faith we see our sister dear,  
 On her dear Savior lean  
 In sweet repose, nor pain, nor fear,  
 Nor woe can intervene.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus—sweet the rest,  
 Of all who thus repose  
 On their dear, loving Saviors' breast,  
 Redeemed from all their woes.
- 5 Asleep in Christ—soon shall they wake,  
 And rise to meet their Lord;  
 When at his shout the earth shall shake,  
 The dead shall be restored.—
- 6 Restored to life—Eternal Life—  
 Bought by a Savior's blood;  
 A life with endless pleasures rife,  
 The greatest gift of God.

**235** (904)**OLMUTZ. S. M.** (S. H. 8)

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,  
 2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore,  
 3. A few more strug-gles here, A few more partings o'er,



## OLMUTZ—Concluded.

And we shall be with spir-its blest, Our bod-ies in the tomb.  
 And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And surg-es swell no more.  
 A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.

## 236 (864) MT. VERNON. 8s &amp; 7s. (S. H. 431)

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze,  
 2. Peaceful be thy si-lent slumber—Peaceful in the grave so low;  
 3. Dearest sis-ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep-ly feel;  
 4. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When death's gloomy night has fled;

Pleas-ant as the air of eve-ning, When it floats a-mong the trees.  
 Thou no more wilt join our num-ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.  
 But 'tis God that hath be-reft us,—He can all our sor-rows heal.  
 Then on earth with joy to greet thee, Where no bit-ter tears are shed.

## 237 (884)

Fare thee well, thou fondly cherished, Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel  
 Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well; Saith thou art not, art not there.

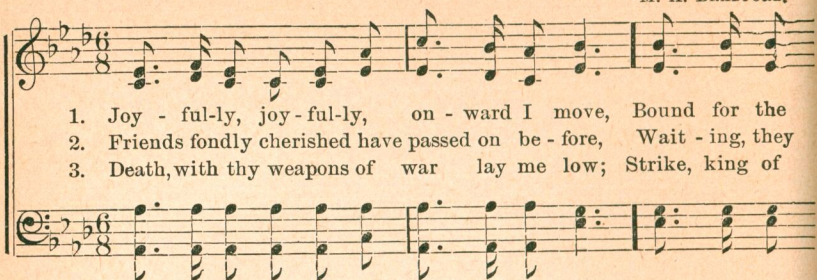
He who lent thee hath recalled thee, 4 Where, then, art thou? with the Savior,  
 Back with him and his to dwell. Blest, for ever blest to be;  
 Like a sunbeam, thro' our dwelling, 'Mid the sinless little children,  
 Shone thy presence, bright and calm; Who have heard his "Come to me."

Thou didst add a zest to pleasure; 5 Past the shades of Death's dark valley,  
 To our sorrows thou wert balm. Thou art leaning on his breast,  
 Yet while mourning, O our lost one! Where the wicked may not enter,  
 Come no visions of despair! And the weary are at rest.

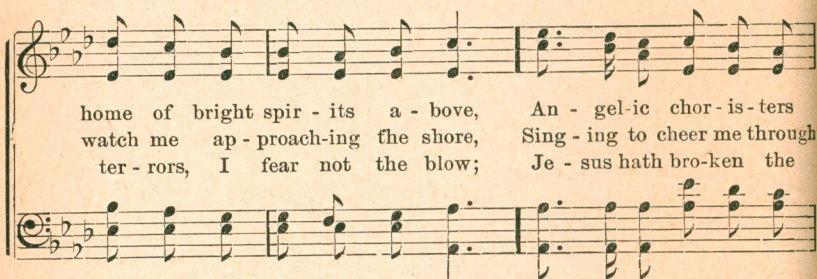


**238** (843) **SAFE AT HOME. 10s. D.** (S. H. 422)

M. A. BRADFORD.



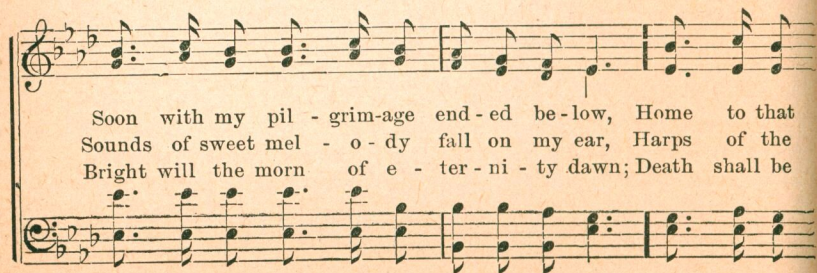
1. Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly, on - ward I move, Bound for the  
 2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on be - fore, Wait - ing, they  
 3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low; Strike, king of



home of bright spir - its a - bove, An - gel-ic chor - is - ters  
 watch me ap - proach - ing the shore, Sing - ing to cheer me through  
 ter - rors, I fear not the blow; Je - sus hath bro - ken the



sing as I come, "Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly haste to thy home."  
 death's chilling gloom, "Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly haste to thy home."  
 bars of the tomb, Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly will I go home.



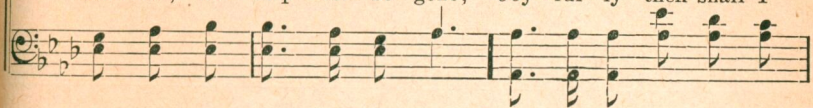
Soon with my pil - grim-age end - ed be - low, Home to that  
 Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear, Harps of the  
 Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn; Death shall be



## SAFE AT HOME—Concluded.



land of de-light will I go; Pil-grim and stran-ger no  
 bless-ed, your voice - es I hear; Rings with the har-mo-ny,  
 ban-ish-ed, his scep-ter be gone; Joy-ful-ly then shall I



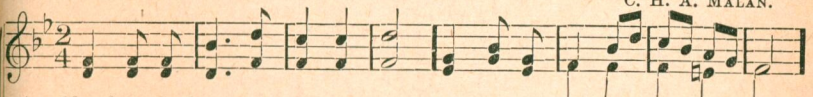
more shall I roam, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home.  
 heav-en's high dome, "Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home."  
 wit-ness his doom, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly safe-ly at home.



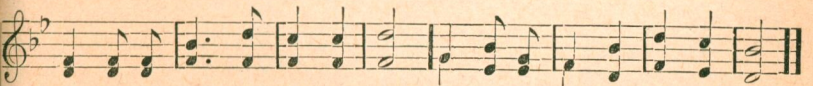
239 (899)

## WELTON. L. M.

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Oh, when the hours of life are past, And death's dark shade arrives at last,
2. There parted hearts again shall meet, In union ho-ly, calm, and sweet;
4. No storms shall ride the troubled air; No voice of pas-sion en-ter there;



Though nature sleep, and take its rest,—The spir-it min-gles with the blest.  
 There, saints find rest; and nev-er more Shall sorrow call them to de-plore.  
 But all be peace-ful as the sigh Of evening gales, that breathe and die.





**240** (868) **DORNANCE.** (Talmar.) 8s & 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. While af-flic-tion's surge is o'er you, Look be-yond the dark-'ning wave,  
 2. Tho' your dar-ling child is tak - en From your bo-som to the urn;  
 3. Yes, a - gain you will be - hold it, Fair - er than the morning ray;

See a bright-er scene be - fore you; Hail the triumph o'er the grave.  
 Soon the sleep-ing dust will wak - en And its spir - it will re - turn.  
 In your arms you will en - fold it, When all tears are wiped a - way.

**241** (838)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding<br>O'er the spoils that death has won,<br>We would at this solemn meeting,<br>Calmly say,—“thy will be done.” | 3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning,<br>Mercy still is on the throne;<br>With thy smiles of love returning,<br>We can sing—“thy will be done.” |
| 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;<br>Though afflicted, not alone;<br>Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;<br>Blessed Lord,—“thy will be done” | 4 By thy hands the boon was given,<br>Thou hast taken but thine own;<br>Lord of earth, and God of heaven,<br>Evermore,—“thy will be done!”          |

**242** (883) **BOYLSTON. S. M.** (S. H. 409)

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Go to thy rest, fair child! Go to thy dream-less bed,  
 2. Ere sin has seared the breast, Or sor - row woke the tear,  
 3. Be - cause thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright,  
 4. Shall love, with weak em - brace, Thy up-ward wing de - tain?



## BOYLSTON—Concluded.

While yet so gen - tle, un - de - filed, With blessings on thy head.  
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest, In yon de light - ful sphere.  
 Be - cause thy lov - ing cra - dle care Was such a fond de - light,—  
 No! gen - tle in - fant, seek thy place A - mid the cher - ub train.

243 (865)

REST. L. M. (S. H. 421)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a weary soul to rest!  
 2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
 3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a - round, A calm which life nor death destroys;  
 4. Fare-well, conflicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell—  
 5. Life's la - bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir - it flies,

How mildly beam the clos - ing eyes! How gently heaves th' expiring breast!  
 So gen - tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.  
 And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his unfettered soul en - joys.  
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears, ! Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!  
 While heav'n and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

244 (835)

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
 From which none ever wake to weep:  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
 To be for such a slumber meet!  
 With holy confidence to sing [sting!  
 That death hath lost its venom'd
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;

- No fear—no woe shall dim the hour  
 That manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be:  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be:  
 But thine is still a blessed sleep  
 From which none ever wake to weep.

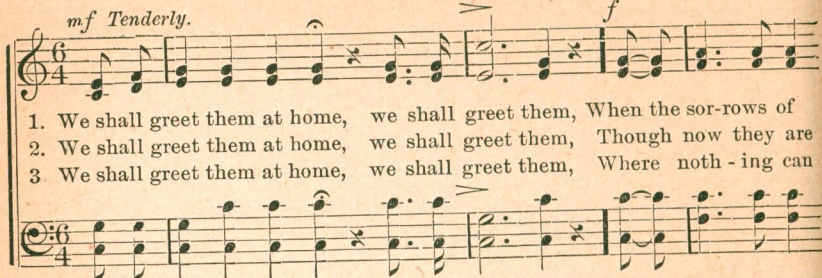


245 (879)

## GREETING HYMN. P. M. (S. H. 436)

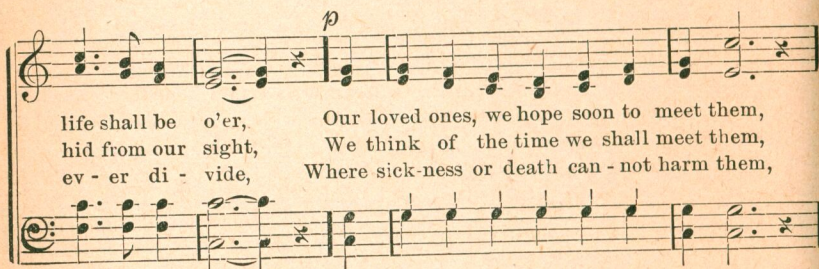
Arr. from S. M. GRANNIS.

*mf Tenderly.*



1. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, When the sor-rows of  
 2. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, Though now they are  
 3. We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, Where noth - ing can

*p*



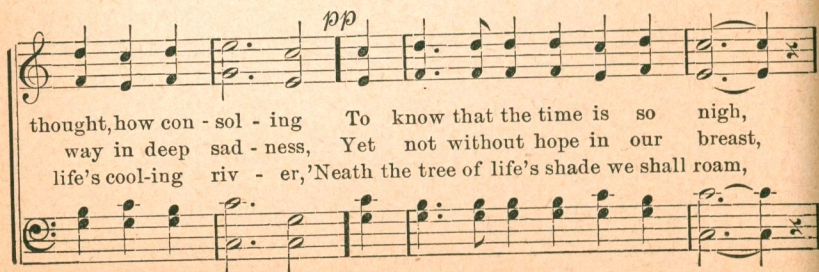
life shall be o'er, Our loved ones, we hope soon to meet them,  
 hid from our sight, We think of the time we shall meet them,  
 ev - er di - vide, Where sick-ness or death can - not harm them,

*f*



On E - den's fair, beau - ti - ful shore. The glo - ri - ous  
 And it oft fills our hearts with de - light; We have laid them a -  
 Nor tear them a - gain from our side; There we'll range be-side

*pp*




thought, how con - sol - ing To know that the time is so nigh,  
 way in deep sad - ness, Yet not without hope in our breast,  
 life's cool-ing riv - er, 'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,



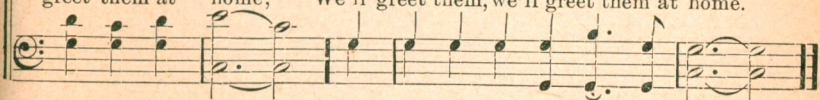
## GREETING HYMN—Concluded.



When Je - sus the world shall con - trol - ling, Per - mit us to  
 For a - gain they will join us with glad - ness, And en - ter the  
 With the glo - ry of God shin - ing ev - er, We'll greet them, we'll

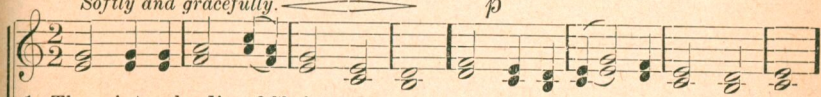
join them on high; Per - mit us to join them on high.  
 heav - en - ly rest; And en - ter the heav - en - ly rest.  
 greet them at home; We'll greet them, we'll greet them at home.



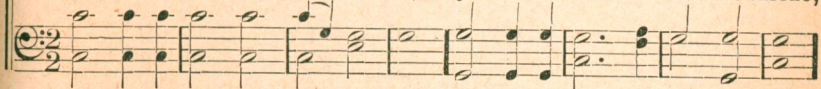
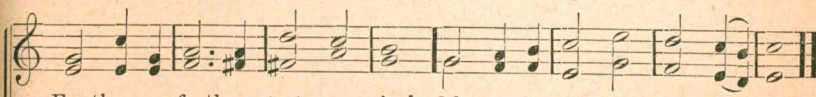
246 (905)

ZEPHYR. L. M. (S. H. 62)

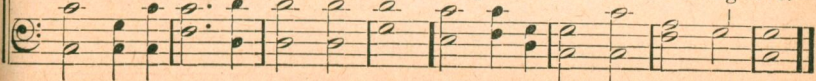
WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Softly and gracefully.**p*


1. The saints who die of Christ pos-sessed, En-ter in - to im - mediate rest;
2. Who trusting in their Lord, depart, Cleansed from all sin and pure in heart,
3. Close followed by their works they go, Their Master's purchased joy to know;
4. Yet glo - ri - fied by grace a - lone, They cast their crowns before his throne;

For them no further test re-mains, Of purging fires and tortur'ng pains.  
 The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize, They find with Christ in Par-a - dise.  
 Their works enhance the bliss prepared, And each hath its dis-tinct re-ward.  
 And fill the ech - oing courts a - bove With prais-es of re - deem-ing love.





## 247 (1101)

## AMERICA. 6s &amp; 4s.

H. CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble, free—  
 3. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I—love! I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by the might, Great God, our King.

## 248 (1104)

## CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

REV. THOMAS HAWES.

1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,  
 2. O guard our shores from ev - 'ry foe, With peace our bor - ders bless,  
 3. Here may re - lig - ion shed her light On days of rest and toil;  
 4. Lord of the na - tions, thus to thee Our coun - try we com - mend;



## CHESTERFIELD—Concluded.

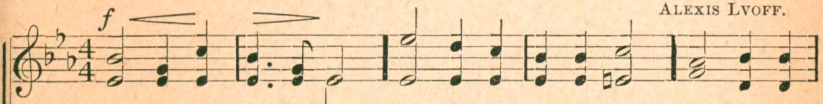


O hear us for our na-tive land,—The land we love the most!  
 With prosp'rous times our cit - ies crown, Our fields with pient eous-ness.  
 And pi - e - ty and vir - tue reign, And bless our na - tive soil.  
 Be thou her ref - uge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend!

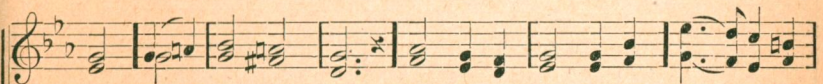


## 249 (1099) RUSSIAN NATIONAL AIR. 6s &amp; 4s. (S. H. 534)

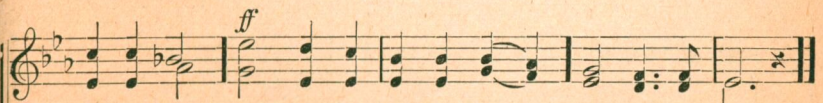
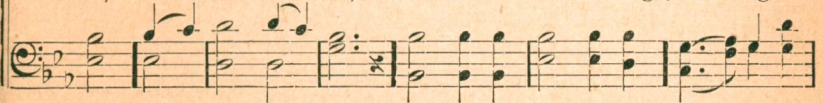
ALEXIS LVOFF.



1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and  
 2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On him we



night; Thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Rul - er of  
 wait; On him we wait, Thou who hast heard each sigh, Watching each



winds and wave, Do thou our coun - try save By thy great night.  
 weep - ing eye, Be thou for - ev - er nigh;— God save the State!





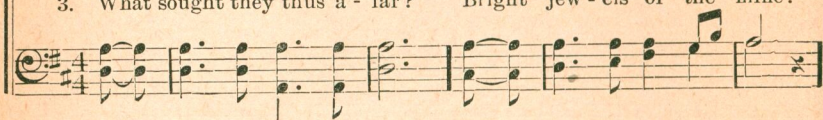
## 250 (1098)

## PURITAN. P. M. (S. H. 534)

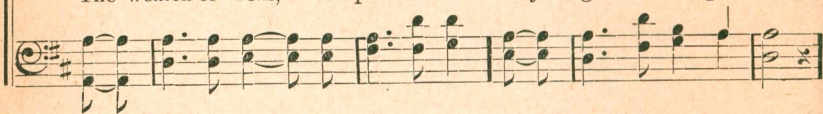
Miss BROWNE.

*Moderato.*

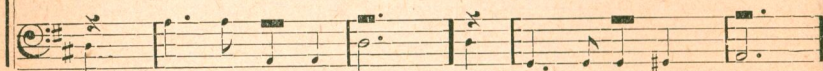
1. The breaking waves dashed high      On a stern and rock-bound coast,
2. Not as they fly - ing come,      In si - lence and in fear;
3. What sought they thus a - far?      Bright jew - els of the mine?



And the woods a - gainst the storm-y sky      Their gi - ant branches tossed;  
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom      With their hymns of lofty cheer.  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?      They sought a faith's pure shrine.



And the heav - y night hung dark,      The hills and wa - ters o'er,  
 A - midst the storm they sang;      Be-neath the stars, near the sea;  
 Aye, call it ho - ly ground,      The soil where first they trod;



When a band of ex-iles moored their bark      On the wild New England shore.  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang      With the anthem of the free.  
 They have left un-stained what there they found,      Free-dom to wor-ship God.





251 (1007)

LENOX. 4-6s &amp; 2-8s. (S. H. 360.)

LEWIS EDSON.

1. Come, O thou King of kings! We've wait - ed long for thee;  
 2. Come, make an end of sin, And cleanse the earth by fire;  
 3. Ho - san-nahs now shall sound From all the ran-somed throng,  
 4. Hail! Prince of Life and Peace! Thrice wel-come to thy throne!

With heal - ing in thy wings, To set thy peo - ple free;  
 And right - eous - ness bring in, That saints may tune the lyre,  
 And glo - ry ech - o round; A new tri - umph - al song  
 While all the chos - en race Their Lord and Sav - ior own,

*m* Come, thou de - sire of na - tions, come; *f* Come, thou de - sire of  
 With songs of joy— a hap - pier strain, With songs of joy— a  
 The wide ex - panse of heav - en fill, The wide ex - panse of  
 The hea - then na - tions bow the knee, The hea - then na - tions

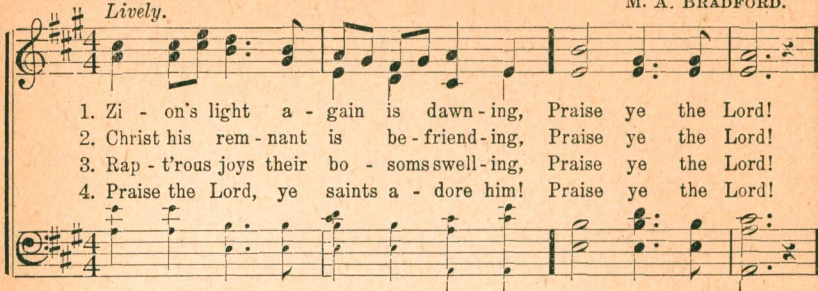
*m* na - tions, come; Let Is - rael now be gath - ered home.  
 hap - pier strain, To wel - come in thy peace - ful reign.  
 heav - en fill, With an - thems sweet from Zi - on's hill.  
 bow the knee, And ev - 'ry tongue gives praise to thee.



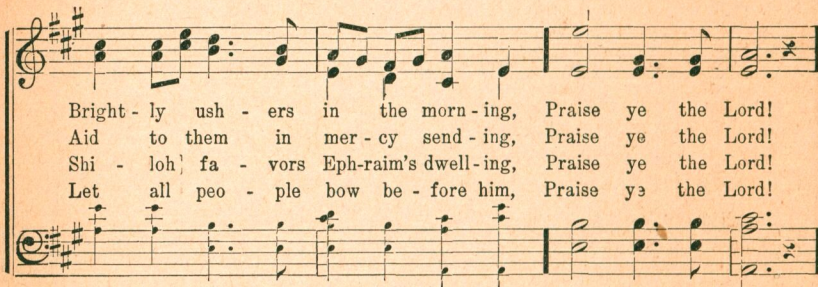
## 252 (96)

## PEACE DALE. 8s &amp; 4s. (S.H. 78)

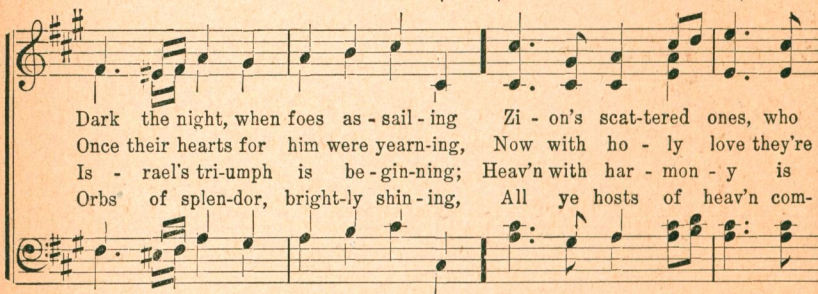
M. A. BRADFORD.

*Lively.*


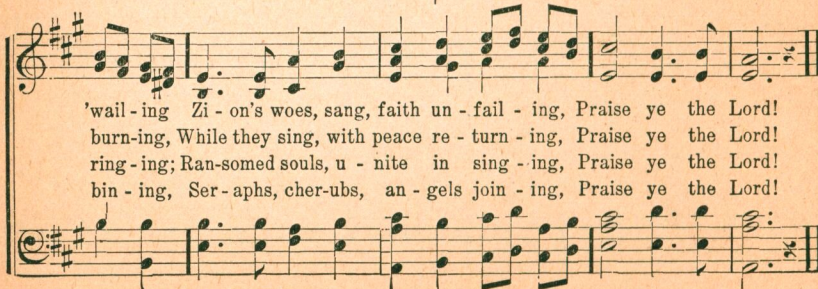
1. Zi - on's light a - gain is dawn - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 2. Christ his rem - nant is be - friend - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 3. Rap - t'rous joys their bo - somsswell - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 4. Praise the Lord, ye saints a - dore him! Praise ye the Lord!



Bright - ly ush - ers in the morn - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 Aid to them in mer - cy send - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 Shi - loh' fa - vors Eph - raim's dwell - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 Let all peo - ple bow be - fore him, Praise ye the Lord!



Dark the night, when foes as - sail - ing Zi - on's scat - tered ones, who  
 Once their hearts for him were yearn - ing, Now with ho - ly love they're  
 Is - rael's tri - umph is be - gin - ning; Heav'n with har - mon - y is  
 Orbs of splen - dor, bright - ly shin - ing, All ye hosts of heav'n com -

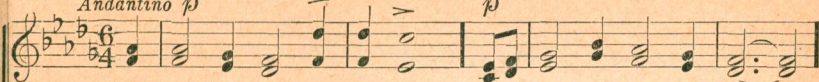


'wail - ing Zi - on's woes, sang, faith un - fail - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 burn - ing, While they sing, with peace re - turn - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 ring - ing; Ran - somed souls, u - nite in sing - ing, Praise ye the Lord!  
 bin - ing, Ser - apts, cher - ubs, an - gels join - ing, Praise ye the Lord!

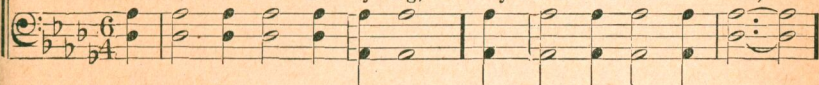


## 253 (419) SUFFERER. 7s &amp; 6s. D. (S. H. 231)

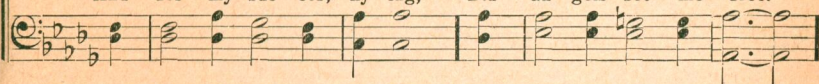
Arr. by Editor, from Melody of W. D. BENTLEY.

*Andantino p*

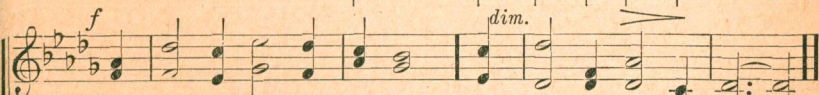
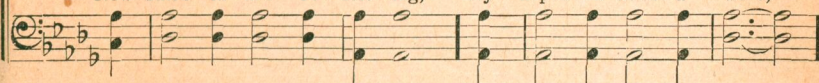
1. O Sa-cred Head, now wound-ed! With grief and shame weigh-ed down;  
 2. What language shall I bor-row, To thank thee, dear-est Friend,  
 3. If I in-cline to leave thee, O Je-sus, leave not me;  
 4. Be near when I am dy-ing, Thy com-fort send to me,



Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, thine on-ly crown!  
 For this thy dy-ing sor-row, Thy pit-y with-out end!  
 Let Sa-tan not de-ceive me, For thou hast set me free.  
 And for my suc-cor, fly-ing, Bid an-gels set me free.



O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss till now was thine  
 O make me thine for-ev-er, Nor let me faith-less be,  
 When strength and comfort lan-guish, And I must hence de-part,  
 New faith in life re-ceive-ing, My hopes all fixed a-bove,



Yet tho' de-spised and gor-y, I joy to call thee mine.  
 Lord, let me nev-er, nev-er, Out-live my love to thee.  
 Re-lease me then from an-guish, From poign-an-cy my heart.  
 Who lives and dies be-liev-ing, Dies safe-ly-thro' thy love.





254 (223)

LIBERTY. 8s &amp; 6s. (S. H. 142)

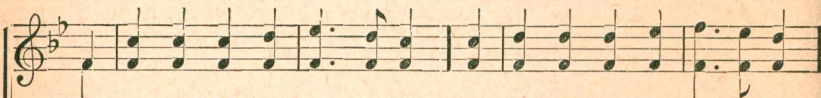
Supplied by E. THIMBLEBY.



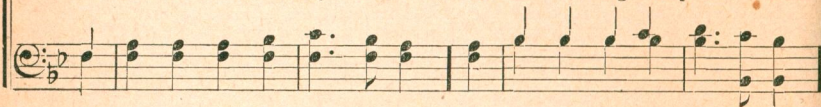
1. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer-ful voice;  
 2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th'an-gel-ic lays;



Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice:  
 And sing in per - fect har - mon - y To God our Sav - ior's praise:



Ne'er cease to sing, ye ran-somed host, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost!  
 "He hath re-deemed us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God:



Un - til, in realms of end - less light, Our praise with your's u - nite.  
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain." Praise ye the Lord! A - men.





## LIBERTY—Concluded.

CODA. *After last stanza only.**ritard.*

A - men, Praise ye the Lord, A - men, A - men.

255 (258)

TAPPAN. C. M. (S. H. 157)

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Giv - er and guard - ian of my sleep, To praise thy name I  
 2. The bless - ing of an - oth - er day I thank - ful - ly re -  
 3. Up - on me by thy might - y hand, My words and tho'ts re -  
 4. Sub - ject of Hope, I wait the hour Which shall sal - va - tion

wake; Still, Lord, thy help - less serv - ant keep, Still, Lord, thy  
 ceive; O may I on - ly thee o - bey, O may I  
 strain; Bow my whole soul to thy com - mand, Bow my whole  
 bring; When all I am shall own thy pow'r, When all I

help - less serv - ant keep, For thine own mer - cy's sake.  
 on - ly thee o - bey, And to thy glo - ry live.  
 soul to thy com - mand, Nor let my faith be vain.  
 am shall own thy pow'r And dwell with Christ, my King.



## 256 (337) HARVEST CHORUS. 10s ch. (S. H. 192)

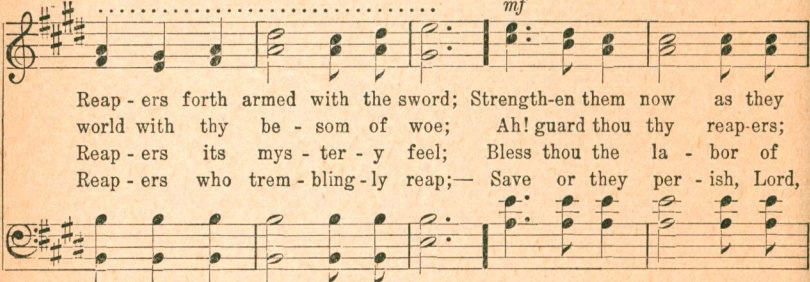
N. W. SMITH.

*Moderato.* *dim.....* *cres....*



1. Look to the Har-vest-field, Lord, in thy might, Send thy loved  
 2. Look to the Har-vest-field, Lord, in thy wrath, Sweep thro' the  
 3. Look to the Har-vest-field, Lord, in thy truth, Let thou thy  
 4. Look to the Har-vest-field, Lord, in thy love, Look to thy

*mf*



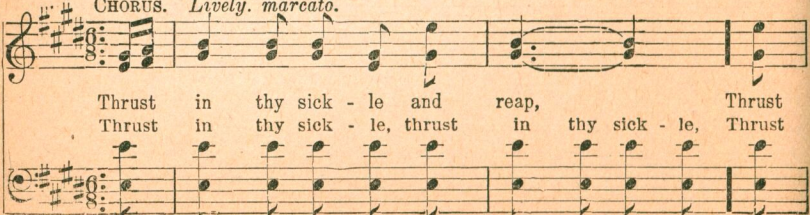
Reap-ers forth armed with the sword; Strength-en them now as they  
 world with thy be-som of woe; Ah! guard thou thy reap-ers;  
 Reap-ers its mys-ter-y feel; Bless thou the la-bor of  
 Reap-ers who trem-bling-ly reap;— Save or they per-ish, Lord,

*firm.*



la-bor in light,— Strike down the cra-ven that fears for thy word.—  
 the grief strewn path They tread not in vain, thy mer-cy to show;—  
 age and of youth, La-b'ring for Zi-on thy commonwealth's weal—  
 reap-ing they prove Thou art thy-self, Lord, the har-vest to keep.—

CHORUS. *Lively. marcato.*



Thrust in thy sick-le and reap, Thrust  
 Thrust in thy sick-le, thrust in thy sick-le, Thrust



## HARVEST CHORUS—Concluded.

in thy sick - le and reap,                      Thrust in thy sick - le and  
in thy sick - le, thrust in thy sick - le,      Thrust in thy sick - le, thrust

*Repeat Chorus after last stanza only and very softly.*

reap,                      Thrust      in      thy sick - le      and      reap.  
in      thy sick - le,

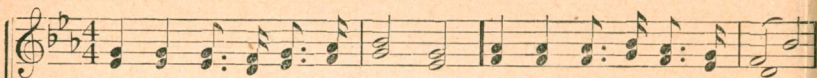
## 257 (208) BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M. (S. H. 111)

W. B. BRADBURY.

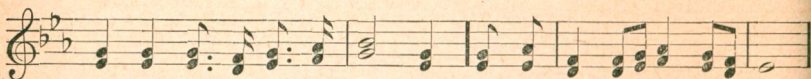
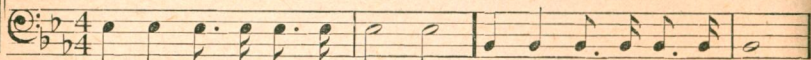
1. O Lord! re-spon-sive to thy call,      In life or death, what-e'er be - fall,  
2. Tho' life be short, and tri - als seem      To dark-en its pro-tract-ed gleam,—  
3. Death may distract our pres-ent joy,      And all our brightest hopes de-stroy;  
4. O let thy Spir-it with us dwell,      That we in fu-ture life may tell

Our hopes for bliss on thee de-pend; Thou art our ev-er-last-ing Friend.  
Tho' friends forsake and foes contend, Thou art our ev-er-last-ing Friend.  
Yet these will in the fu-ture tend To prove thee still our faith-ful Friend.  
How we o'er-came: Lord, to the end, Be thou our God, our last-ing Friend!

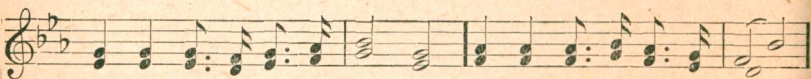
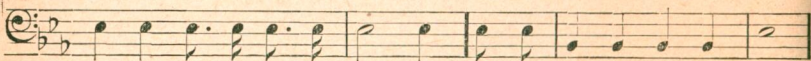


**258** (963) **BEAUTIFUL RIVER.** 8s & 7s, D. (S. H. 480)

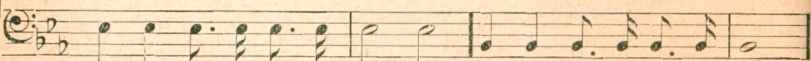
1. Shall we gath - er home to Zi - on,— Will our wand'rings soon be o'er;
2. Will he come as Ju-dah's Li - on? Will the wick-ed he de - stroy?
3. Shall we rest with our Re - deem - er In the Par - a - dise of God?



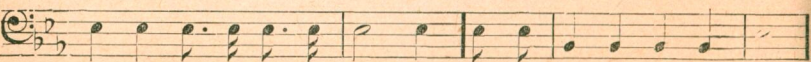
Shall we cease our tears and sigh - ing,— Shall we rest for - ev - er - more?  
 Will he take us home to Zi - on, Fill - ing us with peace and joy?  
 Let us walk with pa - tience ev - er, In the path our Sav - ior trod.



Will Mes - si - ah come to save us From the pow - er of the foe?  
 Shall we live with him for - ev - er? Shall we see him as he is?  
 Let us be no long - er sleep - ing, For the day is near at hand;



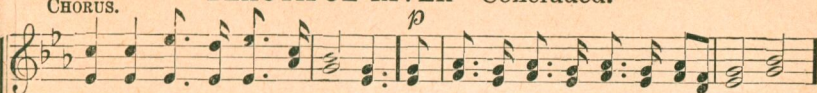
Will he come, and will he have us His sal - va - tion ful - ly know?  
 Shall we from him part? No, nev - er; He will call each dear one his.  
 Let us each our watch be keep - ing, As a firm, u - nit - ed band.



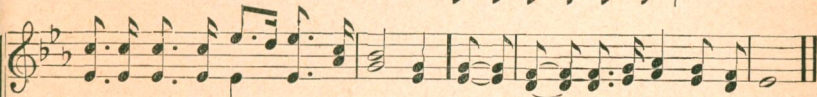
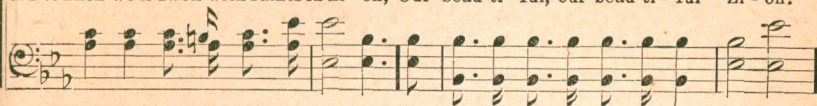


## BEAUTIFUL RIVER—Concluded.

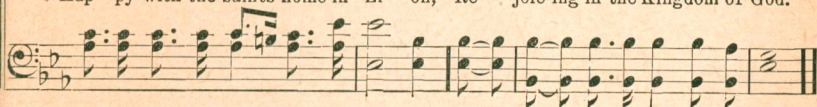
CHORUS.



Yes; we'll gather home to Zi - on, Our beau-ti - ful, our beau-ti - ful Zi - on!  
 3rd v. Then we'll dwell with saints in Zi - on, Our beau-ti - ful, our beau-ti - ful Zi - on!

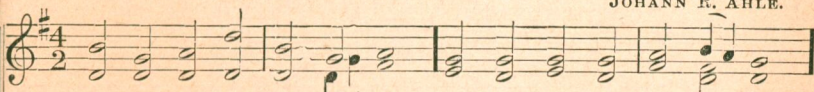


Gath - er with the saints home to Zi - on, And be saved in the Kingdom of God.  
 Hap - py with the saints home in Zi - on, Re - joic-ing in the Kingdom of God.

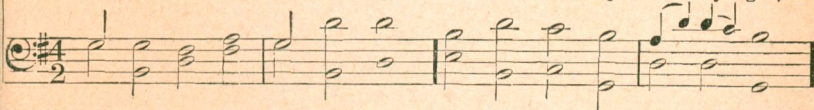


## 259 (279) NUREMBURGH. 7s. (S. H. 167)

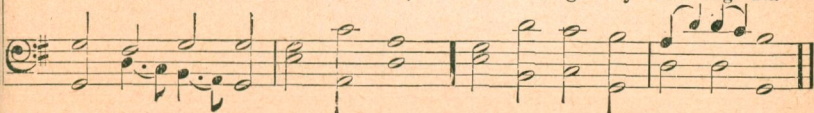
JOHANN R. AHLE.



1. Slow - ly by God's hand un - furled, Down a - round the wea - ry world
2. Might - y Spir - it, ev - er nigh! Work in me as si - lent - ly;
3. Liv - ing stars to view be bro't In the bound - less realms of tho't;
4. Ho - ly Truth, E - ter - nal Right, Let them break up - on my sight;



Falls the dark-ness; O; how still Is the work-ing of his will!  
 Veil the day's dis - tract-ing sights, Show me heav'n's e - ter - nal lights.  
 High and in - fin - ite de - sires, Flam-ing like those up - per fires!  
 \* Let them shine se - rene and still, And with light my be - ing fill.





## 260 (980) PRIMAL PRAISE. 8s, 8s &amp; 6s. (S. H. 298)

A. RADIGER.

1. The night is spent, the morn-ing ray Comes ushering in the glo-rious day,  
 2. Ah! see, the graves are opening now, The saints come forth, and ev-'ry brow  
 3. Stupendous scene! those men of old, Proph-ets, who have the sto-ry told  
 4. Now "sat-is-fied"—for like their Lord, Whose promise shines with-in the word,

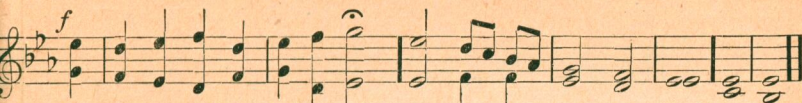
The prom-ised time of rest; Hark! 'tis the trum-pet sound-ing clear,  
 Beams with a ra-diant joy; To life im-mor-tal they a-rise,  
 Of this tran-scend-ent day; The pa-tri-archs, a-pos-tles too,  
 His like-ness they should wear—A glit-tring host, like stars on high,

Its joy-ful notes burst on the ear Pro-claim-ing ti-dings blest,  
 In-her-it-ors of Par-a-dise, Where death can-not de-stroy,  
 Who lived and died with it in view, Col-lect in bright ar-ray,  
 In glo-ry and in maj-es-ty, Up-on the earth ap-pear!

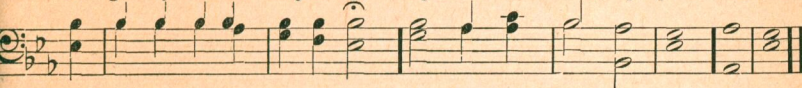
Pro-claim-ing ti-dings blest; Hark! 'tis the trum-pet sound-ing clear,  
 Where death can-not de-stroy; To life im-mor-tal they a-rise,  
 Col-lect in bright ar-ray; The pa-tri-archs, a-pos-tles too,  
 Up-on the earth ap-pear! A glit-tring host, like stars on high,



## PRIMAL PRAISE—Concluded.



Its joy - ful notes burst on the ear Pro - claim - ing ti - dings blest.  
 In - her - it - ors of Par - a - dise, Where death can - not de - stroy.  
 Who lived and died with it in view, Col - lect in bright ar - ray.  
 In glo - ry and in maj - es - ty, Up - on the earth ap - pear! A - men.



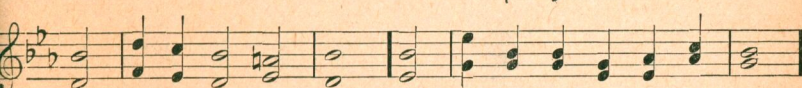
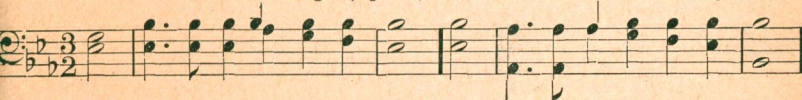
261 (483)

## MERIBAH. 8s, 8s &amp; 6s. ♪ H. 273)

Dr. L. MASON.



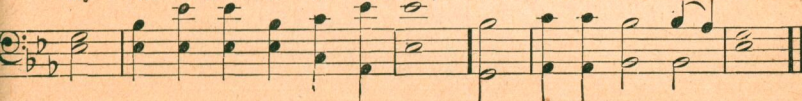
1. Lord! grant that I may meek - ly prove For - ev - er faith - ful to thy love,  
 2. In thee, O Lord, I put my trust; Might - y, and mer - ci - ful, and just,  
 3. I rest in thine al - might - y pow'r; The name of Je - sus is my tow'r,



Till sin for - ev - er cease? I thank thee for the bless - ed hope;  
 Thy sa - cred word is true; And I, who dare thy word be - lieve,  
 Hide thou my life a - bove; Thou canst, thou wilt, my Help - er be;



It lifts my droop - ing spir - its up; It gives me back my peace.  
 Would by its pre - cepts ev - er live, Un - til my jour - ney's thro'.  
 My con - fi - dence is all in thee, Thou faith - ful God of love.





## 262 (1081)

## DESIRE. P. M. (S. H. 526)

DUET.

D. &amp; N. W. SMITH.



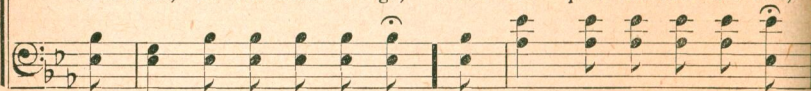
1. All our de-sire is to the Lord, To know and do his ho - ly word;  
 2. We'll dai - ly strive "to watch and pray," To keep with - in the nar - row way,  
 3. Now glo - ry be to God on high, And to his Son, who came to die,

*Inst.*

To live in joy and sweet ac-cord, Till Je - sus comes in glo - ry.  
 In this, the try - ing lat - ter day, Till Je - sus comes in glo - ry.  
 The day of gloom will soon pass by, And Je - sus come in glo - ry.



Then come, all who wish to go, We're all poor and hum - ble now;  
 Then come, all who wish to go, We're all poor and hum - ble now;  
 Then come, all who wish to go, We're all poor and hum - ble now;



But, O, we'll be rich you know, If we can on - ly con - quer.  
 But, O, we'll be rich you know, If we can on - ly con - quer.  
 But, O, we'll be rich you know, When Je - sus comes in glo - ry.

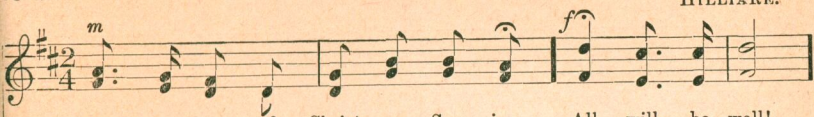




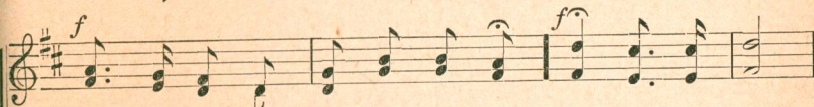
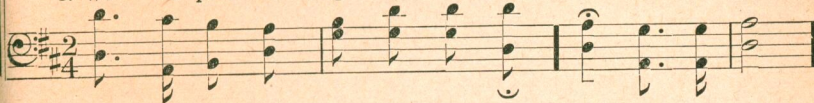
263 (57)

## HOPE. 8s &amp; 4s. (S. H. 49)

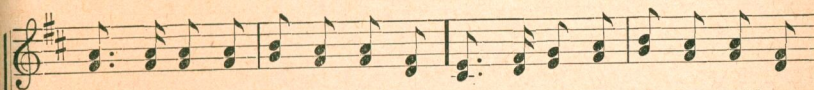
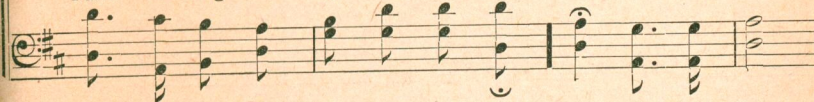
HILLIARE.



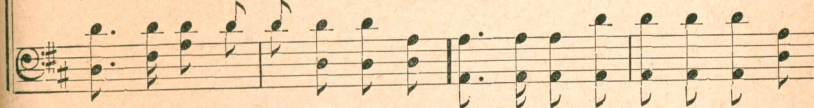
1. Thro' the love of Christ our Sav - ior, All will be well!  
 2. Tho' we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, All will be well!  
 3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row; All will be well!



Hap - py in our Mak - er's fa - vor! All, all is well!  
 Ours is such a full sal - va - tion; All, all is well!  
 Faith can sing thro' days of sor - row, All, all is well!



Pre - cious is the blood that heal'd us; Per - fect is the grace that seal'd us;  
 Hap - py, still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit - ful, if in Christ a - bid - ing,  
 On our Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing,



Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us; All must be well!  
 Ho - ly, thro' the Spir - it's guid - ing, All must be well!  
 Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well!





## 264 (43)

## HENS BURY. C. M. (S. H. 36)

BENNETT.

1. Praise ye the Lord! im - mor - tal choir In heav'n - ly  
 2. Shine to his glo - ry! worlds of light, Ye mil - lion  
 3. Shout to Je - ho - vah! surg - ing main, In deep e -  
 4. Storm, light - ning, thun - der, hail, and snow, Wild winds that

heights a - bove, With harp, and voice and soul of fire, Burn -  
 suns of space; Ye moons and glist'ning stars of night, Run -  
 ter - nal roar; Let wave to wave re - sound the strain, And  
 keep his word, With the old mount - ains far be - low, U -

ing with per - fect love, Burn - ing with per - fect love.  
 ning your mys - tic race, Run - ning your mys - tic race.  
 shore re - ply to shore, And shore re - ply to shore.  
 nite to bless the Lord, U - nite to bless the Lord.

## 265 (42)

## STONEFIELD. L. M. (S. H. 36)

STANLEY.

1. All you that love Im-man-uel's name, Whose spirits burn with ar-dent flame  
 2. 'Tis you, ye chil-dren of the light, The Spir - it and the Bride in-vite;  
 3. Come to his Church, en-ter his gates; For you his gra-cious presence waits;



## STONEFIELD—Concluded.



To see his glo-ry, learn his praise, And fol-low him in all his ways.  
Come, come, ye sub-jects of his grace, Where he reveals his smil-ing face.  
Here peace and par-don are bestowed—Great gifts! and worthy of a God.



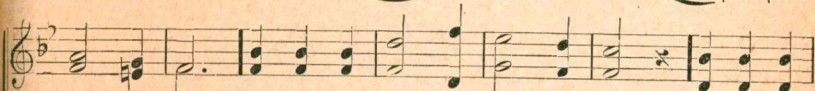
266 (227)

## BAYDEN. C. M. (S. H. 144)

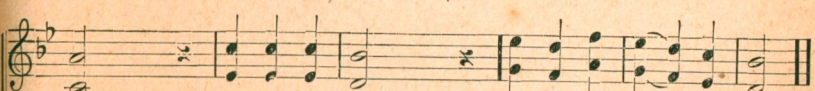
H. BROADWAY H. B. F.



1. God of all con - so - la - tion, take The glo - ry
2. Thro' thee we now to - geth - er came, In sin - gle-
3. We part in bod - y, not in mind; Our minds con-



of thy grace! Thy gifts to thee we ren - der back Thy gifts to  
ness of heart; We met, O Je - sus, in thy name; We met, O  
tin - ue one; And each to each in Je - sus joined, And each to



thee we ren - der back In cease-less songs of praise.  
Thy gifts to thee we ren - der back  
Lord, here in thy name; And in thy name we part.  
We met, O Lord, here in thy name.  
each in Je - sus joined, We hand in hand go on.  
And each to each in Je - sus name,





267 (232)

GIBRALTER. L. M. (S. H. 112)

English.

1. We bless thee, Lord, that we have met Once more be - fore thy  
2. And now thy bless - ing we im - plore, To guard and keep us

mer - - cy - seat; Thy ran-somed fam - i - ly, to raise,  
ev - - er - more; In - to thine hand our souls com - mend,

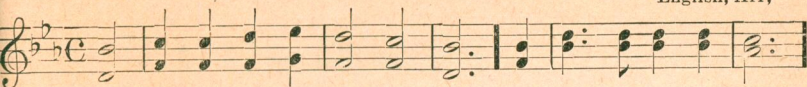
Thy ransomed fam - i - ly, to raise, Thy ran-somed fam - i - ly, to raise In  
Thy ran-somed fam - i - ly, to raise, In Je - - - sus'  
In - to thine hand our souls commend, In - to thine hand our souls commend, To  
In - to thine hand our souls com-mend, To guide, to

Je - sus' name one song of praise, In Je - sus' name one song of praise.  
name one song of praise,  
guide, to strengthen and de - fend, To guide, to strengthen and de - fend.  
strength - - en and de-fend,

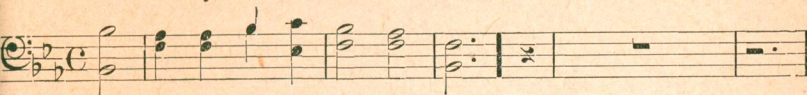


## 268 (236) SCOTT. C. M. (Praise, Fancy.) (S. H. 119)

English, Arr.



1. We thank the Lord for grace and gifts, Re-nued in lat - ter days;  
 2. For ev - 'ry line we have re - ceived, To turn our hearts a - bove;



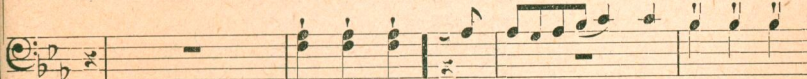
Re-nued in lat - ter days; For truth and light, to guide us right,  
 For truth and light, to guide us right,  
 To turn our hearts a - bove; For ev - 'ry word, and ev - 'ry good,  
 For ev - 'ry word, and ev - 'ry good,



For truth and light, to guide us right,  
 For ev - 'ry word, and ev - 'ry good,



In wis - - - dom's pleas-ant ways, In wis - - - dom's pleasant ways,  
 That fills . . . our souls with love, That fills . . . our souls with love,



In wis - - - dom's pleasant ways, In wis - dom's pleas - ant ways.  
 In wis-dom's pleas - ant ways.  
 That fills . . . our souls with love, That fills our souls with love.  
 That fills our souls with love.





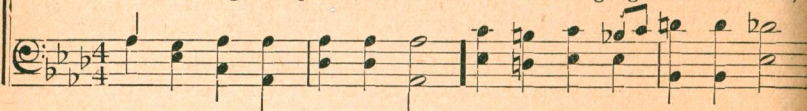
## 269 (228)

## BATH. 7s.

D. I. BATH



1. By thy Spir-it's pres-ence stirr'd While we in thy house have dwellt;
2. Fa-ther, as we each re-tire, Bid our souls de-part in peace;
3. Tho' in bod-y we may part, Still in spir-it keep us one;
4. Then, in bright-er spheres, shall we Thine un-chang-ing love a-dore,



Cheer'd by what our ears have heard, Blest by what our hearts have felt.  
 Ev - 'ry bo-som still in - spire, Let our fer-vor not de-crease.  
 Fill with faith our ev - 'ry heart, Till the con-quest shall be won.  
 And, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty, Dwell where part-ing comes no more.

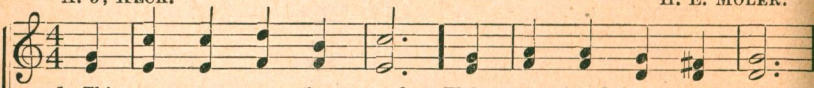


## 270

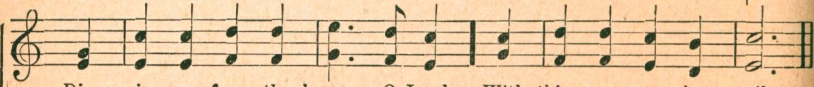
## DISMISSAL. S. M.

A. J. KECK.

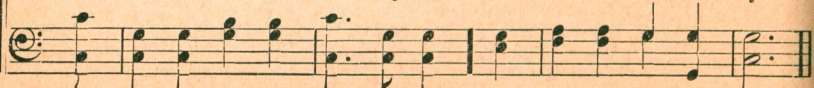
H. E. MOLER.



1. Thine ev - er pre - cious word We've pon-dered here a while;
2. As hence we go wilt Thou Be with us ev - 'ry hour,
3. So led by Thine own hand, And walk - ing in thy way,



Dis - miss us from thy house, O Lord, With thine ap-prov - ing smile.  
 And teach us to thy will to bow; Up - hold us by thy pow'r.  
 We'll trav - el on un - to thy land And be with thee for aye.





271 (274)

## SOFT SHADES. P. M.

Old Melody Arr.

1. Soft shades glide o - ver hill and dale . . . . . Like  
 2. Dis - miss us from the wea - ry cares . . . . . That  
 3. Night's vel - vet cur - tain round us fold, . . . . . And  
 4. And when the gloom - y night of death . . . . . Draws

robes of sa - ble gauze, . . . . . While stars come  
 fill the hours of night . . . . . Bid an - gel  
 ere the morn - ing dawn, . . . . . Fair vis - ions  
 round our forms at length . . . . . Be with us

twink - ling, wan and pale; And soft re - pose  
 eyes, like sleep - less stars Ho - ly and bright  
 may our eyes be - hold, By wis - dom shown;  
 to the lat - est breath, Giv - ing us strength

Floats like a spell up - on the ev' - ning gale.  
 Watch till the wak - ing of the morn - ing airs.  
 In which God's right - eous - ness shall be ex - tolled.  
 To praise thee e - ven then and keep the faith.



## 272 (432)

## GLADNESS. 8s &amp; 6s. (S. H. 240)

N. W. SMITH.

1. What glo - rious news is this I hear? "Christ the Lord, is ris - en."  
 2. But yes - ter - night came down in woe, Ter - ror, grief and sad-ness;  
 3. We saw his head bowed low in grief Pain his cheek was pal-ing;

Hushed be the sigh and dry the tear, Christ has fled the pris-on.  
 Now our Re-deem-er's glo - ries show, All is joy and glad-ness.  
 Lit - tle we knew, our sor - rows brief, Now our Lord we're hail-ing.

## 273 (245)

## ST. AGNES. C. M. (S. H. 152)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. A - gain from calm and sweet re - pose, I rise to hail the dawn;  
 2. Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing; For thou hast safe - ly kept  
 3. Glo - ry to thee, E - ter - nal Lord; O, teach my heart to pray;  
 4. Let ev - 'ry tho't and word ac - cord With thy most ho - ly will;  
 5. From dan-ger, sin, and ev - 'ry ill, My con-stant guard - ian prove;

A - gain my wak - ing eyes un-close, To view the smil - ing morn.  
 My soul be-neath thy guard-ian wing, And watch'd me while I slept.  
 Thy Spir-it's gra-cious help af-ford, To guide me thro' the day.  
 Each deed, the precepts of thy word With righteous aim ful - fill.  
 O! sanc-ti - fy my heart, and fill With tho'ts of ho - ly love. A - men.



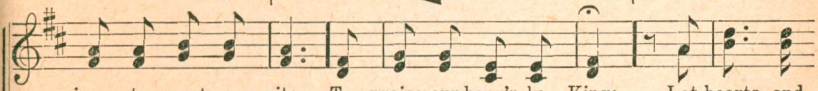
274 (92)

PERSIA. C. M. (S. H. 9)

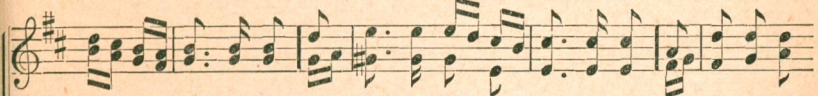
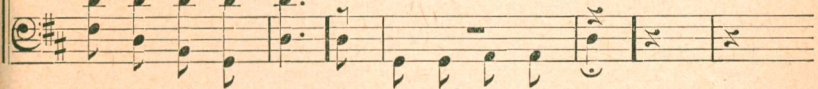
A. UNICORN.



1. Sing to the Lord our might,—With ho - ly fer - vor sing! Let hearts and  
 2. This is his sa - cred house; And this his fes - tal day, When he ac -  
 3. The Sab - bath to our sires In mer - cy first was giv'n; The Church her



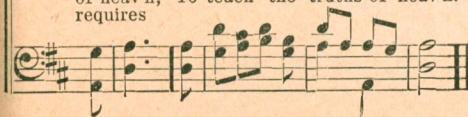
in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heav'n - ly King; Let hearts and  
 cepts the hum - blest vows That we sin - cere - ly pay; While He ac -  
 Sab - bath still re - quires To teach the truth of heav'n; The Church her



in - stru - ments u - nite, Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heav'n -  
 Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite, Let hearts and in - stru - ments  
 cepts the humblest vows When he ac - cepts the humblest vows That we sincere -  
 When he ac - cepts the hum - blest vows, When he accepts the hum -  
 Sab - bath still requires The church her Sab - bath still requires To teach the truths  
 The Church her Sab - bath still requires, The Church her Sabbath still



ly King, To praise our heav'n - ly King.  
 u - nite,  
 ly pay, That we sin - cere - ly pay.  
 blest vows  
 of heav'n, To teach the truths of heav'n.  
 requires



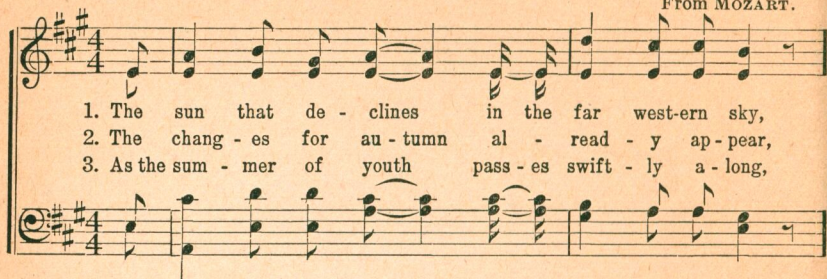
4 And we like them of old,  
 Are in earth's wilderness;  
 And God is now as near his fold  
 To pity and to bless

5 Then let us open wide  
 Our hearts for him to fill;  
 And he that Israel then supplied,  
 Will keep his Israel still.

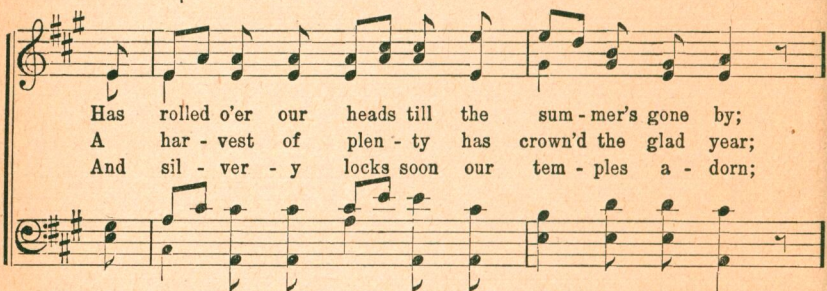


## 275 (325) DIVINE FRIENDSHIP. 11s (S. H. 133)

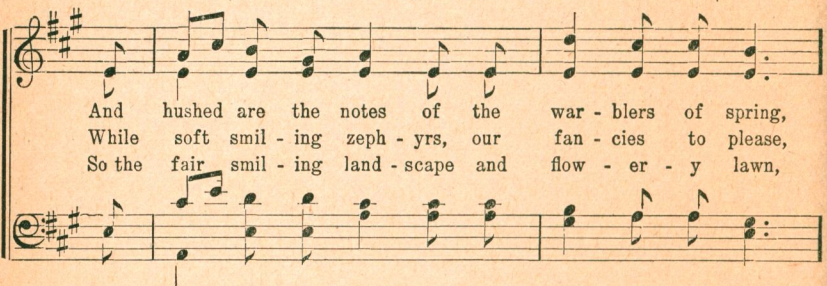
From MOZART.



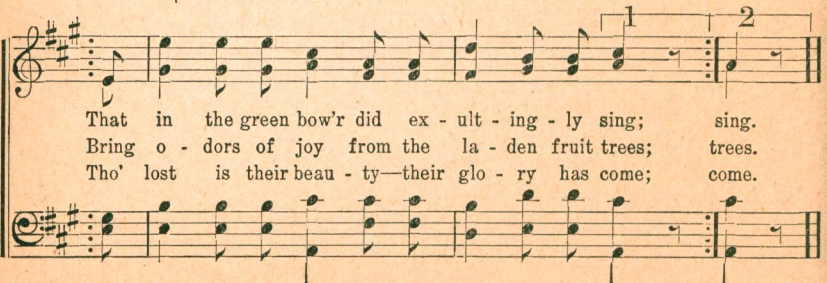
1. The sun that de - clines in the far west-ern sky,  
 2. The chang - es for au - tumn al - read - y ap - pear,  
 3. As the sum - mer of youth pass - es swift - ly a - long,



Has rolled o'er our heads till the sum-mer's gone by;  
 A har - vest of plen - ty has crown'd the glad year;  
 And sil - ver - y locks soon our tem - ples a - dorn;



And hushed are the notes of the war - blers of spring,  
 While soft smil - ing zeph - yrs, our fan - cies to please,  
 So the fair smil - ing land - scape and flow - er - y lawn,



That in the green bow'r did ex - ult - ing - ly sing; sing.  
 Bring o - dors of joy from the la - den fruit trees; trees.  
 Tho' lost is their beau - ty—their glo - ry has come; come.



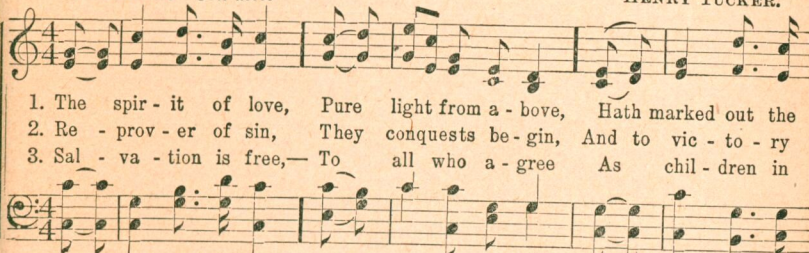
4. O when the sweet summer of life shall have fled,  
Her joys and her sorrows entombed with the dead,  
Then may we by faith like good Enoch arise,  
And be crowned with the just in the midst of the skies;
5. Descend with the Savior in glory profound,  
And reign in perfection when Satan is bound  
While love and sweet union together shall blend,  
And peace, gentle peace, like a river extend.

276 (755)

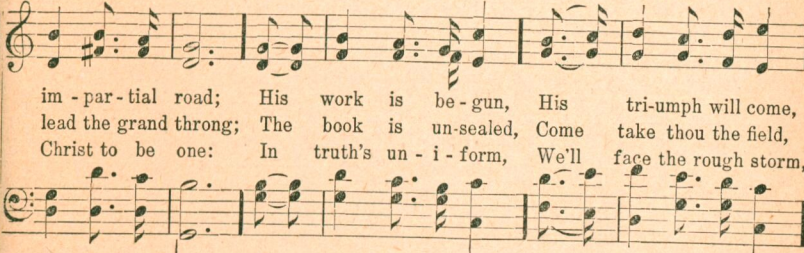
WORRELL. 5s & 8s. (S. H. 402)

*Andantino. Con moto*

HENRY TUCKER.



1. The spir - it of love, Pure light from a - bove, Hath marked out the  
2. Re - prov - er of sin, They conquests be - gin, And to vic - to - ry  
3. Sal - va - tion is free, — To all who a - gree As chil - dren in

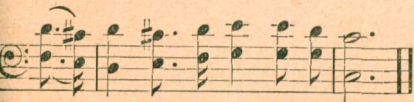


im - par - tial road; His work is be - gun, His tri - umph will come,  
lead the grand throng; The book is un - sealed, Come take thou the field,  
Christ to be one: In truth's un - i - form, We'll face the rough storm,



4. No lion or bear,  
Shall ever devour,  
Or prey on Christ's sheep or his lambs;  
The Shepherd, the sheep  
From danger will keep,  
The lambs he will bear in his arms.

The Gen - tiles are turn - ing to God.  
And con - duct the grand ar - my a - long.  
And from conquest to conquest go on.



5. Ye saints, sound his praise,  
Your voices high raise,  
Exultingly sing of his name;  
Loud hosannas sing  
To Jesus your King,  
And conclude th' grand theme with Amen.



**277** (990) **PARADISE HOME.** C. M. (S. H. 489)Quartette. *Andante.*

J. BARNEY.

1. As Je - sus died, and rose a - gain Vic - to - rious from the dead;  
 2. The time draws nigh, when in the clouds Christ shall with shouts de-scend;  
 3. The saints of God, from death set free, With joy shall mount on high;

So his dis - ci - ples rise and reign With their tri-umph-ant Head.  
 And the last trumpet's aw - ful voice The heav'n's and earth shall rend.  
 The heav'n - ly hosts, with prais-es loud, Shall meet them in the sky.

CHORUS, to each stanza.

There loy - al hearts and true

There loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.



## 278 (9) PEREZ. 8s &amp; 7s. (With Chorus.) (S. II. 6)

Arr. from the German.

1. Je - sus, hail! en-throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;  
 2. There for sin - ners thou art plead-ing, There thou dost our place pre-pare;

All the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore thee, the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore thee,  
 Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing,

Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side. at thy Fa - ther's side.  
 Till in glo - ry we ap - pear. in glo - ry we ap - pear. Hal - le -

lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

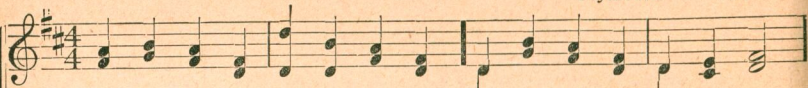
3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive:  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Savior's merits,—  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.




## 279 (971) NEWTON. 8s, &amp; 7s, D. (S. H. 484)

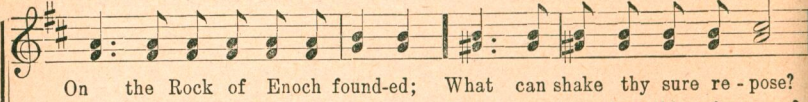
Plymouth Coll., by per.




1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken Zi - on Cit - y of our God!  
 2. See the stream of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from ce - les - tial love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'r - ing See the cloud and fire ap - pear!  
 4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Pur - chased with the Sav - ior's blood;



He whose word can not be bro - ken, Chose thee for his own a - bode.  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fears of drought re - move.  
 For a glo - ry and a cov'r - ing Show - ing that the Lord is near.  
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.



On the Rock of Enoch found - ed; What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage?  
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day;  
 While in love his saints he rais - es With him - self to reign as kings;



With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Sweet - ly they en - joy the Spir - it Which he gives them when they pray.  
 All, as priests, his solemn prais - es Each for a thank - off'ring brings.



280 (165.)

ETTIVINI. 6s &amp; 7s. D. (S. H. 108)

Scotch Melody.

1. Let us pray, glad - ly pray, In the house of Je - ho - vah,  
 2. What a joy will be there, At the great res - ur - rec - tion  
 3. We can then live in peace, With a joy on the mount - ains,

Till the right - eous can say, "O our war - fare is o - ver!"  
 As the saints meet in air, In their robes of per - fec - tion;  
 As the earth doth in - crease, With a joy by the fount - ains,

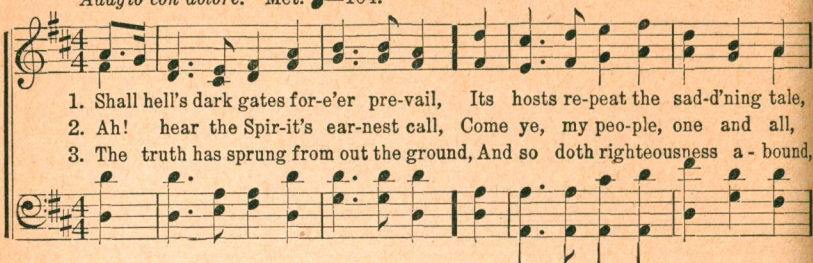
Then we'll dry up our tears, Sweet - ly prais - ing to - geth - er,  
 Then the Lamb,—then the Lamb, With a God's man - da - to - ry,  
 For the world will be blest, With a joy to re - ly on,

Through the great thousand years, Face to face with the Sav - ior.  
 As I AM THAT I AM, Fills the world with his glo - ry.  
 From the east to the west, Through the glo - ry of Zi - on,

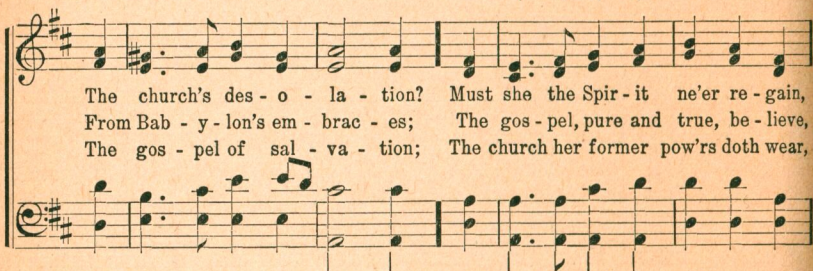


**281 (1086) ISRAEL. 8s, 8s & 7s. (S. H. 529)***Adagio con dolore. Met. ♩=104.*

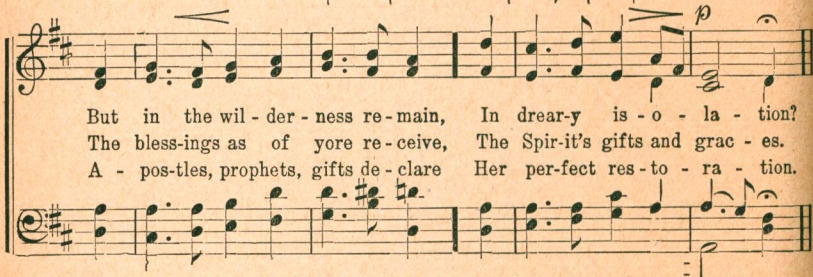
M. \*\*



1. Shall hell's dark gates for-e'er pre-vail, Its hosts re-peat the sad-d'ning tale,  
 2. Ah! hear the Spir-it's ear-nest call, Come ye, my peo-ple, one and all,  
 3. The truth has sprung from out the ground, And so doth righteousness a-bound,



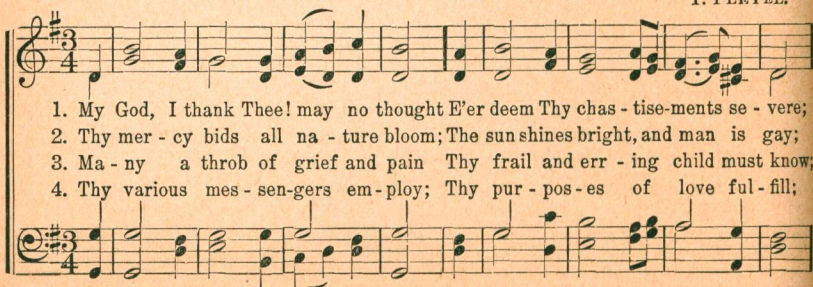
The church's des-o-la-tion? Must she the Spir-it ne'er re-gain,  
 From Bab-y-lon's em-brac-es; The gos-pel, pure and true, be-lieve,  
 The gos-pel of sal-va-tion; The church her former pow'rs doth wear,



But in the wil-der-ness re-main, In drear-y is-o-la-tion?  
 The bless-ings as of yore re-ceive, The Spir-it's gifts and grac-es.  
 A-pos-tles, prophets, gifts de-clare Her per-fect res-to-ra-tion.

**282 (155) SEASONS. L. M. (S. H. 102)**

I. PLKEYEL.



1. My God, I thank Thee! may no thought E'er deem Thy chas-tise-ments se-vere;  
 2. Thy mer-cy bids all na-ture bloom; The sun shines bright, and man is gay;  
 3. Ma-n-y a throb of grief and pain Thy frail and err-ing child must know;  
 4. Thy various mes-sen-gers em-ploy; Thy pur-pos-es of love ful-fill;



## SEASONS—Concluded.

But may this heart, by sor - row taught, Calm each wild wish, each i - die fear.  
 Thine e - qual mer - cy spreads the gloom, That darkness o'er his lit - tle day.  
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain, Nor does one tear un - heed-ed flow.  
 And 'mid the wreck of hu - man joy, Let kneel-ing faith a - dore Thy will.

## 283 (742) CONFIDENCE. C. M. (S. H. 99)

M. A. BRADFORD.

1. Ye won-d'ring na - tions, now give ear Un - to the an - gel's cry,  
 2. Has bro't the an - cient rec - ords forth, Un - loosed the might-y seal;  
 3. The things of worth in a - ges gone, His word doth clear un - fold;

For lo! from heaven He has ap-peared, To bring sal - va - tion nigh,  
 God's glo - ry soon shall fill the earth, And won - drous things re - veal,  
 And things to come, now roll - ing on, The wise may here be - hold,

To bring sal - va - tion nigh.  
 And won - drous things re - veal.  
 The wise may here be - hold.

- 4 Its opening wonders burst to view,  
 All glorious and sublime,  
 Point out the path that men pursue  
 Down to the end of time.
- 5 The meek and humble shall rejoice,  
 The wise shall understand;  
 All Israel now shall know His voice,  
 And gather to their land.



**284** (958) **ROHRAU.** 8s, 7s & 4s. (S. H. 478)

M. HAYDN.

1. Is - rael, Is - rael, God is call-ing— Call-ing thee frōm lands of woe:  
 2. Is - rael, Is - rael, God is speaking; Hear your great De - liv - 'rer's voice!  
 3. Is - rael, an - gels are de - scending From ce - les - tial worlds on high,  
 4. Is - rael! Is - rael! can'st thou lin - ger Still in er - ror's gloom-y ways?

Bab - y - lon the great is fall-ing; God shall all her tow'rs o'er-throw.  
 Now a glo-rious morn is breaking For the peo - ple of his choice.  
 And tow'rd's man their pow'r ex - tend-ing, That the saints may homeward fly.  
 Mark how judgment's point-ing fin - ger Jus - ti - fies no vain de - lays.

Come to Zi - on, Come to Zi - on, E'er his floods of an - ger flow.  
 Come to Zi - on, Come to Zi - on, And with-in her walls re - joice.  
 Come to Zi - on, Come to Zi - on, For your com-ing Lord is nigh.  
 Come to Zi - on, Come to Zi - on! Zi - on's walls shall ring with praise.

**285** (608)**JESSE.** S. M. (S. H. 326)

J. ASHMAN.

1. The har - vest dawn is near, The year de - lays not long;  
 2. Sad to his toil he goes, His seed with weep - ing leaves;



## JESSE—Concluded.

And he who sow - ing drops a tear, Shall reap with joy - ful song.  
But he shall come, at twi-light's close, And bring his gold - en sheaves.

## 286 (282) JUSTIFICATION. L. M. (S. H. 169)

EAGLETON.

1. Hail! Sa - cred Sab - bath, day of rest, Hal - lowed by God the  
2. A sign that he, the Lord, is God, Who sanc - ti - fles the

All - di - vine; And set a - part by his be - hest, 'Twixt God and man a  
souls of men—Who pur - i - fies them by his word, 'And leads them to his  
And leads them to his

sa - cred sign—"Twixt God and man a sa - cred sign—  
fold a - gain, And leads them to his fold a - gain. A - men.

3 Emblem of that all-glorious day  
When earth shall rest from all its toil;  
And all creation join the lay  
Of souls redeemed from sin's turmoil.

4 Prepare our souls for that great day  
When all thy Sabbaths join in one,  
When all the earth shall own the sway  
Of our redeeming Lord—thy Son.



**287** (433) **LIFT UP YOUR HEADS. C. M.** (S. H. 240)*Con spirito*

(Anthem, or Motette.)

Arr. from an English Sentence.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff in C major with a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Un - fold, un - fold to

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and harmony from the first system.

en - ter - tain The King of glo-ry; The King of

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the melody and harmony.

glo - ry; see, he comes With his ce - les - tial train.

Musical notation for the fourth system, concluding the piece. It includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and a *slower.* tempo instruction.

Who is this King of glo - ry? who.....? The



## LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.—Concluded.

*a tempo.**Vivace.*

Lord of strength re - nowned: In bat - tle might - y,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note G4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a half note F3, a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B-flat3. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note F3. The tempo marking 'a tempo.' is above the first measure, and 'Vivace.' is above the second measure.

In bat - tle might - y o'er his foes,

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note G4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note F3, a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B-flat3. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note F3. The tempo marking 'Vivace.' is above the first measure, and 'a tempo.' is above the second measure.

o'er his foes E - ter - nal vic - tor crowned, E -

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note G4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note F3, a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B-flat3. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note F3. The tempo marking 'a tempo.' is above the first measure, and 'Vivace.' is above the second measure.

ter - nal vic - tor crowned, E - ter - nal vic - tor crowned. A - men.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note G4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note F3, a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B-flat3. This is followed by a repeat sign and a half note F3. The tempo marking 'a tempo.' is above the first measure, and 'Vivace.' is above the second measure.



288 (693)

LAMBERT. 8s &amp; 7s. D. (S. H. 370)

M. OSTRACIS.

1. Ev - 'ry cloud that car-ries wa - ter, Ev - 'ry beaming ray of light,  
 2. Ev - 'ry mountain, ev - 'ry val - ley, Ev - 'ry des-ert, ev - 'ry stream,  
 3. Shall His peo - ple then be nar - row, Proud, con-ceil-ed, sel-fish, vain?  
 4. May no du - ty be neg-lect - ed, Nor a saint re-cus-ant prove;

Ev - 'ry roll-ing peal of thun-der, Ev - 'ry flash of light'nings bright.  
 Ev - 'ry snowstorm, ev - 'ry ice - berg, Ev - 'ry show'r of fresh'n'ing rain.  
 Rath - er learn from na-ture's les - sons, Wid - er views of life to gain.  
 May each aim be well di - rect - ed, Born of Faith, im-pelled by love.

Ev - 'ry gen - tle zephyr blow - ing, Ev - 'ry rude and boist'rous gale,  
 Ev - 'ry to - ken in the heav - ens, Ev - 'ry work of God be - low,  
 Tried they must be; O that tri - als May to them a bless-ing prove;  
 May no tat-tling, e - vil-speak - ing, Slan-der, cal - um - ny, or crime,

Ev - 'ry dewdrop's nectared sparkle, Ev - 'ry storm of pelt - ing hail.  
 Ev - 'ry book of God's in - spir - ing, His ex - tend - ed la - bors show.  
 And from out the fier - y fur - nace, Come with hearts of pur - er love.  
 Ev - er stain them, but the Spir - it's Pur - er grac - es in them shine.



## 289 (734)

## WESTGATE. C. M. (S. H. 388)

M. \*\* English.

*Allegro con anima.*

1. Hail, sa - cred truth! whose pierc - ing rays Dis - pel the  
 2. Thy word, O Lord, with friend - ly aid, Re - stores our  
 3. Oh, send thy light and truth a - broad In all their

shades of night, Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal woe, Dif -  
 wan - d'ring feet, Con - verts the sor - rows of the mind, Con -  
 ra - diant blaze, And bid th'ad - mir - ing world a - dore, And

fus - ing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light,  
 verts the sor - rows of the mind To joys di - vine - ly sweet,  
 d th'ad - mir - ing world a - dore The glo - ries of thy grace,

The heal - ing beams of light, The heal - ing beams of light.  
 To joys di - vine - ly sweet, To joys di - vine - ly sweet.  
 The glo - ries of thy grace, The glo - ries of thy grace.



**290** (297) **MAJESTY.** 4-6s & 2-8s. (S. H. 171)

WILLIAMSON.

1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake! And hail the sa - cred day;  
 2. On this au - spi - cious morn The Lord of life a - rose;

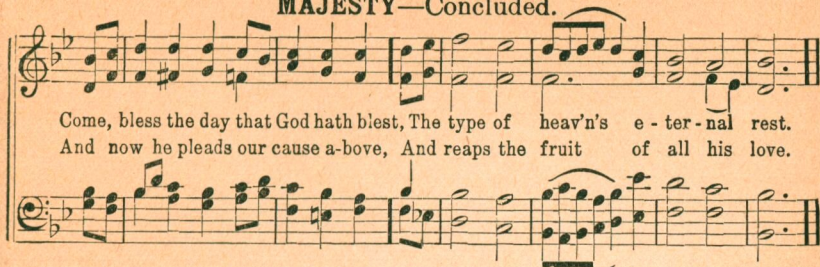
In loft - iest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay:  
 He burst the bars of death, And van - quished all our foes;

Your joy - - - ful hom - age pay: Come, bless the  
 And van - - - quished all our foes; And now he

day that God hath blest, The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest;  
 pleads our cause a - bove, And reaps the fruit of all his love;



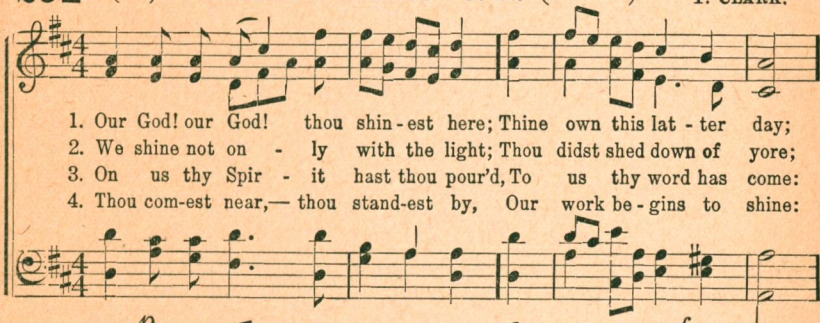
## MAJESTY—Concluded.



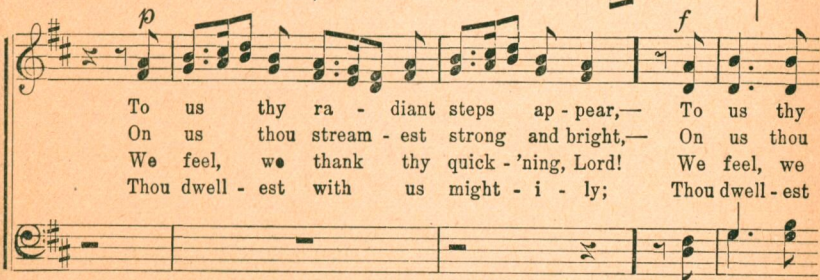
Come, bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest.  
And now he pleads our cause a - bove, And reaps the fruit of all his love.

## 291 (725) BESSEL'S GREEN. C. M. (S. H. 385)

T. CLARK.



1. Our God! our God! thou shin - est here; Thine own this lat - ter day;  
2. We shine not on - ly with the light; Thou didst shed down of yore;  
3. On us thy Spir - it hast thou pour'd, To us thy word has come:  
4. Thou com - est near, — thou stand - est by, Our work be - gins to shine:



To us thy ra - dant steps ap - pear, — To us thy  
On us thou stream - est strong and bright, — On us thou  
We feel, we thank thy quick - 'ning, Lord! We feel, we  
Thou dwell - est with us might - i - ly; Thou dwell - est



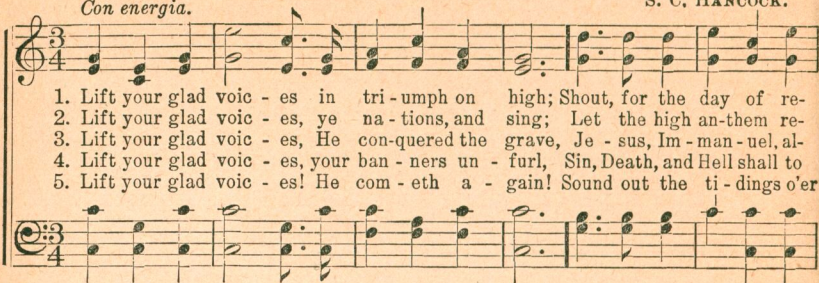
ra - dant steps ap - pear, Here goes thy glo - rious way.  
stream - est strong and bright, — Thy com - ings are not o'er.  
thank thy quick - 'ning, Lord! Thou shalt not find us dumb.  
with us might - i - ly; On come the years di - vine.



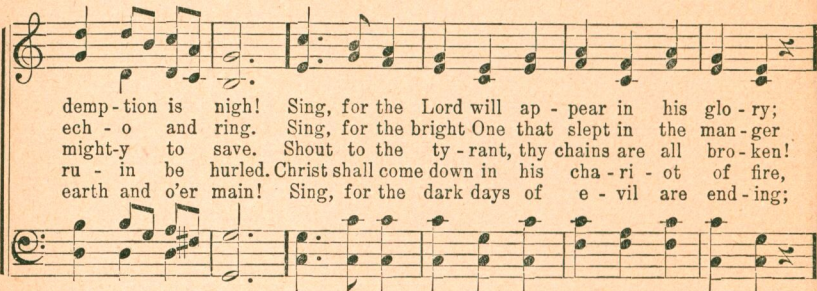
292 (999)

JUBILEE. P. M. (S. H. 493)

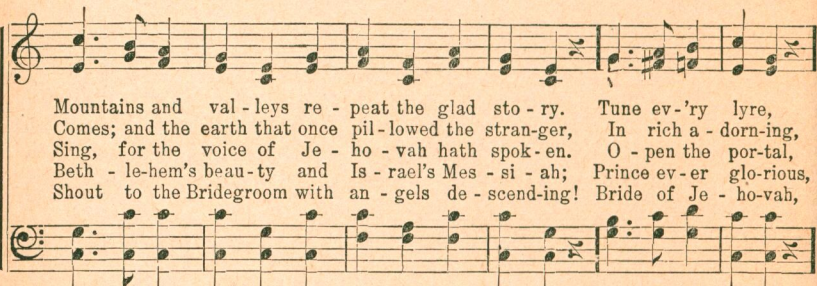
S. C. HANCOCK.

*Con energia.*


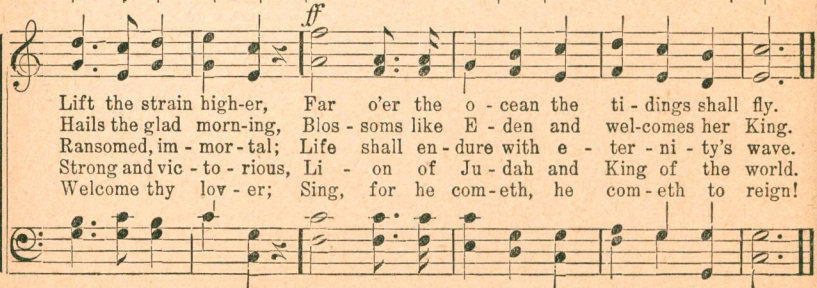
1. Lift your glad voice - es in tri - umph on high; Shout, for the day of re -  
 2. Lift your glad voice - es, ye na - tions, and sing; Let the high an - them re -  
 3. Lift your glad voice - es, He con - quered the grave, Je - sus, Im - man - uel, al -  
 4. Lift your glad voice - es, your ban - ners un - furl, Sin, Death, and Hell shall to  
 5. Lift your glad voice - es! He com - eth a - gain! Sound out the ti - dings o'er



demp - tion is nigh! Sing, for the Lord will ap - pear in his glo - ry;  
 ech - o and ring. Sing, for the bright One that slept in the man - ger  
 might - y to save. Shout to the ty - rant, thy chains are all bro - ken!  
 ru - in be hurled. Christ shall come down in his cha - ri - ot of fire,  
 earth and o'er main! Sing, for the dark days of e - vil are end - ing;



Mountains and val - leys re - peat the glad sto - ry. Tune ev - 'ry lyre,  
 Comes; and the earth that once pil - lowed the stran - ger, In rich a - dorn - ing,  
 Sing, for the voice of Je - ho - vah hath spok - en. O - pen the por - tal,  
 Beth - le - hem's beau - ty and Is - rael's Mes - si - ah; Prince ev - er glo - rious,  
 Shout to the Bridegroom with an - gels de - scend - ing! Bride of Je - ho - vah,



Lift the strain high - er, Far o'er the o - cean the ti - dings shall fly.  
 Hails the glad morn - ing, Bloss - oms like E - den and wel - comes her King.  
 Ransomed, im - mor - tal; Life shall en - dure with e - ter - ni - ty's wave.  
 Strong and vic - to - rious, Li - on of Ju - dah and King of the world.  
 Welcome thy lov - er; Sing, for he com - eth, he com - eth to reign!



## 293 (872) WAINWRIGHT. C. M. D. (S. H. 435)

A. U.

1. Tho' men may lay be - neath the ground These forms we hold so dear,  
 2. The new Je - ru - sa - lem come down, Her streets all paved with gold;  
 3. God and the Lamb will be the light Of all that ho - ly place,

Know, when the an - gel's trump shall sound, In glo - ry they'll ap - pear.  
 And Je - sus with the vic - tor's crown, Our eyes will then be - hold.  
 The tree of life will greet our sight, And we its fruit shall taste.

Our home at last the new earth fair, Where life's bright wa - ters flow;  
 There we will feel no troub - ling pain, Nor a - ny sick - ness know:  
 When the Mes - si - ah comes a - gain To dwell with man be - low,

*p Lively.**Repeat f.*

And all the faith - ful will be there; God's word has told us so.  
 Like E - den, earth shall bloom a - gain, God's word has told us so.  
 We shall with him in glo - ry reign, God's word has told us so.



## 294

## INVOCATION.

A. B. P.

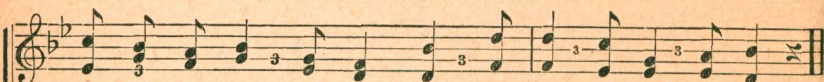
A. B. PHILLIPS.



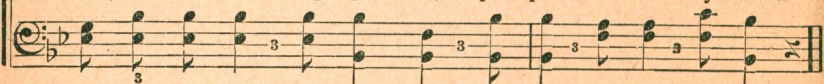
1. Sav - iour all-glo - rious, We come to thee, Oh, do now re - ceive us, Chil -  
 2. Out of the darkness Now in the light, Born in - to thy king - dom, To  
 3. As liv - ing tem - ples, Now pur - i - fied, We im - plore thy pres - ence, O



- dren of thine to be; Bless now thy peo - ple, Lord hear our prayer.  
 la - bor for the right, Thy won - drous plan by An - gels re - stored.  
 Lord, with us a - bide, In pow'r thy mes - sage To us im - part.



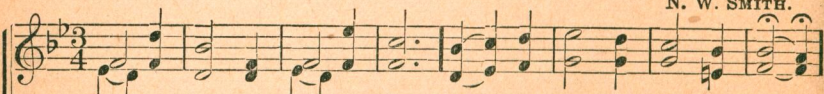
- Send down thy Ho - ly Spir - it, The to - ken of thy care.  
 We now re - ceive with glad - ness The full - ness of thy word.  
 Re - vive each droop - ing spir - it, Speak peace to ev - 'ry heart.



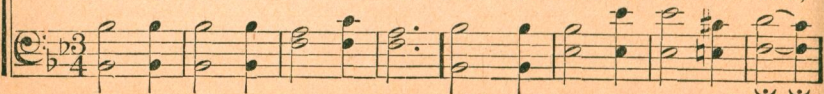
## 295 (87)

## LEON. 7s.

N. W. SMITH.



1. To thy tem - ple we re - pair; Lord, we love to wor - ship there;  
 2. While thy glo - rious name is sung, Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue;  
 3. While thy word is heard with awe, While we trem - ble at thy law,  
 4. From thy house when we re - turn, Let our hearts with - in us burn;





## LEON—Concluded.

While to thee our pray'rs ascend, Let thine ear in love attend.  
 Then our joy-ful souls shall bless Christ, the Lord, our Right-eous-ness.  
 Let thy gos-pel's won-drous love Ev - 'ry doubt and fear re-move.  
 Then, at ev'n-ing, we may say, "We have walk'd with God to-day."

296 (159)

## DEVOTION.

J. T. WILLIAMS.

1. O Lord, to thee we come, Tho' fool-ish in thy sight;  
 2. Our hearts with sad-ness fill, Un-less we feel thee near;  
 3. Thy bless-ings, Lord, we seek, Thy Spir-it from a-bove;

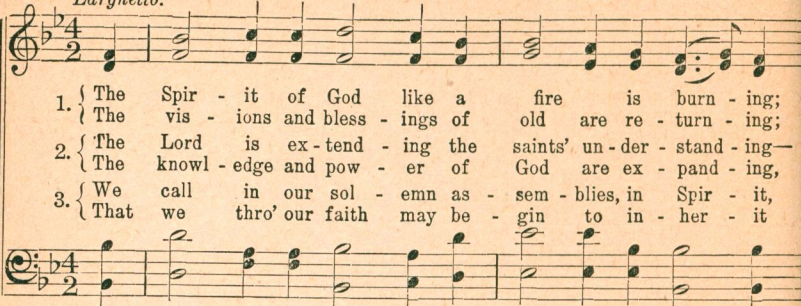
Tho' oft we from thee roam, And grope in sin's dark night;  
 And dark-ness hov-ers, till Thou bid it dis-ap-pear.  
 O that thou would-est speak Some cheer-ing word of love;

Thy par-d'ning love, O Lord, re-veal, May we thy ho-ly pres-ence feel.  
 Lord let us see thy light di-vine, Its glorious beams up-on us shine.  
 So that our faith, might strengthen'd be, Our hope be centered more in thee.



## 297 (1084)

## PARACLETE. P. M. (S. H. 528)

*Con energia, con anima.**Larghetto.*Arr. by Editor.  
As sung by the Bath Choir.


1. { The Spir - it of God like a fire is burn - ing;  
 { The vis - ions and bless - ings of old are re - turn - ing;  
 2. { The Lord is ex - tend - ing the saints' un - der - stand - ing -  
 { The knowl - edge and pow - er of God are ex - pand - ing,  
 3. { We call in our sol - emn as - sem - blies, in Spir - it,  
 { That we thro' our faith may be - gin to in - her - it



The lat - ter day glo - ry be - gins to come forth; }  
 The an - gels are com - ing to vis - it the earth. }  
 Re - stor - ing their judg - es and all as at first; }  
 The veil o'er the earth is be - gin - ning to burst. }  
 To spread forth the king - dom of heav - en a - broad, }  
 The vis - ions, and bless - ings, and glo - ries of God. }

REFRAIN. *Allegro.*


We'll sing and we'll shout with the ar - mies of heav - en: Ho - san - na, ho -  
 san - na to God and the Lamb! Let glo - ry to them in the



## PARACLETE—Concluded.



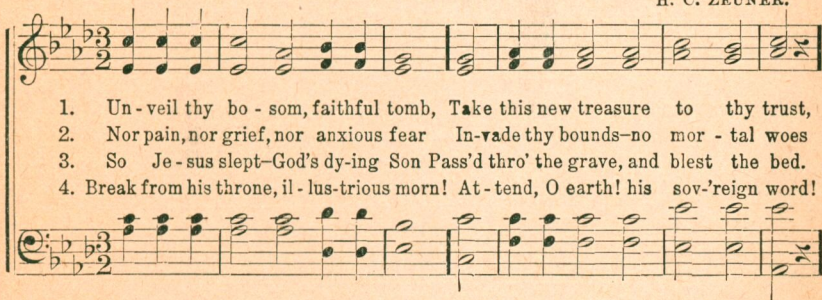
high - est be giv - en, Hence-forth and for-ev - er: a - men and a-men.

4 Old Israel that fled from the world for his freedom,  
Must come with the cloud and the pillar, amain,  
A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua led him,  
And feed him on manna from heaven again.

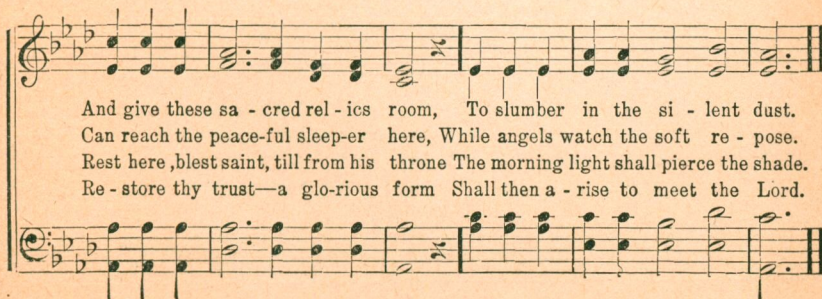
5 How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion  
Shall lie down together without any ire;  
And Ephraim be crowned with his blessings in Zion,  
As Jesus descends with his chariots of fire!

## 298 (859) MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. (S. II 432)

H. C. ZEUNER.



1. Un - veil thy bo - som, faithful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear In-vade thy bounds—no mor - tal woes  
3. So Je - sus slept—God's dy-ing Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed.  
4. Break from his throne, il - lus-trious morn! At - tend, O earth! his sov'-reign word!



And give these sa - cred rel - ics room, To slumber in the si - lent dust.  
Can reach the peace-ful sleep-er here, While angels watch the soft re - pose.  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning light shall pierce the shade.  
Re - store thy trust—a glo-rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.



**299** (681) **HASTINGS.** 8s, 6s & 8s. (S. H. 366)

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour,  
 2. O, bless - ed be the hand that gave—Still bless - ed when it takes;

Bow, all resigned, be - neath his rod, And bless his spar - ing power,  
 Bless-ed be he who smiles to save— Who heals the heart he breaks:

A joy springs up a - mid dis-tress, A fount-ain in the wil - der - ness.  
 Perfect and true are all his ways, Whom heav'n a - dores and death o - beys.

**300** (488) **NEWINGTON.** C. M. (S. H. 184)

Rev. WM. JONES.

1. Faith works with pow'r but will not plead The best of works when done;  
 2. It gives no ti - tle but re - ceives; No bless - ing it pro - cures;  
 3. Its sole de - pend - ence and its stay Is Je - sus' right-eous-ness;  
 4. The more this prin - ci - ple pre - vails, The more is grace a-dored;



## NEWINGTON—Concluded.

It knows no oth - er ground of trust But in the Lord a - lone.  
 Yet, where it tru - ly lives and reigns, All bless - ings it in - sures.  
 'Tis thus sal - va - tion is by faith, And all of sov'-reign grace.  
 No glo - ry it as - sumes, but gives All glo - ry to the Lord.

## 301 (855) QUIETNESS. 8s, 6s, 8s, 8s, 6s. (Tappan.) (S. II. 427)

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. The brightness of a lamp gone out, Hands qui - et, eyes at rest,  
 2. Voice that on earth will come no more, Save in the dreams of night,

Feet that no long - er flit a - bout, Heart that in faith was firm and stout,  
 As ech-oes, from the far-off shore, With hap-py thoughts of days be - fore,

3 Place we the form within the grave;  
 The spirit's destiny,  
 Lies with the mighty one who gave  
 The gospel; souls of men to save,  
 And set from evil free.  
 Now pulse-less in the breast.  
 Long van - ished from our sight. 4 Then come we from the grave away;  
 But not without bright hope  
 That he, who in the former day,  
 Through this dark valley showed the way,  
 Will raise our treasure up.



## 302 (749) DUNSTABLE. 4-6s &amp; 2-8s, or H. M. (S. H. 291).

English.

*With precision.*

*mf*

1. An an - gel from on high, The long, long si - lence broke—  
 2. Sealed by Mo - ro - ni's hand, It has for a - ges slept,  
 3. It speaks of Jo - seph's seed, And makes the rem-nant known

De - scend-ing from the sky, These gra - cious words he spoke,  
 To wait the Lord's com - mand, From dust a - gain to speak;  
 Of na - tions long since dead, Who once had dwelt a - lone;—

*f* *p* *m*

Lo! in Cu-morah's lone-ly hill, Lo! in Cu-morah's lone - ly hill  
 It shall come forth to light again, It shall come forth to light a - gain,  
 The fullness of the Gospel, too, The fullness of the Gos - pel, too,

*f* *p*

Lo! in Cu - mo-rah's lonely hill, Lo! in Cu - mo-rah's lone-ly hill  
 It shall come forth to light a - gain, It shall come forth to light a - gain,  
 The full-ness of the Gos-pel, too, The full-ness of the Gos-pel, too,

A sa - cred rec - ord lies con - cealed, A sa - cred rec - ord lies  
 To ush - er in Mes - si - ah's reign, To ush - er in Mes - si -  
 Its pag - es will re - veal to view, Its pag - es will re - veal



## DUNSTABLE.—Concluded.

con - cealed, A sa - cred rec - ord lies con - cealed;  
 ah's reign, To ush - er in Mes - si ah's reign.  
 to view, Its pag - es will re - veal to view.

4 The time is now fulfilled—  
 The long expected day—  
 Let earth obedient yield,  
 And darkness flee away:  
 Open the seals, and wide unfurl  
 Its light and glory to the world.

5 Lo! Israel filled with joy,  
 Shall now be gathered home;  
 Their wealth and means employ,  
 To build Jerusalem:  
 While Zion shall arise and shine,  
 And fill the earth with truth divine.

## 303 (242) CALLIE. L. M. (Ebenezer.) (S. H. 150)

J. ASHMAN.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;  
 2. Re - deem thy mis-spent time that's past, Live this day as if 't were thy last,  
 3. Let all thy con-verse be sin - cere, Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:  
 4. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.  
 T' im - prove thy tal - ents take due care; 'Gainst the great day thy - self pre - pare.  
 Think how th'all-see - ing God thy ways And all thy se - cret tho'ts surveys.  
 In that rich cho - rus where they sing, 'Glo - ry to thee, E - ter - nal King.'



## 304 (12)

## MILES' LANE. C. M. (S. H. 315)

WM. SHRUBSOLE,

1. E - ter - nal Wis-dom! Thee we praise; Thee, let cre - a - tion  
 2. Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky, How glo - rious to be-  
 3. There thou hast bid the globes of light Their end - less cir - cles

sing: With thy loved name, rocks, hills and seas, And heav'n's high  
 hold! Ting'd with a blue of heav'n - ly dye, And starr'd with  
 run; There the pale plan - et rules the night, The day o -

pal - ace ring, . . . . And heav'n's high pal - ace ring.  
 spark-ling gold, . . . . And starr'd with spark - ling gold.  
 beys the sun, . . . . The day o - beys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes  
 On clouds and storms below,  
 Those under-regions of the skies  
 Thy wondrous glory show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there,  
 Thy orders to obey;

With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
 To make thy chariot way.

6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
 Thy thunder shakes our coast;  
 While the red lightnings wave along  
 The banners of thy host.



## 305 (754) SMITH. 7s &amp; 5s, D. (S. H. 400)

I. SMITH.

*Bold and spirited.*

1. On - ward, speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, on - ward speed;  
 2. On - ward, speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, on - ward haste;  
 3. On - ward, speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, on - ward speed;

Cast a - broad thy ra - dant light, Bid the shades . . . . . re - cede.  
 Quick - ly on each mountain height, Be thy stan Bid the shades re - cede  
 Morn - ing bursts up - on our sight, 'Tis the time Be thy stan - dard placed.  
 'Tis the time de - creed.  
 'Tis the time de - creed.

Tread the i - dols in the dust, Heath-en fanes de - stroy,  
 Let thy bliss - ful ti - dings float, Far o'er vale and hill,  
 Soon will Christ his king - dom take, Thrones and em - pires fall,

Spread the Gos - pel's love and trust, Spread the Gos - pel's joy.  
 Till the sweet - ly echoing note, Ev - 'ry bo Spread the Gos - pel's joy.  
 Soon the joy - ous song a - wake, "God is all Ev - 'ry bo - som thrill.  
 "God is all . . . . . in all."  
 "God is all . . . . . in all."

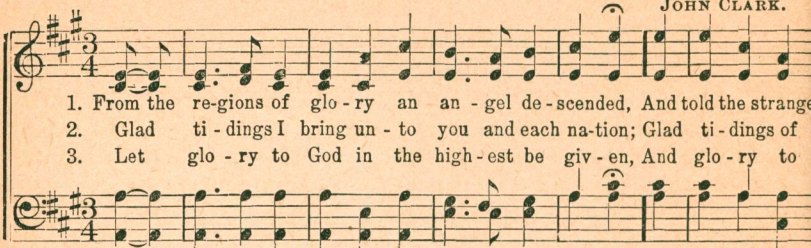


## 306 (377)

## SCOTLAND. 12s.

(S. H. 206)

JOHN CLARK.



1. From the re-gions of glo-ry an an-gel de-scended, And told the strange  
 2. Glad ti-dings I bring un-to you and each na-tion; Glad ti-dings of  
 3. Let glo-ry to God in the high-est be giv-en, And glo-ry to

news how the babe was at-tend-ed: Go shepherds and vis-it this  
 joy,—now be-hold your sal-va-tion; A-rise all ye pil-grims and  
 God be re-ech-oed in heav-en; A-round the whole world let us

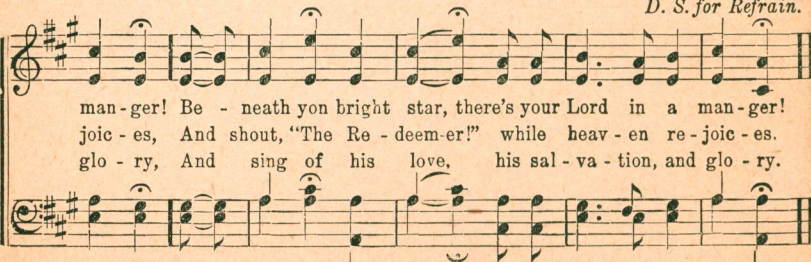
D. S.—Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Whom our



heav-en-ly stran-ger: Be-neath yon bright star, there's your Lord in a  
 lift up your voic-es, And shout, "The Re-deem-er!" while heav-en re-  
 tell the glad sto-ry, And sing of his love, his sal-va-tion, and

souls may re-ly on; We shall see him on earth, When he brings a-gain

D. S. for Refrain.



man-ger! Be-neath yon bright star, there's your Lord in a man-ger!  
 joic-es, And shout, "The Re-deem-er!" while heav-en re-joic-es.  
 glo-ry, And sing of his love, his sal-va-tion, and glo-ry.

Zi-on, We shall see him on earth, When he brings a-gain Zi-on.



307 (493)

ATLANTA 6-8s: (S. H. 276)

P. C. KROSSING,

*Maestoso.*

1. All things are pos - si - ble to him That can in Je - sus name be - lieve:  
 2. When thou the work of faith hast wrought, I then shall in thine im - age shine,  
 3. All things are pos - si - ble to God, To Christ, the pow'r of God in man,

Lord, I no more thy truth blas - pheme, Thy truth I lov - ing - ly re - ceive;  
 Be freed from sin, in deed, in thought; Tho' men re - vile, and fiends re - pine.  
 To me, when I am all re - newed, When I in Christ am formed a - gain,

I can, I do be - lieve in thee; I can I  
 They can - not break the firm de - cree; They can - not  
 When cloth'd with pow'r di - vine, from thee, When cloth'd with

do be - lieve in thee; Make all things pos - si - ble to me.  
 break the firm de - cree; All things are pos - si - ble to thee.  
 pow'r di - vine, from thee, All will be pos - si - ble to me.



308 (294)

SCHUMANN. 5-8s. (S. H. 174)

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

*Andantino. mf*

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; A day most ho - ly  
 2. A day when we should strive to meet, In meek-ness and hu-  
 3. A day when all his chil - dren dear In love should meet a-

*mf*

to his name,—Where-in our vows should all be paid,  
 mil - i - ty, Our Fa - ther at his mer - cy - seat,  
 round his throne, A gra - cious Fa - ther's voice to hear,

*rit.*

And not a tho't our hearts in-vade That could cre - ate one blush of shame.  
 Con - fess our sins, and him en-treat To par - don our in - i - qui - ty.  
 Each heart o'er-flow'd with fil - ial fear, Mak - ing his au - gust will our own.

309 (118)

STEPHENS. C. M. (S. H. 4)

Rev. W. JONES.

1. For thy dear mer - cy's sake, O Lord, Help us thy name t'a-dore,  
 2. Our flesh, our hearts, our spir - its, Lord, In thy clear fire re - fine;  
 3. So may we all, who here are met Thy ho - ly name to bless,



## STEPHENS—Concluded.

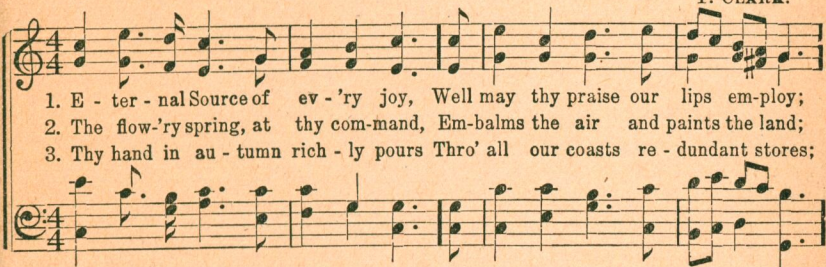


And pu - ri - fy our hearts to taste Thy good - ness more and more.  
Break down the self - in - dul - gent will; Gird us with strength di - vine.  
At length in our e - ter - nal home, Thine end - less joys pos - sess.

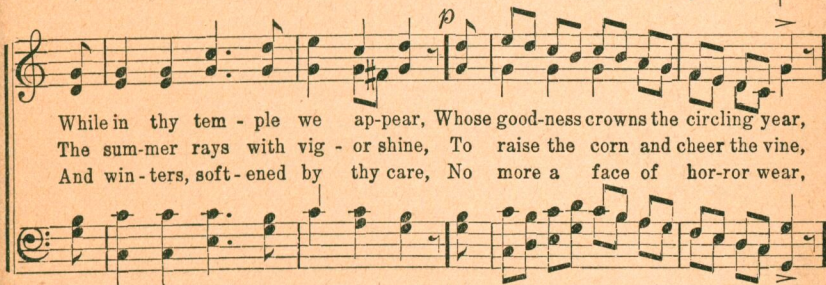
310 (299)

RAMSGATE. L. M. (S. H. 166)

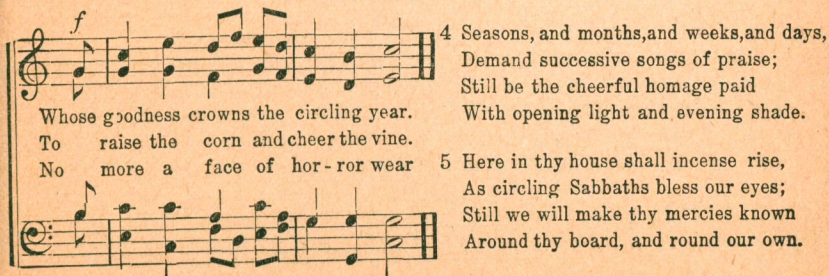
T. CLARK.



1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy;  
2. The flow - ryspring, at thy com - mand, Em - balm the air and paints the land;  
3. Thy hand in au - tumn rich - ly pours Thro' all our coasts re - dundant stores;



While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose good - ness crowns the circling year,  
The sum - mer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine,  
And win - ters, soft - ened by thy care, No more a face of hor - ror wear,



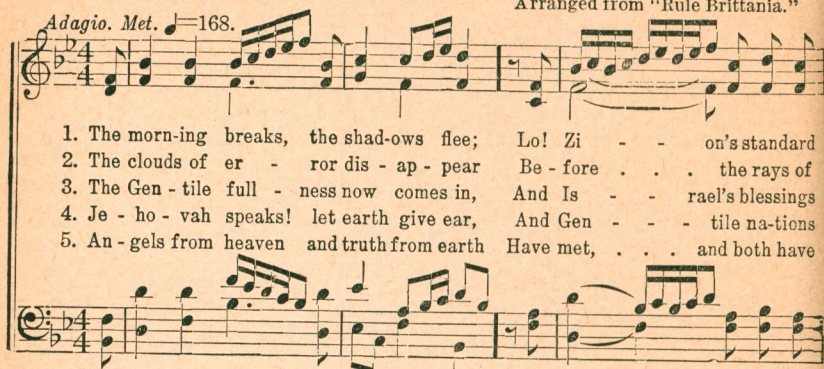
4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With opening light and evening shade.  
5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;  
Still we will make thy mercies known  
Around thy board, and round our own.




## 311 (729)

## BRITANIA. L. M. (S. H. 387)

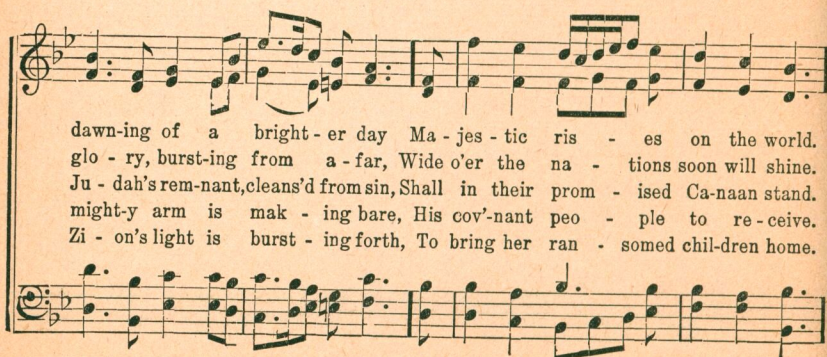
Arranged from "Rule Britannia."

*Adagio. Met.* ♩ = 168.


1. The morn-ing breaks, the shad-ows flee; Lo! Zi - - on's standard  
 2. The clouds of er - ror dis - ap - pear Be - fore . . . the rays of  
 3. The Gen - tile full - ness now comes in, And Is - - rael's blessings  
 4. Je - ho - vah speaks! let earth give ear, And Gen - - tile na-tions  
 5. An - gels from heaven and truth from earth Have met, . . . and both have



is . . . . un-furled! Lo! Zi - on's stan - dard is un - furled! The  
 truth . . di - vine— Be - fore the rays of truth di - vine— The  
 are . . . at hand: And Is - rael's bless - ings are at hand: Lo!  
 turn . . . and live— And Gen - tile na - tions turn and live— His  
 re - - cord borne; Have met, and both have re - cord borne: Thus



dawn-ing of a bright - er day Ma - jes - tic ris - es on the world.  
 glo - ry, burst-ing from a - far, Wide o'er the na - tions soon will shine.  
 Ju - dah's rem-nant, cleans'd from sin, Shall in their prom - ised Ca-naan stand.  
 might-y arm is mak - ing bare, His cov'-nant peo - ple to re-ceive.  
 Zi - on's light is burst - ing forth, To bring her ran - somed chil-dren home.



CHORUS. *Marcato.*

BRITANIA.—Concluded.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'BRITANIA'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The music is marked 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'Marcato'. The lyrics are: 'Raise the ensign; Earth's conqueror will come, And reign in glo - ry on His throne'.

**312 (570) AUBURN: 8s, 6s & 8s. (S. H. 312).**

H. R. MILLS.

Musical score for the first system of hymn 312. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are: '1. Let songs of prais-es fill the sky! Christ our as-cend-ed Lord, 2. The Spir - it, by his heav'n-ly breath, New life cre-ates with - in; 3. The things of Christ the Spir - it takes, And shows them un - to men; 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove, With thy ce - les - tial fire;'.

Musical score for the second system of hymn 312. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'Sends down his Spir - it from on high, Ac - cord - ing to his word: He quick-ens sin - ners from the death Of tres - pass-es and sin. The ran-somed soul his tem - ple makes; God's im - age stamps a - gain: Come, and with flames of zeal and love Our hearts and tongues in - spire:'.

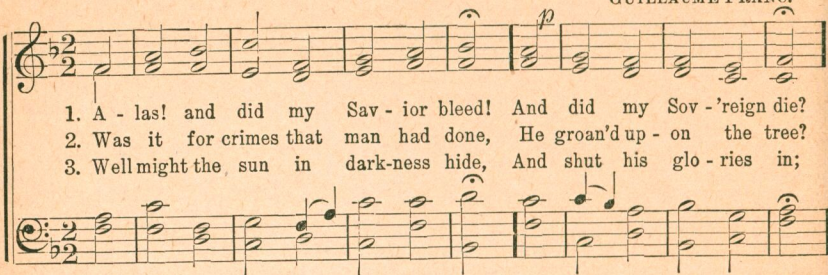
Musical score for the third system of hymn 312. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'All hail the day of Pen - te - cost, The com - ing of the Ho - ly Ghost! All hail the day of Pen - te - cost, The com - ing of the Ho - ly Ghost! All hail the day of Pen - te - cost, The com - ing of the Ho - ly Ghost! Be this our day of Pen - te - cost, The com - ing of the Ho - ly Ghost!'.



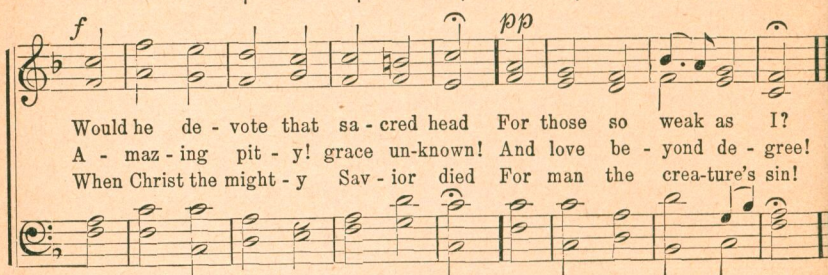
## 313 (453)

## DUNDEE. C. M. (S. H. 259)

GUILLAUME FRANC.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed! And did my Sov - 'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that man had done, He groan'd up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in;



Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For those so weak as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ the might - y Sav - ior died For man the crea-ture's sin!

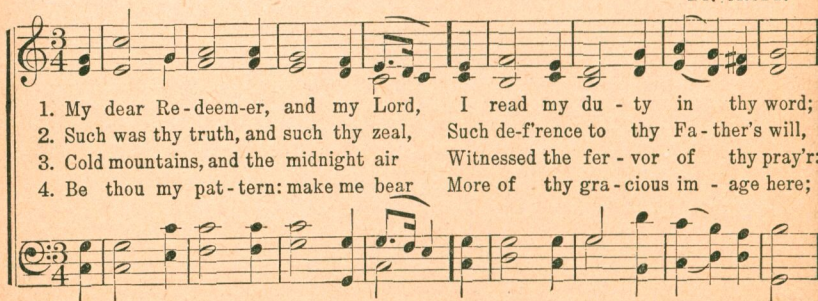
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears;  
 Rejoice in heartfelt thankfulness,  
 Or weep repentant tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe:  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## 314 (400)

## WINCHESTER. L. M. (S. H. 215)

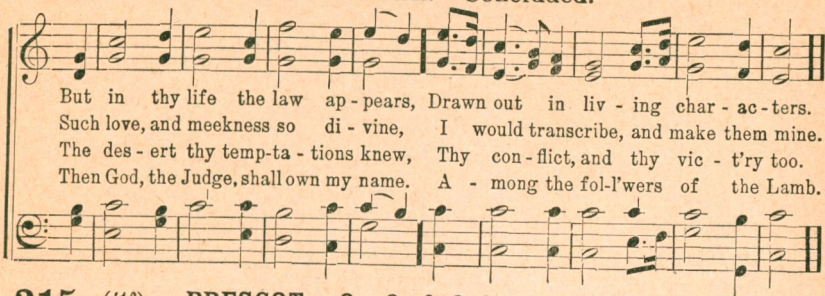
Dr. CROFT.



1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;  
 2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such de-f'rence to thy Fa-ther's will,  
 3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air Witnessed the fer - vor of thy pray'r:  
 4. Be thou my pat-tern: make me bear More of thy gra-cious im - age here;



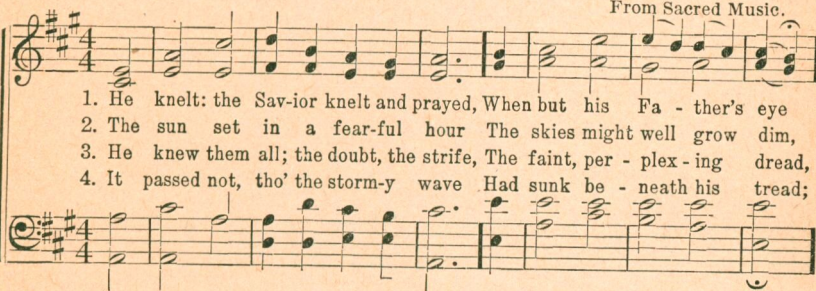
## WINCHESTER.—Concluded.



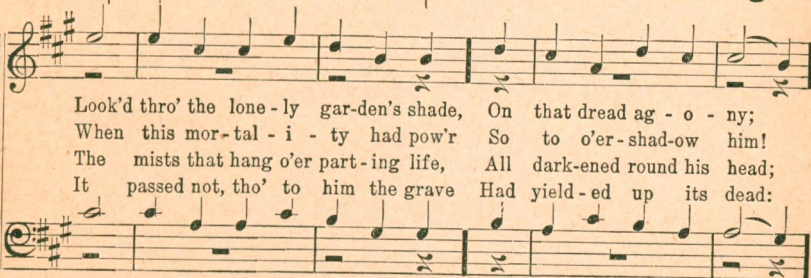
But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.  
 Such love, and meekness so di-vine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.  
 The des-ert thy temp-ta-tions knew, Thy con-flict, and thy vic-t'ry too.  
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name. A-mong the fol-l'wers of the Lamb.

## 315 (416) PRESCOT. 8s, 6s &amp; 2-8s. (S. H. 230)

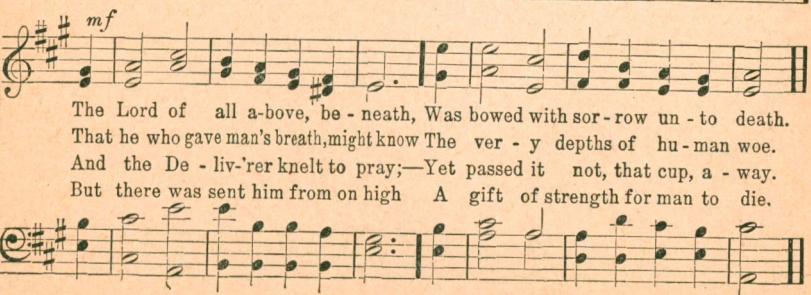
From Sacred Music.



1. He knelt: the Sav-ior knelt and prayed, When but his Fa-ther's eye  
 2. The sun set in a fear-ful hour The skies might well grow dim,  
 3. He knew them all; the doubt, the strife, The faint, per-plex-ing dread,  
 4. It passed not, tho' the storm-y wave Had sunk be-neath his tread;



Look'd thro' the lone-ly gar-den's shade, On that dread ag-o-ny;  
 When this mor-tal-i-ty had pow'r So to o'er-shad-ow him!  
 The mists that hang o'er part-ing life, All dark-ened round his head;  
 It passed not, tho' to him the grave Had yield-ed up its dead:

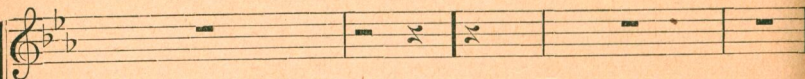
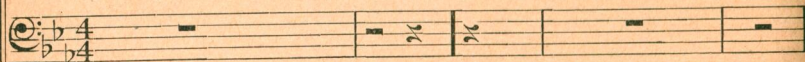


*mf*  
 The Lord of all a-bove, be-neath, Was bowed with sor-row un-to death.  
 That he who gave man's breath, might know The ver-y depths of hu-man woe.  
 And the De-liv-er-er knelt to pray;—Yet passed it not, that cup, a-way.  
 But there was sent him from on high A gift of strength for man to die.



**316** (386) **WATCHMAN. 7s. D: (S. H. 216)***Each stanza by two duets only, till tutti (all) is reached.*

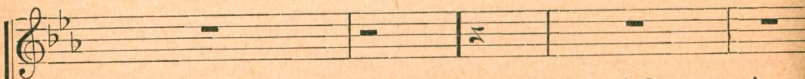
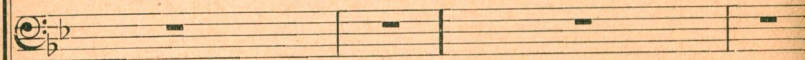
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are—
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends;—
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn—



Trav-ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!  
 Trav-ler! bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends!—  
 Trav-ler! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.



Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?—  
 Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?—  
 Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home—



Trav-ler! yes; it brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.  
 Trav-ler! a-ges are its own,— See! it bursts o'er all the earth.  
 Trav-ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!





## WATCHMAN.—Concluded.

*Tutti. m*

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?—  
 Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?—  
 Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home—

Trav'-ler! yes; it brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.  
 Trav'-ler! a - ges are its own,— See! it bursts o'er all the earth.  
 Trav'-ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

317 (499)

ELTHAM. 7s. D. (S. H. 287)

DR. L. MASON.

FINE.

1. { Lord, have mer - cy when we pray, Strength to seek a bet - ter way; }  
 { When our wak'-ning tho'ts be - gin First to loathe their cher - ished sin; }  
*D. C.*—When the dim, ad-vanc-ing gloom Tells us that our hour is come.  
 2. { Lord, have mer - cy, when we know First how vain this world be - low; }  
 { When its dark - er tho'ts op-press, Doubts per-plex, and fears dis - tress; }  
*D. C.*—Than thy fost'ring grace af - ford; Then, O then, have mer - cy, Lord!

*D. C.*  
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still, From the dread of fut - ure ill;  
 When the ear-liest gleam is giv-en Of the bright but dis - tant heaven;



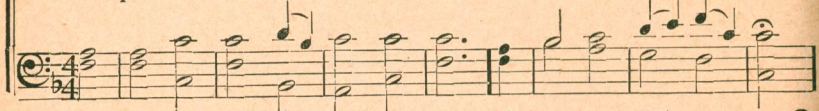
## 318 (45)

## ARABIA. C. M. (S. H. 38)

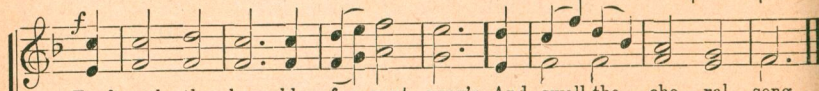
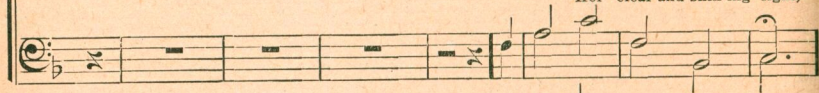
JOHN COLLE.



1. Thy cho-sen tem-ple, Lord, how fair! Where will-ing vo-t'ries throng  
 2. Spir-it of grace! oh, deign to dwell With-in thy church be-low;  
 3. Let peace with-in her walls be found; Let all her sons u-nite,



- To breathe the hum-ble, fer-vent pray'r, And swell the cho-ral song;  
 Make her in ho-li-ness ex-cel, With pure de-vo-tion glow;  
 To spread with grate-ful zeal a-round Her clear and shin-ing light;



- To breathe the hum-ble, fer-vent pray'r, And swell the cho-ral song.  
 Make her in ho-li-ness ex-cel, With pure de-vo-tion glow.  
 To spread the grate-ful zeal a-round Her clear and shin-ing light.



## 319 (137)

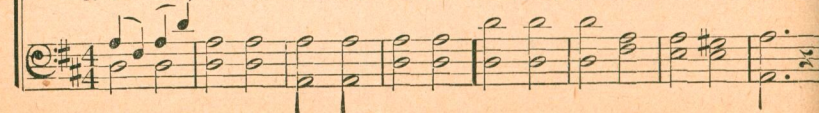
## EVENING. 8s &amp; 7s: (S. H. 160)

*With gentleness and delicacy.**cres.*

W. \*\*



1. Sweetly may the blessed Spir-it, On each faithful bo-som shine;  
 2. Since thou tak'st de-light in giv-ing We would glad-ly ask and have;  
 3. We would seek t'ob-tain his fa-vor Which is bet-ter far than gold;  
 4. Pass-ing hon-ors, tran-sient pleasures, Boast-ing joys, for ev-er flown;  
 5. Sav-ior, to as-sist our weakness, Let thy grace suf-fi-cient be;





## EVENING.—Concluded.

*p* DUET.*mf**mf**dim.*

May we ev - 'ry grace in - her - it: Lord, we seek a boon di - vine.  
 Grateful - ly each gift re - ceiv - ing, In his name who died to save.  
 May his gos - pel prove the sa - vor Of a life that's ne'er been told.  
 May we seek to lay up treas - ures Where de - cay shall ne'er be known.  
 Bless with wis - dom and with meek - ness, Till we full sal - va - tion see.

## 320 (143) BRADLEY CHURCH. (Queen Street) S. M. (S. H. 41)

F. MORTIMER.

1. Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy prom - ised pres - ence claim; Je -  
 2. Thy name sal - va - tion is, Which here we come to prove; Thy

sus, we look to thee, Thy promis'd presence claim; Thou in the midst of  
 name sal - va - tion is, Which here we come to prove; Thy name is Life and

us shalt be, Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As - sem - bled in thy name.  
 Health and Peace, Thy name is Life and Health and Peace, And ev - er - last - ing Love.



## 321 (938)

## GATHER TO ZION.

J. F. WILLIAMS.

1. Come all ye sons of Zi - on, And let us praise the Lord:  
 2. Come, ye dis-persed of Ju - dah, Join in the theme and sing  
 3. Re - joice, re - joice, O Is - rael! And let your joys a - bound;  
 4. Then gath - er up for Zi - on, Ye saints, thro'-out the land,

His ran-som'd are re - turn - ing, Ac - cord - ing to his word.  
 With har - mon - y un - ceas - ing, The prais - es of your King,  
 The voice of God shall reach you, Wher - ev - er you are found;  
 And clear the way be - fore you, As God shall give com - mand:

With sa - cred songs and glad - ness, They walk the nar - row way,  
 Whose arm is now ex - tend - ed, On which the world may gaze,  
 And call you back from bond - age, That you may sing his praise,  
 Tho' wick - ed men and dev - ils Ex - ert their pow'r, 'tis vain,

And thank the Lord who bro't them To see the lat - ter day.  
 To gath - er up the right - eous, In these the lat - ter days.  
 In Zi - on and Je - ru - sa - lem, In these the lat - ter days.  
 Since he who is E - ter - nal, Has said you shall ob - tain.



322

## MYRTA. C. M.

Words and Music by H. E. MOLER.



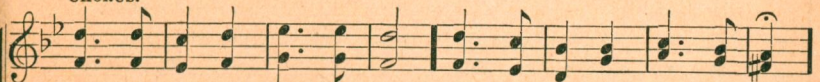
1. O Lord, we come be - fore thee now, Thy word to speak and hear;
2. We feel our need of aid di - vine— Of help that comes from thee;
3. Oh, bless thy serv - ant, as he stands: The gos - pel to pro - claim;
4. Help us, thy glo - rious truth to see, The gos - pel's sav - ing plan,
5. Thus may thy Spir - it's pres - ence bless Those, who've as - sem - bled here;
6. Re - vive us, Lord, by thy great pow'r, And help us to con - tend



Oh, help us at thy feet to bow, And feel that thou art near.  
 Grant, that thy truth may clear - ly shine, And help us, Lord, to see.  
 That those, who hear, may un - der - stand The great - ness of thy name.  
 Which thou hast sent on earth, to be Sal - va - tion's law for man.  
 That peace, and love, and right - eous - ness May in our lives ap - pear.  
 For bless - ings great each day and hour, And la - bor till the end.



## CHORUS.



Hear us, Lord, on thee we call, Send thy Ho - ly Spir - it down;



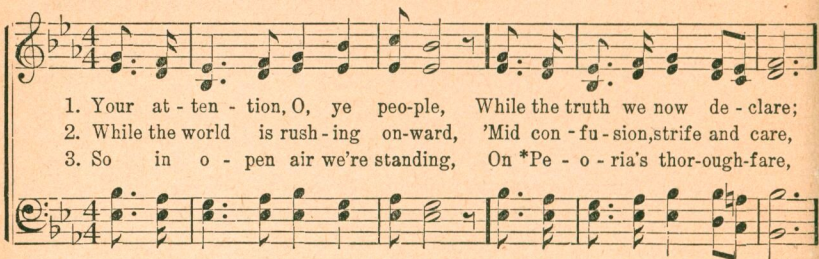
Oh, bless thy sa - cred word, to all May light and peace a - bound.



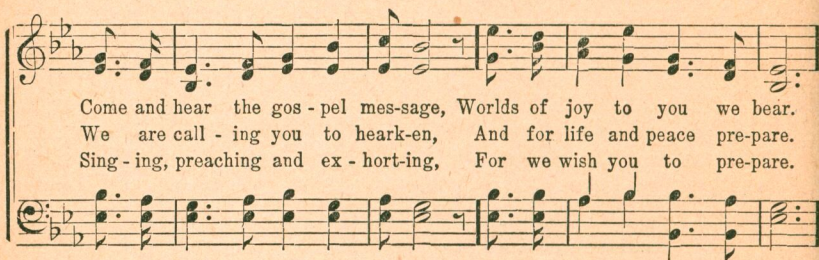


## 323

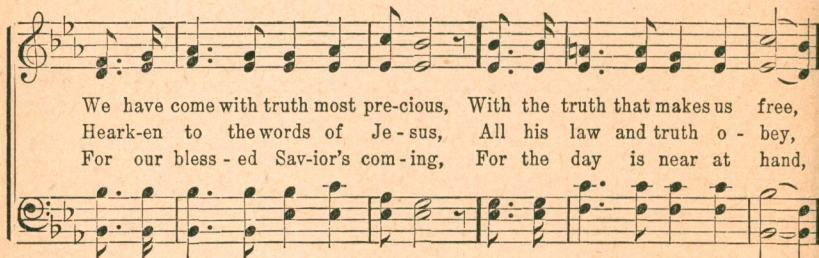
## OPEN AIR SONG.



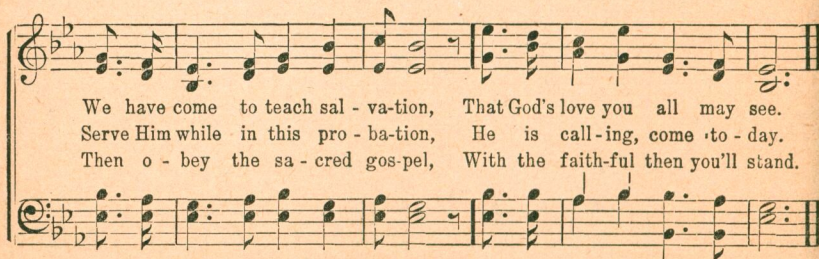
1. Your at - ten - tion, O, ye peo-ple, While the truth we now de - clare;  
 2. While the world is rush - ing on - ward, 'Mid con - fu - sion, strife and care,  
 3. So in o - pen air we're standing, On \*Pe - o - ria's thor-ough-fare,



Come and hear the gos - pel mes - sage, Worlds of joy to you we bear.  
 We are call - ing you to heark-en, And for life and peace pre-pare.  
 Sing - ing, preaching and ex - hort-ing, For we wish you to pre-pare.



We have come with truth most pre-cious, With the truth that makes us free,  
 Hearn-en to the words of Je - sus, All his law and truth o - bey,  
 For our bless - ed Sav-ior's com-ing, For the day is near at hand,



We have come to teach sal - va-tion, That God's love you all may see.  
 Serve Him while in this pro - ba-tion, He is call-ing, come to - day.  
 Then o - bey the sa - cred gos-pel, With the faith-ful then you'll stand.

\*May be changed to a number of other city names.



## 324 (1088)

## ROCK OF AGES.

J. T. WILLIAMS.



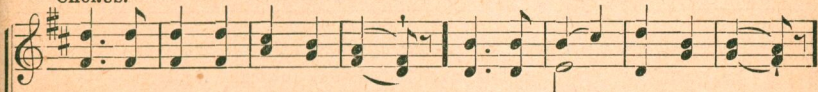
1. God, in His a - bun-dant mer - cy, Hath re-vealed a - gain His word;  
 2. Tho' the waves dash wild - ly round us, And the tem-pests fierce-ly beat,  
 3. Tho' the de - vo - tees of er - ror, May up - on our ef-forts frown;



Giv - ing each a tes - ti - mon - y That the work is of the Lord.  
 Zi - on's guard-ian's will sur-round us When we bow at Je - sus' feet.  
 With her le-gions bat-tling ev - er, We shall wear the vic - tor's crown.



## CHORUS.



On the Rock of A - ges founded, With our faith firm - ly grounded,



And by an - gel-guards sur-round-ed, We re - joice in the Lord.





## 325

## AURORA. (S. H. 151)

1. O God! give strength to all thy saints, And courage give them too;  
 2. Oh! guide our foot-steps in the wilds, And guard us day and night;  
 3. We will not per-ish, tho' we die— We'll rise to life a - gain;

And O! lend them thy might-y hand, To con-quer ev - 'ry foe.  
 Give signs when en - e - mies ap - pear, And thro' us show thy might.  
 God on - ly wants us to be brave—The bat - tle we will gain.

Thy saints are weak, but thou art strong; There's all we want in thee;  
 We want no cow-ards in our ranks, We do not think to yield;  
 Thou, God, who did the sea di - vide, And led thy peo - ple through,

And thou hast prom-ised us thine aid, When we u - nit - ed be.  
 And for the vic - t'ry we will fight, Or per - ish in the field.  
 Thy might-y hand is still the same, And we do know it, too.



326

LAND. (S. H. 83)

N. W. SMITH.

*f* *pp*

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long?  
 2. Then from the crag - gy mount - ains The sa - cred shout shall fly,

*f* *pp*

When hill and val - ley, ring - ing With one tri - umph - ant song,  
 And shad - y vales and fount - ains Shall ech - o the re - ply;

*mf* *cres.*

Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him, who once was slain,  
 High tow'r and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the cho - rus round,

*f* *p* *rit.*

A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign?  
 All hal - le - lu - jah's swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.



## 327 (1005)

## JESUS COMES TO REIGN.

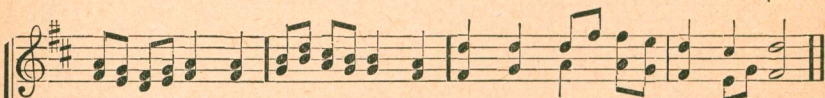
J. T. WILLIAMS.



1. Lo! he comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain!  
 2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold him, Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty!  
 3. Yea, a - men!—let all a - dore thee, High on thine e - ter - nal throne!



- Thou-sands, thou-sand saints, at - tend-ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train:  
 Those who set at naught and sold him, Pierc'd, and nail d him to the tree,  
 Sav - ior, take the pow'r and glo - ry; Make thy right-eous sen-tence known!



- Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes—and comes to reign.  
 Deep-ly wail-ing, Deep-ly wail-ing, Shall their true Mes - si - ah see!  
 O come quickly—O come quickly—Claim the king - dom for thine own!



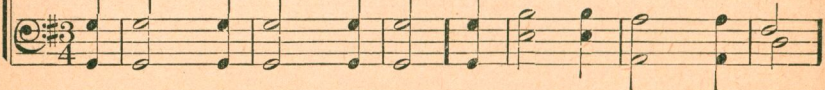
## 328

## TRUST. (S. H. 235)

N. W. SMITH.

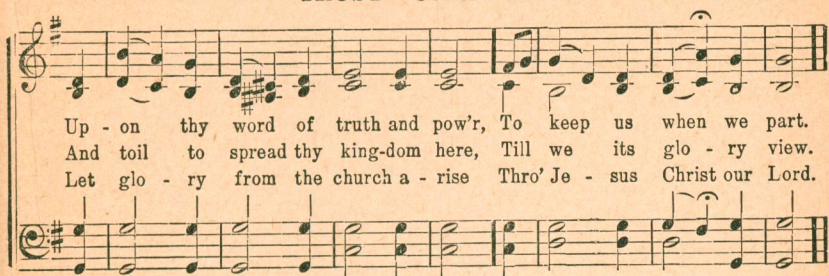


1. Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev - 'ry heart  
 2. Thro' chang - es bright or drear, We would thy will pur - sue;  
 3. To God, the On - ly Wise, In ev - 'ry age a - dored,





## TRUST—Concluded.



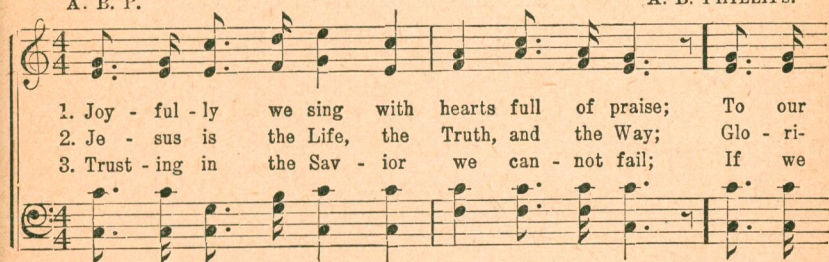
Up - on thy word of truth and pow'r, To keep us when we part.  
And toil to spread thy king-dom here, Till we its glo - ry view.  
Let glo - ry from the church a - rise Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

329

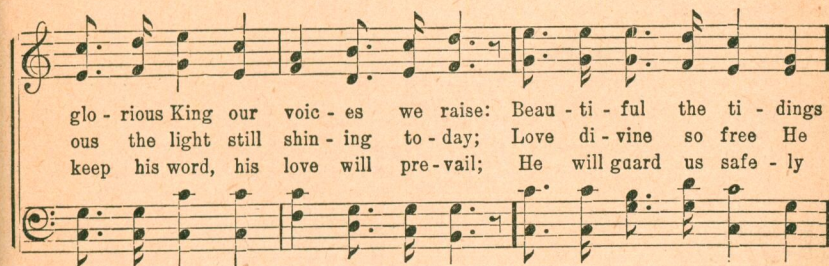
## ENCOMIUM.

A. B. P.

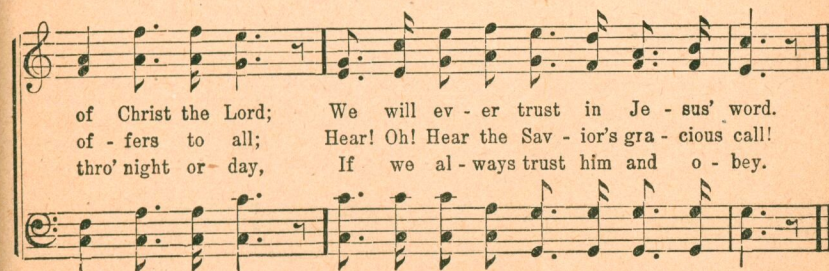
A. B. PHILLIPS.



1. Joy - ful - ly we sing with hearts full of praise; To our  
2. Je - sus is the Life, the Truth, and the Way; Glo - ri -  
3. Trust - ing in the Sav - ior we can - not fail; If we



glo - rious King our voic - es we raise: Beau - ti - ful the ti - dings  
ous the light still shin - ing to - day; Love di - vine so free He  
keep his word, his love will pre - vail; He will guard us safe - ly



of Christ the Lord; We will ev - er trust in Je - sus' word.  
of - fers to all; Hear! Oh! Hear the Sav - ior's gra - cious call!  
thro' night or - day, If we al - ways trust him and o - bey.



**330** (389) **VESPER.** 8s, 7s & 4s. (S. H. 218)

Russian Air.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth!  
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night,  
 3. Saints, be-fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:  
 God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the heav'nly light:  
 Sud - den - ly, the Lord de - scend-ing, In his tem - ple shall ap - pear:

Come and wor-ship,—Come and wor-ship,—Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.  
 Come and wor-ship,—Come and wor-ship,—Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.  
 Come and wor-ship,—Come and wor-ship,—Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men,



## VESPER—Concluded.

*f* *p* *f* *p* *D. S.*

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

331 (252)

GARFIELD. L. M. (S. H. 180)

*Gently.*

N. W. SMITH. 1886.

1. Un - to the high and might - y Lord We lift our  
 2. Great God, thy mer - cies, like the dew, Fall on us  
 3. God of the morn - ing, while the day Beams with the

morn - ing strain of praise, In notes of joy his  
 at the ev'n - ing's shade, And with each morn - ing,  
 light of love di - vine, We with its dawn our

love re - cord, And songs o' thank - ful glad - ness raise.  
 bless - ings new Shine o'er the works thy hand hath made.  
 hom - age pay,— Thou art our God, and we are thine.



## 332 (35)

## EGYPT. 6-8s. (S. H. 28)

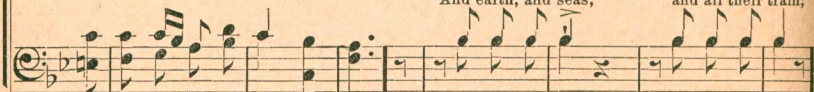
English, Arr. by Editor.

*Andantino.*

1. Hap-py the man whose hopes re-ly On Is - rael's God; he made the sky,
  2. The Lord gives eye - sight to the blind; The Lord supports the fainting mind;
  3. I'll praise him while he lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
1. Hap - py the man



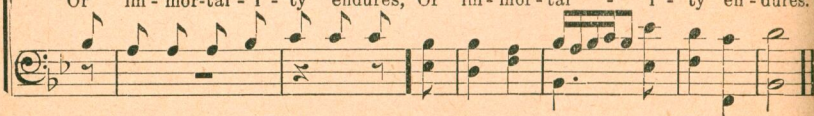
On Israel's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, and all their train;  
 The Lord supports the fainting mind; He sends the la - b'ring con-science peace;  
 And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs,  
 And earth, and seas, and all their train;



His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
 He helps the stran-ger in dis - tress, The wid-ow and the fa - ther-less,  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life, and tho't, and be - ing last,



And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find his promise vain.  
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release, And grants the pris - 'ner sweet re - lease.  
 Or im - mor - tal - i - ty endures, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.





**333** (215) **AGATE.** 10s & 11s: (S. H. 136) (Rockingham.)

1. O Je - sus, our Lord, thy name be a - dored, For all the rich  
2. Thrice hap - py are they who hear and o - bey, And share in the

bles - sings con - veyed in thy word; Be - liev - ing, we trace thy  
bles - sings of this gos - pel - day, That bless - ing be mine, thro'

won - ders of grace, And cheer - ful - ly join in a  
fa - vor di - vine; And, O my Re - deem - er, the

con - cert of praise, And cheer - ful - ly join in a con - cert of praise.  
glo - ry be thine, And, O my Re - deem - er, the glo - ry be thine.



## 334 (849)

## WAREHAM. lls. (S. H. 426)

W. KNAPP.

1. How blest are the dead who have died in the Lord, E'en so, saith the  
 2. Yea bless-ed are they from henceforth and for aye, They rest from their  
 3. Yea bless-ed are they, for their life is with God; Thro' Je - sus they

Spir - it, A - men, and A - men! The proph-et, com-mand-ed, those  
 sor - row and toil ev - er - more; Their works too shall fol - low, the  
 tri - umph o'er sin, death and hell; Their feet have been firm in the

words doth re - cord, Sweet com-fort to give to the chil-dren of men.  
 Spir - it doth say, To reap their re-ward they have gone on be - fore.  
 path that he trod, Their trust was in him who hath done all things well.

- 4 Thrice blessed are they for no woes can invade  
 That blissful abode, where they rest from their toil;  
 No more are they called through affliction to wade,  
 They bask evermore in their Savior's sweet smile.
- 5 Then weep not, bereft ones, as those without hope—  
 All is well with th' loved ones who've gone on before;  
 Walk on in their footsteps; to Jesus look up;  
 Secure the great blessing of Life Evermore.



335 (365)

APOSTOLATE. C. M. (S. H. 200)

A. UNICORN.

1. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere earth or heav'n was made;  
2. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands present to thy view;

Ere earth . . . . . or heav'n was made; Thou art the ev - er -  
Stands pre - - - sent to thy view; To thee, there's no - thing  
Stands pre-sent

liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead, Were all the na - tions  
old ap - pears, Great God! there's nothing new, Great God! there's noth - ing

Were all . . . the nations dead.  
dead, Were all  
Great God! . . there's nothing new.  
new, Great God!

3 Our lives thro' varying scenes are drawn  
And vexed with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

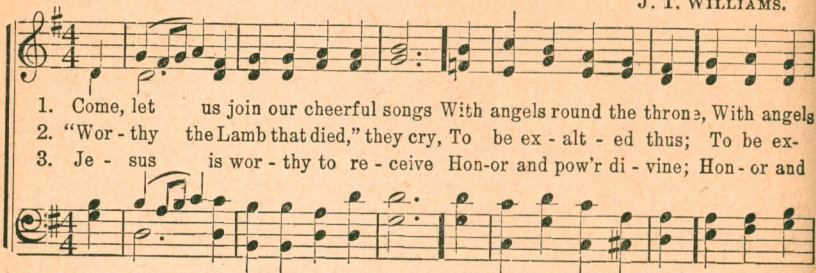
4 Great God! how infinite art thou  
How frail and weak are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And homage pay to thee.



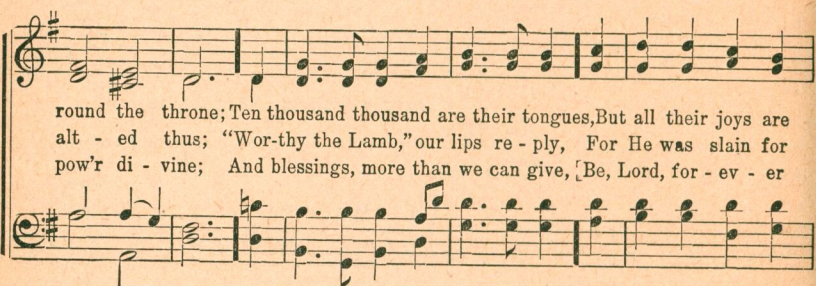
## 336 (55)

## CHEERFUL SONGS.

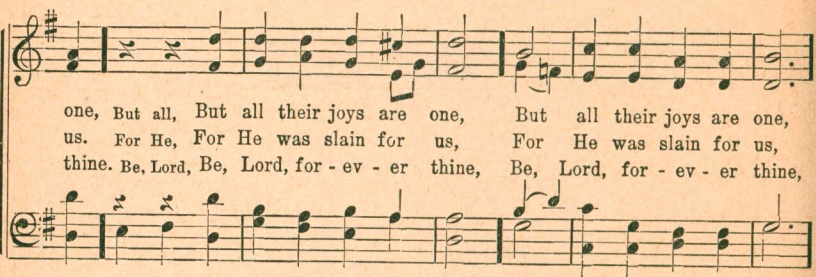
J. T. WILLIAMS.



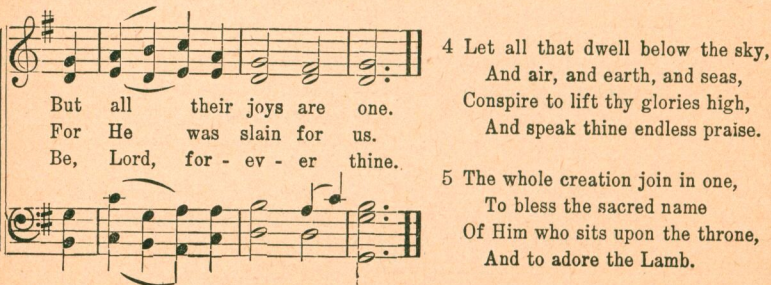
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne, With angels  
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus; To be ex -  
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine; Hon - or and



round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are  
alt - ed thus; "Wor - thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, For He was slain for  
pow'r di - vine; And blessings, more than we can give, [Be, Lord, for - ev - er



one, But all, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one,  
us. For He, For He was slain for us, For He was slain for us,  
thine. Be, Lord, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine,



But all their joys are one.  
For He was slain for us.  
Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

4 Let all that dwell below the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

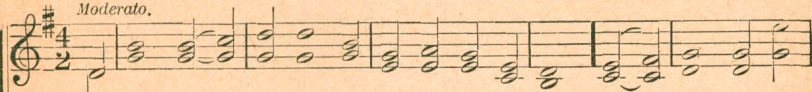


## 337

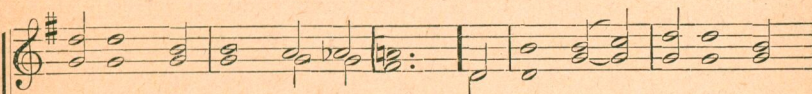
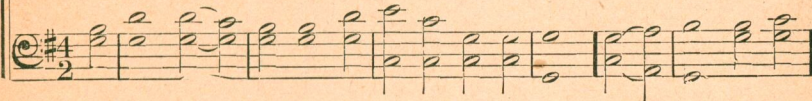
## ONE HOUR WITH JESUS.

WILLIAM LEWIS.

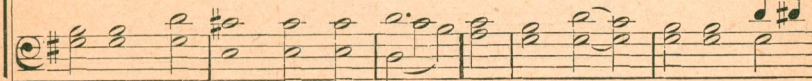
JOHN L. MORGAN.

*Moderato.*

1. One hour with Je - sus the shep - herd of the fold, I es - teem of more  
 2. The world and its fol - ly I bid them all a - dieu, I find there no  
 3. One hour with Je - sus a grand feast to my soul, My bur - dens are



- val - ue than sil - ver or gold; The peace - ful com - mun - ion sent  
 com - fort that's last - ing and true; One hour with Je - sus that  
 light and my yoke eas - ly borne; Tho' hard - ships and tri - als I



- down from a - bove, Makes clear to my vis - ion his mis - sion of love.  
 no - ble true friend, Brings peace to my soul that will nev - er more end.  
 may have to meet, The spir - it bears wit - ness the end will be sweet.



- 4 One hour with Jesus the true friend of the weak,  
 Is very consoling on land or the deep;  
 The path may be thorny or waves mountain high,  
 There's joy in the thought that my Savior is nigh.

- 5 One hour with Jesus the joy of my life,  
 Will cleanse from the heart all malice and strife;  
 And give me new courage to press my way on,  
 In sunshine or darkness in calm or in storm.



**338** (546) **JORDAN. 6-8s. (Palestine.)** (S. H. 299)

JOSEPH MAZZINGHI.

1. In Jor-dan's tide the proph-et stands, Im - mers - ing the re-  
 2. Won-der, ye heav-ens! your Maker lies In deeps con - cealed from  
 3. But lo! from yon-der o - pening skies, What beams of daz - zling  
 4. But hark, my soul, hark and a - dore! What sounds are those that

pent - ing Jews; The Son of God the right de-mands,  
 hu - man view; Ye men be - hold him sink and rise,  
 glo - ry spread! Dove - like th'E - ter - nal Spir - it flies,  
 roll . . . a - long? Not like loud Sin - ai's aw - ful roar;

Nor dares . . . the ho - ly man re - fuse: Je - sus de-  
 A fit . . . . ex - am - ple thus for you: The sa - cred  
 And lights . . . on the Re - deem - er's head; A - mazed they  
 But soft . . . and sweet as Ga - briel's song! "This is my

scends be - neath the wave, The em - blem of his fut - ure grave.  
 re - cord, while you read, Calls you . . . to im - i - tate the deed.  
 see the pow'r di - vine A - round . . the Sav - ior's tem - ples shine.  
 well be - lov - ed Son; I see, . . . well pleased, what he hath done?"



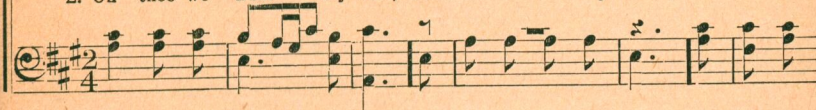
339 (609)

## PLEASANT GROVE. S. M. (S. H. 314)

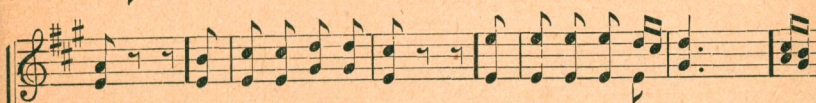
English. Arranged.



1. Lord of the har - vest, hear The need-y serv-ants' cry, Thy need-y  
 2. On thee we hum - bly wait, Our wants are in thy view, Our wants are



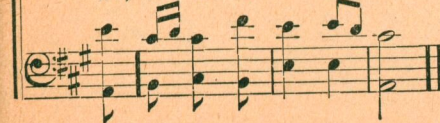
servants' cry, By faith ef - fect - ual make our pray'r, And all our wants sup-  
 in thy view; The har-vest, tru - ly, Lord, is great, The la - bor-ers are <sup>And</sup>  
 The



ply, And all our wants supply, And all our wants sup-ply, And  
 all our wants sup-ply, And all our wants sup-ply, And all our wants sup-  
 few, The la - bor-ers are few, The la - bor-ers are few, The  
 la - bor-ers are few, The la - bor-ers are few, The la - bor-ers are



all . . . . . our wants sup - ply.  
 ply, And all our wants sup - ply.  
 la - - - bor - ers are few.  
 few, The la - bor - ers are few.



3 Inspire, and send forth more  
 Into thy church abroad,  
 And let them speak thy word of power,  
 As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,  
 Their mission fully prove;  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 Thine all-redeeming love!



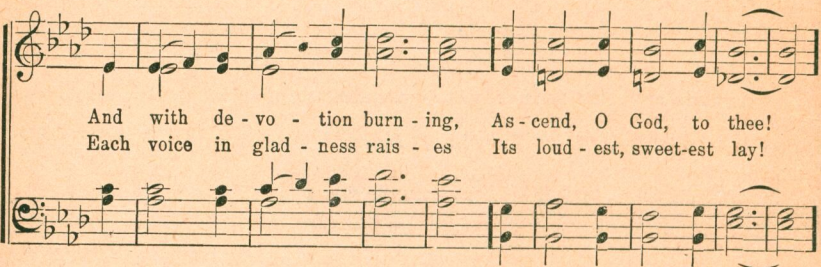
## 340 (293)

## GOSPEL RESTORED.

D. I. BATH.



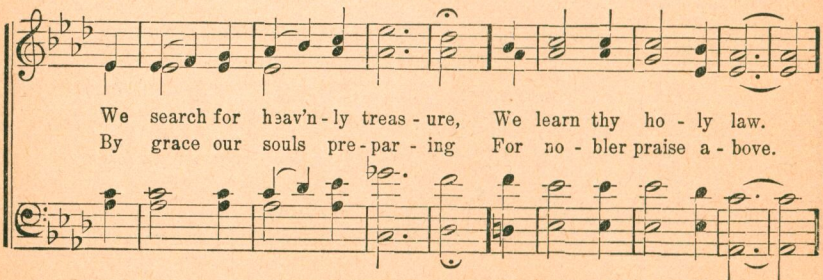
1. Thine ho - ly day's re - turn - ing, Our hearts ex - ult to see;  
 2. We join to sing thy prais - es, Lord of the Sab-bath day;



And with de - vo - tion burn - ing, As - cend, O God, to thee!  
 Each voice in glad - ness rais - es Its loud - est, sweet - est lay!



To - day with pur - est pleas - ure, Our thot's from earth with - draw;  
 Thy rich - est mer - cies shar - ing, In - spire us with thy love,



We search for heav'n - ly treas - ure, We learn thy ho - ly law.  
 By grace our souls pre - par - ing For no - bler praise a - bove.



## GOSPEL RESTORED.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

All join and sing his prais - es With tune - ful heart and voice,

And as each cho - rus rais - es, Let ev - 'ry soul re - joice.

## 341 (1071) WITNESS. P. M. or 7s &amp; 6s, D (S. H. 523)

M. OSTRACIS.

*Andantino.*

FINE.

1. { We as the liv - ing wit - ness - es De - clare the word to you, }  
 { And bear our tes - ti - mo - ny That what we teach is true; }

D. C.—For God him - self re - vealed it; We know what we be - lieve.

2. { The Lord has tru - ly blessed us In this the lat - ter day; }  
 { In Spir - it he doth ans - wer us When we do hum - bly pray. }

D. C.—And this is tes - ti - mo - ny That what we teach is true.

D. C.

Be - ware how you re - ceive it, Do not your - selves de - ceive,  
 We have the gift of unknown tongues, The gift of heal - ing too,



## 342 (391)

## SYRIA. P. M. (S. H. 220)

*With feeling.*

FATTERI,

1. O love - ly voic - es of the sky, Which hymned the Sav-ior's birth!  
 2. O clear and shin - ing Light whose beams That hour heav'n's glo - ry shed  
 3. O star which led to him whose love Brought down man's ran-som free!

Are ye not sing - ing still on high, Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?  
 A - round the palms, and o'er the streams, And on the shep-herd's head!  
 Where art thou?—'midst the host a - bove, May we still gaze on thee?

To us yet speak the strains, Where-with, in time gone by,  
 To us yet Where-with, in  
 Be near, thro' life and death, As in that holi - est night  
 Be near, thro' As in that  
 In heav'n thou art not set, Thy rays earth may not dim;  
 In heav'n thou Thy rays earth

Ye blest the Syr - ian swains, Ye blest the Syr - ian swains,  
 Of hope, and joy, and faith; Of hope, and joy, and faith;  
 Send them to guide us yet, Send them to guide us yet,



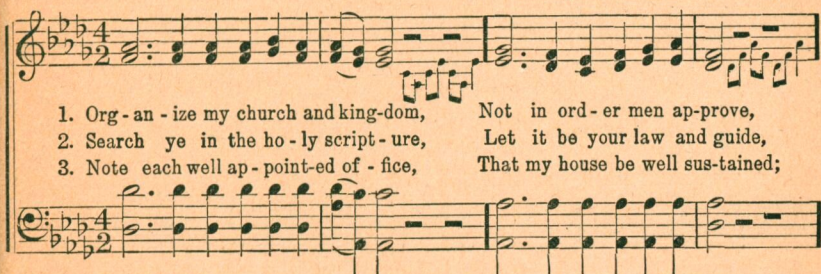
## SYRIA.—Concluded.



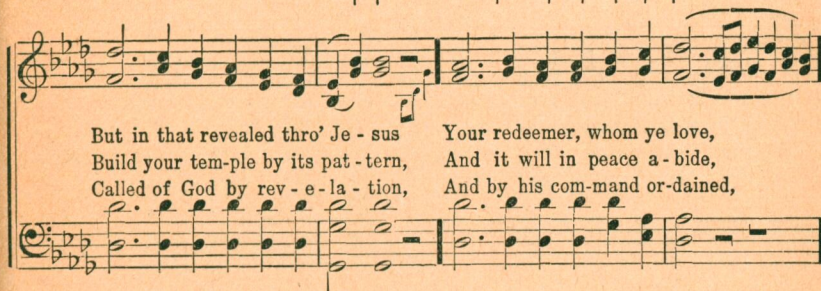
O voic - es of the sky! O voic - es of the sky?  
O clear and shin - ing Light! O clear and shin - ing Light!  
O Star which led to him! O Star which led to him!

## 343 (646) SWITZERLAND. 8s &amp; 7s. (S. H. 349)

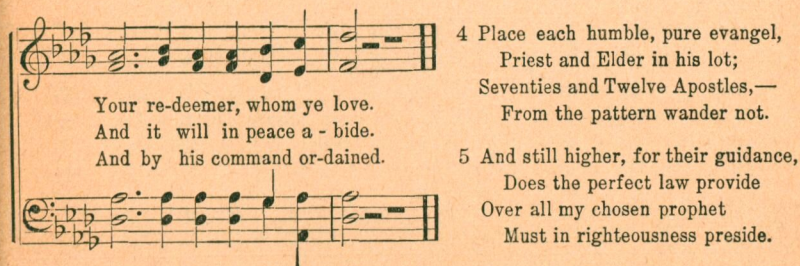
Arranged from a Swiss Melody.



1. Org - an - ize my church and king - dom, Not in ord - er men ap - prove,  
2. Search ye in the ho - ly script - ure, Let it be your law and guide,  
3. Note each well ap - point - ed of - fice, That my house be well sus - tained;



But in that revealed thro' Je - sus Your redeemer, whom ye love,  
Build your tem - ple by its pat - tern, And it will in peace a - bide,  
Called of God by rev - e - la - tion, And by his com - mand or - dained,



Your re - deemer, whom ye love.  
And it will in peace a - bide.  
And by his command or - dained.

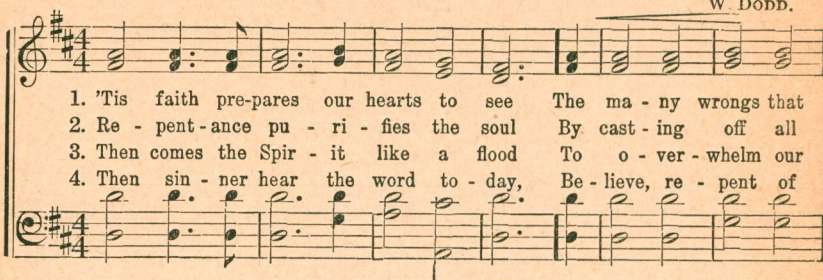
4 Place each humble, pure evangel,  
Priest and Elder in his lot;  
Seventies and Twelve Apostles, —  
From the pattern wander not.

5 And still higher, for their guidance,  
Does the perfect law provide  
Over all my chosen prophet  
Must in righteousness preside.

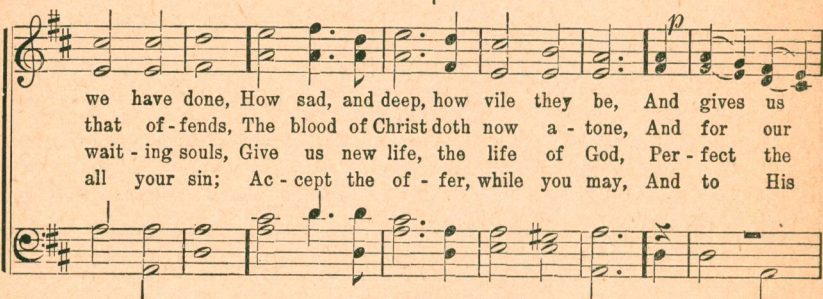


**344** (529) **PARKER.** 6-8s, or L. M. D. (S. H. 292)

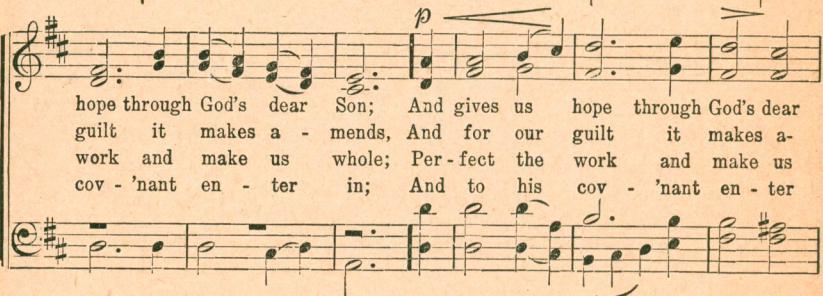
W. Dodd.



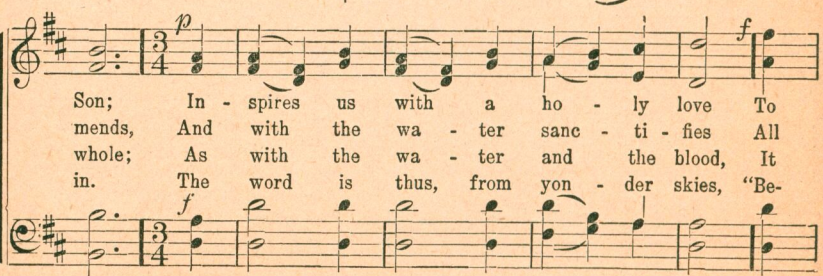
1. 'Tis faith pre-pares our hearts to see The ma - ny wrongs that  
 2. Re - pent-ance pu - ri - fies the soul By cast - ing off all  
 3. Then comes the Spir - it like a flood To o - ver - whelm our  
 4. Then sin - ner hear the word to - day, Be - lieve, re - pent of



we have done, How sad, and deep, how vile they be, And gives us  
 that of - fends, The blood of Christ doth now a - tone, And for our  
 wait - ing souls, Give us new life, the life of God, Per - fect the  
 all your sin; Ac - cept the of - fer, while you may, And to His



hope through God's dear Son; And gives us hope through God's dear  
 guilt it makes a - mends, And for our guilt it makes a-  
 work and make us whole; Per - fect the work and make us  
 cov - 'nant en - ter in; And to his cov - 'nant en - ter



Son; In - spires us with a ho - ly love To  
 mends, And with the wa - ter sanc - ti - fies All  
 whole; As with the wa - ter and the blood, It  
 in. The word is thus, from yon - der skies, "Be-



## PARKER.—Concluded.

*cres.*

serve a - lone our God a - bove; In-spires us with a  
 who be - lieve and are bap-tized; And with the wa - ter  
 tes - ti - fies we're born of God; As with the wa - ter  
 lieve, re - pent and be bap-tized;" The word is thus, from

*dim.*

ho - ly love To serve a - lone our God a - bove.  
 sanc - ti - fies All who be - lieve and are bap-tized.  
 and the blood, It tes - ti - fies we're born of God.  
 yon - der skies, "Be - lieve, re - pent and be bap-tized."

345 (240)

## PRIESTLEY ROAD. L. M.

J. HOOLE.

*Bold*

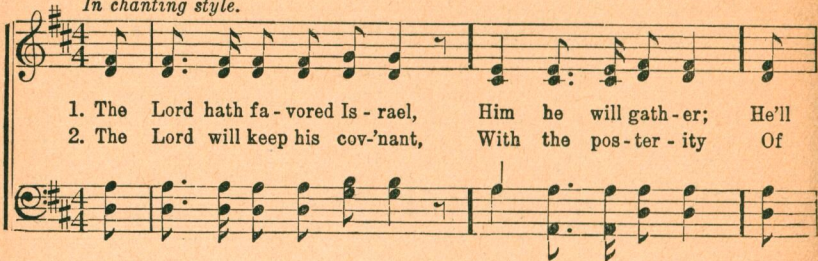
1. God of the morn-ing, at whose voice The cheer-ful sun makes haste to rise;  
 2. O, like the sun may I ful - fill Th'appointed du - ties of the day;  
 3. Lord, thy commands are clean and pure, En-light'ning our be - cloud-ed eyes;  
 4. Give me thy coun-sel for my guide, And then re-ceive me to thy bliss;

And, like a gi - ant, doth re - joice To run his jour-ney thro' the skies.  
 With read-y mind and ac - tive will March on, and keep my heav'n-ly way.  
 Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure; Thy gos-pel makes the sim - ple wise.  
 All my de-sires and hopes be - side Are faint and cold com-pared with this.

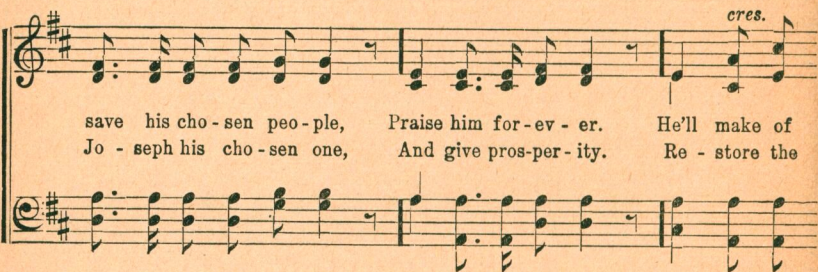


## 346 (951)

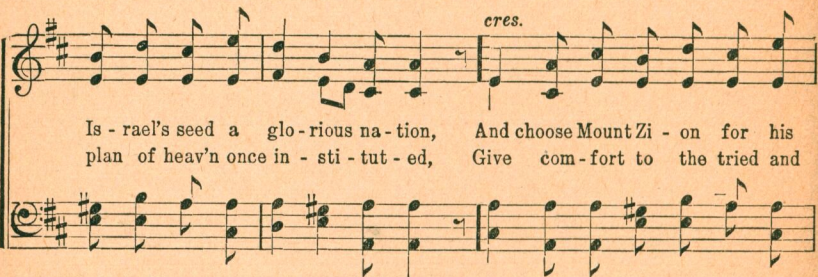
## REST FOREVER. (S. H. 474).

*In chanting style.*


1. The Lord hath fa-vored Is-rael, Him he will gath-er; He'll  
2. The Lord will keep his cov'-nant, With the pos-ter-ity Of



save his cho-sen peo-ple, Praise him for-ev-er. He'll make of  
Jo-seph his cho-sen one, And give pros-per-ity. Re-store the



Is-rael's seed a glo-rious na-tion, And choose Mount Zi-on for his  
plan of heav'n once in-sti-tut-ed, Give com-fort to the tried and



hab-i-ta-tion. The Lord hath cho-sen Zi-on, He will re-deem it;  
per-se-cut-ed. The Lord hath cho-sen Zi-on, He will re-deem it;



## REST FOREVER.—Concluded.

*p*

He'll glorious make it for his ran-somed peo-ple. } This is the place he hath  
 He'll glorious make it for his ran-somed peo-ple. } Here will he dwell with his  
 He'll glorious make it for his ran-somed peo-ple. } This is the place he hath  
 He'll glorious make it for his ran-somed peo-ple. } Here will he dwell with his

*cres.*

cho - sen for his rest, }  
 peo - ple ev - er blest. } Sing to the Lord, Prais-es to our God,—  
 cho - sen for his rest, } Sing to the Lord, Prais-es to our God,—  
 peo - ple ev - er blest. }

*mf* *f*

Songs of joy and glad-ness sing un-to his name! Ho - san-nas sing,  
 Songs of joy and glad-ness sing un-to his name! Ho - san-nas sing,

*ff* *Rit.*

Hal - le-lu-jahs sing, Hal - le-lu-jahs sing! A-men. Praise him! A - men.  
 Hal - le-lu-jahs sing, Hal - le-lu-jahs sing! A-men. Praise him! A - men.



## 347

## A CALM AND GENTLE QUIET,

D. H. SMITH.  
*Moderato.*

J. L. MORGAN.

1. A calm and gen - tle qui - et reigns to - night, There's  
 2. We thank the Lord that we have lived to see, The  
 3. We must not wait for now the time is ours, And

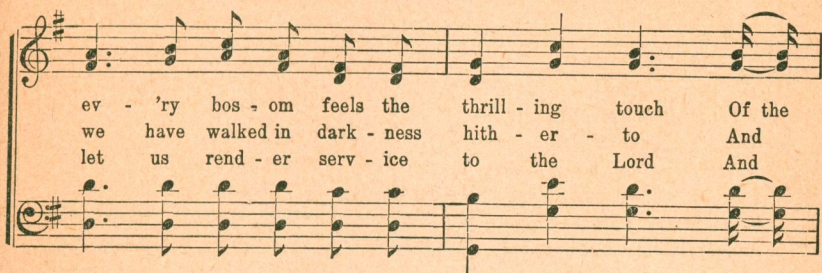
not a cloud up - on a sin - gle brow; And  
 good He bring - eth in the lat - ter day; Our  
 while I wait an - oth - er waits for me; We

ev - 'ry heart is swell - ing with de - light, And  
 earn - est pray'rs to Him shall ev - er be, To  
 see the work - ings of con - tend - ing pow'rs The

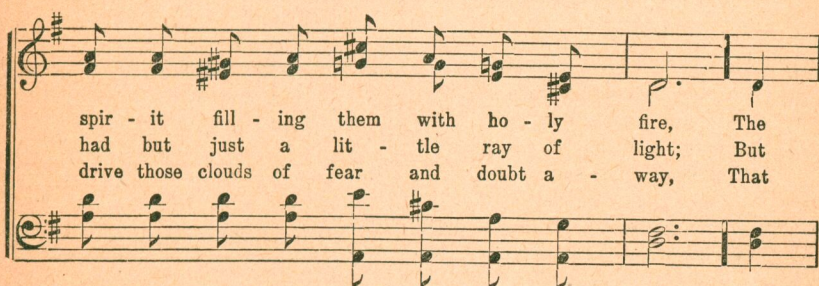
peace is brood - ing sweet - ly o'er us now; And  
 keep our feet with - in the nar - row way, For  
 dark - ness and the ho - ly light we see; Then



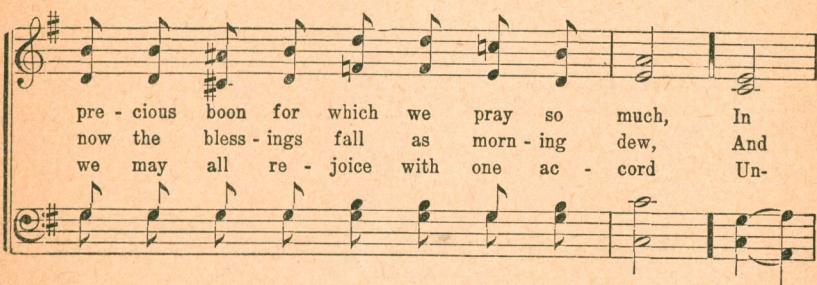
## A CALM AND GENTLE QUIET—Concluded.



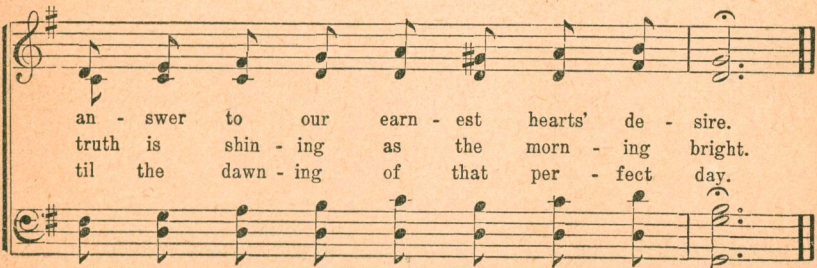
ev - 'ry bos - om feels the thrill - ing touch Of the  
we have walked in dark - ness hith - er - to And  
let us rend - er serv - ice to the Lord And



spir - it fill - ing them with ho - ly fire, The  
had but just a lit - tle ray of light; But  
drive those clouds of fear and doubt a - way, That



pre - cious boon for which we pray so much, In  
now the bless - ings fall as morn - ing dew, And  
we may all re - joice with one ac - cord Un-



an - swer to our earn - est hearts' de - sire.  
truth is shin - ing as the morn - ing bright.  
til the dawn - ing of that per - fect day.



SAINTS' HYMNAL.

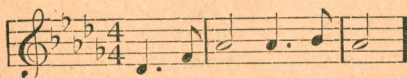
Watchman.



348 (386)

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are—  
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's hight,  
See that glory-beaming star!—  
Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—  
Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day—  
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
Higher yet that star ascends;—  
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends!—  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—  
Trav'ler! ages are its own,—  
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn—  
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home—  
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Ettivini. (S. H. 108)

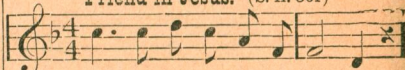


349 (165)

- 1 Let us pray, gladly pray,  
In the house of Jehovah,  
Till the righteous can say,  
"O our warfare is over!"  
Then we'll dry up our tears,  
Sweetly praising together,  
Through the great thousand years,  
Face to face with the Savior.

- 2 What a joy will be there  
At the great resurrection  
As the saints meet in air,  
In their robes of perfection.  
Then the Lamb—then the Lamb;  
With a God's mandatory,  
As I AM THAT I AM,  
Fills the world with his glory.
- 3 We can then live in peace,  
With a joy on the mountains,  
As the earth doth increase,  
With a joy by the fountains,  
For the world will be blest,  
With a joy to rely on,  
From the east to the west,  
Through the glory of Zion.

Friend in Jesus. (S. H. 361)

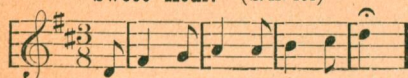


350 (513)

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee;  
Though I'm poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, henceforth my friend wilt be,  
Perish, ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and Christ are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Savior too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain:  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
I have called thee, Abba, Father,—  
I have set my heart on thee; [er,—  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath—  
All must work for good to me.



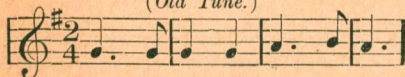
## Sweet Hour. (S. H. 101)

**351** (152)

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne,  
Make all my wants and wishes known.  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To him whose truth and faithfulness,  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

(Old Tune.)

**352** (126)

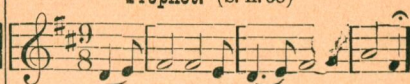
1 Lord, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
Oh! do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way  
Now we seek thee—here we stay;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let "the time of love" return.

4 Grant we all may seek, and find,  
Thee our gracious God, and kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

## Prophet. (S. H. 58)

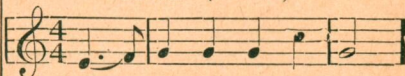
**353** (70)

1 We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet  
To guide us in these latter days;  
We thank thee for sending the Gospel  
To lighten our minds with its rays;  
We thank thee for every blessing  
Bestowed by thy bounteous hand;  
We feel it a pleasure to serve thee,  
And love to obey thy commands.

2 When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er  
And threaten our peace to destroy, [us,  
There is Hope smiling brightly before us,  
And we know that deliv'rance is nigh;  
We doubt not the Lord nor his goodness,  
We've proved him in days that are past;  
The wicked who fight against Zion  
Will surely be smitten at last.

3 We'll sing of his goodness and mercy;  
We'll praise him by day and by night;  
Rejoice in his glorious Gospel,  
And bask in its life-giving light:  
Thus on to eternal perfection  
The honest and faithful will go;  
While they who reject this glad message,  
Shall never such happiness know.

Laban. (S. H. 138)

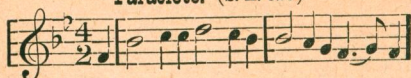
**354** (192)

1 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,  
And help divine implore.

2 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain the crown.



## Paraclete. (S. H. 525)



355 (1084)

1 The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;  
The latter day glory begins to come forth;

The visions and blessings of old are re-  
turning;

The angels are coming to visit the earth.

## CHORUS.

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies  
of heaven:

Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!  
Let glory to them in the highest be given,  
Henceforth and forever: Amen and Amen.

2 The Lord is extending the saints' un-  
derstanding—

Restoring their judges and all as at first;  
The knowledge and power of God are ex-  
panding,

The veil o'er the earth is beginning to  
burst.

3 We call in our solemn assemblies, in  
Spirit,

To spread forth the kingdom of heaven  
abroad,

That we through our faith may begin to  
inherit

The visions, and blessings, and glories  
of God.

4 Old Israel that fled from the world for  
his freedom,

Must come with the cloud and the pil-  
lar, amain,

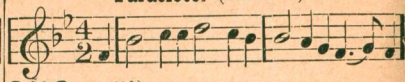
A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead him,  
And feed him on manna from heaven  
again.

5 How blessed the day when the lamb and  
the lion

Shall lie down together without any ire;  
And Ephraim be crowned with his bless-  
ings in Zion,

As Jesus descends with his chariots of  
fire!

## Paraclete. (S. H. 525)



356 (718)

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of sal-  
vation,

No longer as strangers on earth need we  
roam;

Good tidings are sounding to us and each  
nation,

And shortly the hour of redemption  
will come:

## CHORUS.

When all that was promised the saints  
will be given,

And none will molest them from morn-  
until even,

And earth will appear as the garden of  
Eden,

And Jesus will say to all Israel: "Come  
home!"

2 We'll love one another and never dis-  
semble,

But cease to do evil and ever be one;

And while the ungodly are fearing and  
tremble

We'll watch for the day when the Sav-  
ior shall come:

3 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah,  
To guide through these last days of  
trouble and gloom;

And after the scourges and harvest are  
over,

We'll rise with the just, when the Sav-  
ior doth come.

## CHORUS.

Then all that was promised the saints will  
be given,

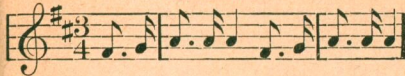
And they will be crowned as the angels  
of heaven;

And earth will appear as the garden of  
Eden,

And Christ and his people will ever be  
one.



*Old Tune.*



**357** (1068)

1 Arouse, arouse, why idly stand,  
Why sit at ease with folded hands?  
There is a work for you to do,  
No other one can do for you.  
Arise and work, though great or small,  
For by our works we stand or fall.

2 Arouse thyself to diligence,  
With others' works take no offence;  
For if they do not interfere [care?]   
With thee or thine, why need'st thou  
Or if they do, care not at all;  
By their own works they stand or fall.

3 The "hope of life" doth not depend  
On what is done by foe or friend—  
We are free agents; we can choose  
The "better way," the bad refuse.  
This agency God grants to all,  
By our own works we stand or fall.

4 In sweet commingling harmony  
Let all your works with faith agree;  
For Christ, the judge, in the last day  
Will judge our deeds, the Scriptures say;  
He as their deeds rewardeth all,  
Then by our works we stand or fall.

*Sicilian Mariners. (S. H. 88)*



**358** (698)

1 Onward, brother, though the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone;  
God has set a guardian legion  
Very near thee; press thou on.

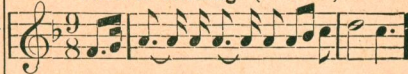
2 Listen, brother; their hosanna  
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love,"  
Write upon thy sacred banner,  
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and no other,  
Is the mount of vision won;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother;  
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace,  
While it needs thee; oh! no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou brother, daily rather,  
That thou, be a faithful son;  
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,  
Not my will, but thine, be done."

*Glorious Morning. (S. H. 503)*



**359** (1028)

1 How glorious will be the morning,  
When Christ will come to earth again;  
The saints of God are ever waiting,  
A thousand years with him to reign.

CHORUS.

Repent and be washed clean from sin,  
And then a crown of life you'll win;  
For the day we seek is nigh,  
Is nigh at hand.

2 Let us trim our lamps and keep them  
burning,  
And be ready when he says "Well  
done;"

Lest we should die when we behold him,  
For his glory's brighter than the sun.

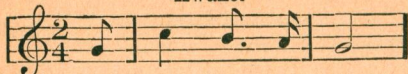
3 The Lamb and the Lion shall be to-  
gether,  
When the righteous reign it does com-  
mence;

The second death will have no power,  
When sin and pain are banished hence.

4 So now we are the bride adorning,  
Preparing for the great I AM;  
For we shall all receive a blessing,  
At the marriage supper of the Lamb.



## Awake.

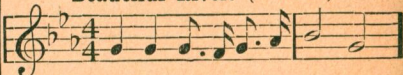
**360** (1072)

- 1 Awake, saints awake,  
No time now for reposing,  
"The Lord is near,"  
Breaks on the ear;  
O come, come away.  
O come where Jesus' love will be,  
Who says, "I meet with two or three,"  
Sweet promise made to thee;  
O come, come away.
- 2 And thus we do meet,  
As Jesus has commanded;  
To serve the Lord,  
With one accord;  
O come, come away.  
For each loved one here we greet,  
And round the social altar meet  
With those who bow at Jesus' feet;  
O come, come away.
- 3 Our cares we lay by,  
Nor think of worldly pleasures;  
But filled with love  
To God above;  
O come, come away.  
Before the Lord we humbly kneel,  
And then his holy presence feel,  
And pray his Spirit to reveal;  
O come, come away.
- 4 O come, come away  
For Gentile times are closing:  
The end is near,  
The judgment's here;  
O come, come away.  
For Judah is returning home,  
And Israel from the north will come,  
Ephraim will no longer roam;  
O come, come away.
- 5 O come, come away  
From sin's delusive pleasures,  
Accept the call,  
It is to all;

O come, come away.

Hearken to the glorious news,  
Accept the gospels precious truths,  
That save the Gentiles and the Jews.  
O come, come away.

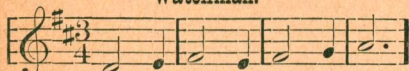
## Beautiful River. (S. H. 480)

**361** (963)

- 1 Shall we gather home to Zion,—  
Will our wand'rings soon be o'er;  
Shall we cease our tears and sighing,—  
Shall we rest forever more?  
Will Messiah come to save us  
From the power of the foe?  
Will he come, and will he have us  
His salvation fully know?  
CHORUS.  
Yes; we will gather home to Zion,  
Our beautiful, our beautiful Zion!  
Gather with the saints home to Zion,  
And be saved in the kingdom of God.
- 2 Will he come as Judah's Lion?  
Will the wicked he destroy?  
Will he take us home to Zion,  
Filling us with peace and joy?  
Shall we live with him forever?  
Shall we see him as he is?  
Shall we from him part? No, never;  
He will call each dear one his.
- 3 Shall we rest with our Redeemer,  
In the paradise of God?  
Let us walk with patience ever,  
In the path our Savior trod.  
Let us be no longer sleeping,  
For the day is near at hand;  
Let us each our watch be keeping,  
As a firm, united band.  
CHORUS.  
Then we will dwell with saints in Zion,  
Our beautiful, our beautiful Zion!  
Happy with the saints home in Zion,  
Rejoicing in the Kingdom of God.

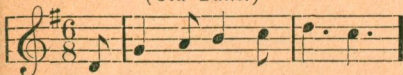


## Watchman.

**362** (651)

- 1 Watchman, who are these I see,  
Panoplied as if for war?  
Trav'ler, these Apostles be,  
Christ their Leader, Truth their star.  
Watchman, there are others too  
Who are they, I fain would know?  
Trav'ler, these are Prophets true,  
Tried by grief, by toil, and woe.
- 2 Watchman, now a mighty host  
Rises to my startled view!  
Trav'ler, these are never lost,  
Elders of the cov'nant new.  
Watchman, are these ev'ry one,  
Members of some holy band?  
Trav'ler, yes; they've title won  
From the Savior's loving hand.
- 3 Watchman, ah! but who are these,  
Coming, singing as for joy?  
Trav'ler, these are Sons of Peace,  
Teachers of our Lord on high.  
Watchman, others swell the lists,  
Countless hosts are on the road;  
Trav'ler, these Evangelists,  
Pastors, shepherds for our God.
- 4 Watchman, now my heart is stirred  
With the joyous news I hear;  
Trav'ler, yes, the voice is heard,  
Christ the Lord is drawing near.  
Watchman, tell me ere you go,  
What the shout I hear again?  
Trav'ler, tis the end of woe,  
'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

(Old Tune.)

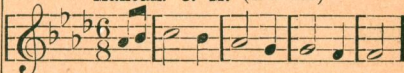
**363** (938)

- 1 Come all ye sons of Zion,  
And let us praise the Lord:

His ransomed are returning,  
According to his word.  
With sacred songs and gladness,  
They walk the narrow way, [them  
And thank the Lord who brought  
To see the latter day.

- 2 Come, ye dispersed of Judah,  
Join in the theme, and sing  
With harmony unceasing,  
The praises of your King,  
Whose arm is now extended,  
On which the world may gaze,  
To gather up the righteous,  
In these the latter days.
- 3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!  
And let your joys abound;  
The voice of God shall reach you,  
Wherever you are found;  
And call you back from bondage,  
That you may sing his praise,  
In Zion and Jerusalem,  
In these the latter days.
- 4 Then gather up for Zion,  
Ye saints, throughout the land,  
And clear the way before you,  
As God shall give command:  
Though wicked men and devils  
Exert their pow'r, 'tis vain,  
Since he who is Eternal,  
Has said you shall obtain.

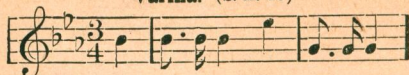
## Mancos. C. M. (S.H. 186)

**364** (81)

- 1 Eternal Source of life and light!  
Supremely good and wise!  
To thee we bring our grateful vows,  
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine  
With truth's celestial rays;  
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,  
And tune our lips to praise.



## Varina. (S. H. 40)



365 (151)

1 O God! give strength to all thy saints,  
And courage give them too;  
And oh! lend them thy mighty hand,  
To conquer every foe.  
Thy saints are weak, but thou art strong;  
There's all we want in thee;  
And thou hast promis'd us thine aid  
When we united be.

2 Oh! guide our footsteps in the wilds,  
And guard us day and night;  
Give signs when enemies appear,  
And through us show thy might.  
We want no cowards in our ranks,  
We do not think to yield;  
And for the vict'ry we will fight,  
Or perish in the field.

3 We will not perish, though we die—  
We'll rise to life again;  
God only wants us to be brave—  
The battle we will gain.  
Thou, God, who did the sea divide,  
And led thy people through,  
Thy mighty hand is still the same,  
And we do know it, too.



366 (562)

1 Rejoice! ye Saints of Latter Days,  
Lift up your heads and sing,  
With one accord unite to praise  
Your Everlasting King.

2 No more in darkness need you walk,  
Nor tread in error's night,  
For the Most High again has spoke  
The darkness into light.

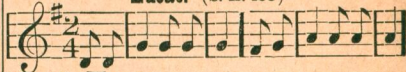
3 The Holy Spirit is sent down,  
Like as in days of old,

To bring to mind things that are past,  
And things to come unfold.

4 O may it rest upon us now,  
While we're assembled here,  
Bring consolation to our souls,  
Our drooping spirits cheer.

5 O may it ever guide our feet  
In ways of righteousness,  
That we may be accounted meet  
To dwell in blessedness.

## Lucas. (S. H. 138)



367 (311)

1 Come, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till our Master ap-  
pear.

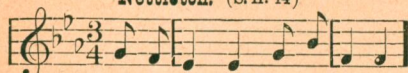
His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of  
love.

2 Our life as a dream,  
Our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
The arrow is flown,  
The moments are gone;  
The millennium year  
Presses on to our view, and eternity's  
here.

3 O that each in the day  
Of his coming may say,—  
'I have fought my way through,  
I have finished the work thou didst give  
me to do.  
O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
Well and faithfully done,  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne.'



Nettleton. (S. H. 14)



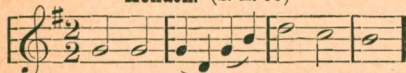
368 (19)

1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—  
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come:  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood!

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm-constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee,  
Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love!  
Here's my heart—O take and seal it—  
Seal it for thy courts above.

Hendon. (S. H. 90)



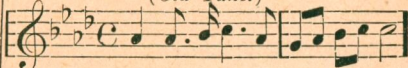
369 (129)

1 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet!  
When the saints together meet,  
When the Savior is the theme,  
When they joy to sing of him.  
2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move;  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world and gave his Son.  
3 Sing the Son's amazing love;  
How he left the realms above,

Took our nature and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;  
With our stubborn hearts he strove,  
Filled our minds with grief and fear,  
Brought the precious Savior near.  
5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet.  
Where the saints in glory meet;  
Where the Savior's still the theme,  
Where they see and sing of him.

(Old Tune.)



370 (1089)

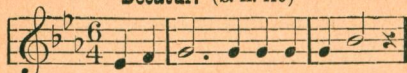
1 Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor  
fear,  
But with joy wend your way;  
Though hard to you this journey may  
appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.  
'Tis better far for us to strive,  
Our useless cares from us to drive:  
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—  
All is well! all is well!

2 Why should we mourn, or think our lot  
is hard?  
'Tis not so; all is right!  
Why should we think to earn a great  
reward,  
If we now shun the fight?  
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,  
Our God will never us forsake;  
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—  
All is well! all is well!

3 And should we die before our journey's  
through,  
Happy day! all is well! [too,  
We'll then be free from toil and sorrow  
With the just we shall dwell.  
But if our lives are spared again  
To see the saints their rest obtain,  
Oh, how we'll make this chorus swell—  
All is well! all is well!

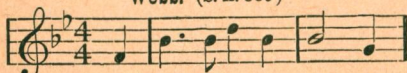


## Decatur. (S. H. 110)

**371** (168)

- 1 Let us pray for one another,  
For the day is fading fast,  
And the night is growing darker,  
While the scourge goes flaming past.  
We can see it in the darkness,  
Closing round our narrow way,  
And the snares are growing thicker;  
For each other let us pray.
- 2 We are walking down time's vista;  
We are very near the end;  
Let us pray that God the Father,  
May his guiding Spirit send.  
Now "the foe becomes more daring,"  
Knowing well the latter day;  
'Tis the strength of his despairing,  
For each other let us pray.
- 3 Pray in faith, and pray unceasing,  
To the God we love and trust,  
For our prayers are much availing,  
If we walk upright and just.  
Be not weary of exhorting,  
Heed the lesson of each day,  
And that we may be unwav'ring,  
For each other let us pray.
- 4 It is waning on to midnight,  
Soon we'll hear the watchman say,  
"See! the Son of God is coming;  
Go and meet him on the way."  
That our lamps may then be burning,  
Bright enough to guide our way,  
And that we may share his glory,  
For each other let us pray.

## Webb. (S. H. 380)

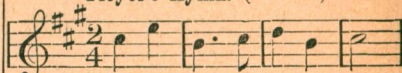
**372** (52)

- 1 Stand up—stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss.  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry  
His army shall he lead,  
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day.  
Ye that are men, now serve him,  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own.  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.—  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally!

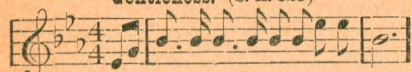
## Pleyel's Hymn. (S. H. 433)

**373** (577)

- 1 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,  
Enter each devoted breast;  
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Kindle there the gospel fire.
- 2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;  
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;  
Joy divine we then shall prove,  
Light of truth—and fire of love.



## Gentleness. (S. H. 525)

**374** (1079)

1 A calm and gentle quiet reigns to-night,  
There's not a cloud upon a single brow,  
And every heart is swelling with delight,  
And peace is brooding sweetly o'er us  
now.

2 And every bosom feels the thrilling  
touch  
Of th' Spirit, filling them with holy fire,  
The precious boon for which we pray so  
much

In answer to that earnest heart's desire.

3 We thank the Lord that we have lived  
to see

The good he bringeth in the latter day,  
Our earnest prayer to him shall ever be,  
To keep our feet within the narrow way.

4 For we have walked in darkness hith-  
erto,

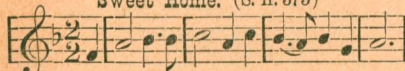
And had but just a little ray of light;  
But now the blessings fall as morning  
dew,  
And truth is shining as the morning  
bright.

5 We must not wait, for now the time is  
ours,  
And while I wait, another waits for me;  
We see the working of contending powers,  
The darkness, and the holy light we see.

6 Then let us render service to the Lord,  
And drive those clouds of fear and  
doubt away,

That we may all rejoice with one accord,  
Until the dawning of the perfect day.

## Sweet Home. (S. H. 375)

**375** (711)

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature  
complaints,

How sweet to my soul is communion with  
saints;

To find at the banquet of mercy there's  
room,

And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home.

## CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

Conduct me, dear Savior, to glory, my  
home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children  
of peace,

And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can  
not cease;

Though oft from thy teachings in folly I  
roam,

I hope to behold thee in glory at home.

3 From all that is sinful I sigh to be free;  
Which hinders my joy and communion  
with thee;

But tho' my temptations like billows may  
foam,

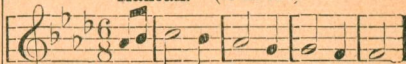
All, all will be peace, when I'm with  
thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I  
stay,

O give me submission and strength as my  
day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

## Mancah. (S. H. 186)

**376** (174)

1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,  
In this our evil day;

To all thy tempted foll'wers give  
The power to watch and pray.

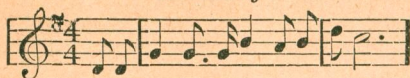
2 Long as our fiery trials last,

Long as the cross we bear,

O let our souls on thee be cast

In earnest, heart-felt prayer.



*Old Melody.***377** (75)

1 Let us shake off the coals from our garments

And arise in the strength of our Lord;  
Let us break off the yoke of our bondage,  
And be free in the joy of the word.

For the pebble has dropped in the water,  
And the waves circle round with the shock—

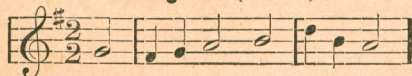
Shall we anchor our barks in the center,  
Or drift out and be wrecked on the rock?

2 Let us waken our songs in the morning,  
And let them at noontide resound;  
Then the evening shall find us rejoicing,  
While the law in our hearts will be found.

For the Lord is remembering Zion,  
And bringing her comfort once more,  
Shall we anchor our barks in the center,  
Or drift out and be wrecked on the shore?

3 Thank the Lord for the plan he has given,  
That will render us pure as a child,  
That will change this cold world into heaven,

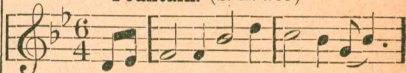
By his Spirit so holy and mild.  
And the hope of a portion in Zion,  
Shall cheer us till trials are o'er,  
Let us anchor our barks in the center,  
And be safe from the rocks on the shore.

*Rockingham.* (S. H. 65)**378** (171)

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—

2 There will the gracious Savior be,  
To bless the little company;  
There, to unveil his smiling face,  
And bid his glories fill the place.

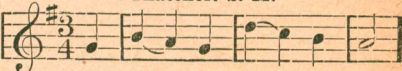
3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

*Fountain.* (S. H. 268)**379** (541)

1 Thus was the great Redeemer plunged  
In Jordan's swelling flood,  
Thus was the pattern given by Christ  
That leads from sin to God.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid  
Beneath the yielding wave;  
Thus was his sacred body raised  
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,  
In thine own footsteps tread;  
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
Our ever-living head.

*Thatcher. S. M.***380** (558)

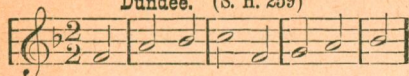
1 Down at the sacred wave,  
The Lord of life was led,  
And he who came our souls to save  
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;  
He fixed the holy rite;  
He bade his ransomed ones obey  
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Savior, we will tread  
In thine appointed way;  
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,  
And smile on us to-day.



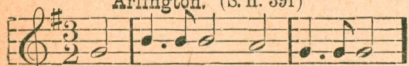
Dundee. (S. H. 259)



381 (453)

- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed!  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For those so weak as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that man had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in;  
When Christ the mighty Savior died  
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears:  
Rejoice in heart-felt thankfulness,  
Or weep repentant tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

Arlington. (S. H. 391)



382 (778)

- 1 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?
- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!  
I must remember thee.
- 4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.

Calvary's Tree. (S. H. 261)

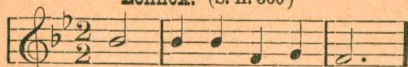


383 (454)

- 1 Come, O my soul, to Calvary,  
And see the man who died for thee,  
Upon the accursed tree.  
Behold, the Savior's agony,  
While groaning in Gethsemane,  
Beneath the sins of men.
- CHO.—How can I forget thee?  
How can I forget my Lord?  
How can I forget thee?  
Dear Lord, Remember me.
- 2 With purple robe and thorny crown,  
And mocking soldiers bowing down,  
The Savior bears my shame.  
Behold they shed his precious blood,  
Oh! hear him cry, "My God, My God,  
Hast thou forsaken me?"
  - 3 He died; the earth was robed in gloom,  
They laid him then in Joseph's tomb,  
While soldiers watched around.  
But in the light of dawning day,  
Bright angels rolled the rock away,  
And Christ the conqu'ror rose.
  - 4 Now he who died on Calvary  
Still lives to plead for you and me,  
And bids us look and live. [bound.  
Soon he who once was scourged and  
Shall come again with glory crowned,  
And reign forevermore.
  - 5 Hissaintsshall crown him Lord of all;  
Before him every foe shall fall,  
And every knee shall bow.  
Oh! then the Man of Calvary  
Shall reign supreme from sea to sea:—  
All hail that glorious day!



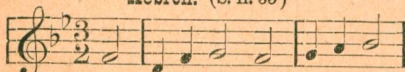
## Lennox. (S. H. 360)



## 384 (460)

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me:  
'Forgive him, O forgive,' they cry,  
'Nor let that ransomed sinner die.'
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The pleadings of his Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 To God I'm reconciled,  
His pard'ning voice I hear:  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

## Hebron. (S. H. 35)

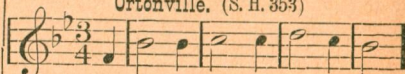


## 385 (782)

- 1 How pleasing to behold and see  
The friends of Jesus all agree,  
To sit around his sacred board,  
As members of one common Lord.

- 2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—  
Here we behold the Savior's grace—  
Here we behold his precious blood,  
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
- 3 While here we sit we would implore  
That love may spread from shore to shore  
Till all the saints, like us, combine  
To praise the Lord in songs divine.
- 4 To all we freely give our hand,  
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land;  
For all are one in Christ, our Head,  
To whom be endless honors paid.
- 5 Here, by the bread and wine, we view  
What boundless curses were our due;  
But thro' th' atonement of our Lord,  
All that was lost is now restored.
- 6 Let wrath and strife, those seeds of hell,  
No more in Christian bosoms dwell;  
But love and union, by his blood,  
Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

## Ortonville. (S. H. 353)

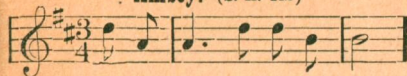


## 386 (777)

- 1 Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To feed on food divine:  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He who prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies;  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;  
O what delightful food!  
We eat the bread—and drink the wine,  
But think on nobler good.
- 4 Deep was the suff'ring he endured  
Upon th' accursed tree—  
For me—each welcome guest may say,  
'Twas all endured for me.
- 5 Sure there was never love so free—  
Dear Savior—so divine! [me,  
Well thou mayest claim that heart of  
Which owes so much to thine.



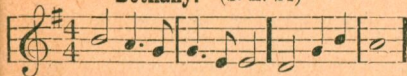
## Amboy. (S. H. 412)



387 (783)

- 1 "Till he come"—oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that—"till he come."  
"Till he come"—oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords.
- 2 When the weary ones we love  
To the silent land remove,  
Tho' the earth seems poor and waste,  
All our life-joy overcast,—  
Hush! be every murmur dumb;  
It is only—"Till he come."  
"Till he come"—oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords.
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss;  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Only whisper—"Till he come."  
"Till he come"—oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords.
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread;  
Drink the wine and break the bread:  
Sweet memorials till the Lord  
Call us round his heavenly board:  
Some from earth, from slumber some,  
Severed only "till he come."  
"Till he come"—oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords.

## Bethany. (S. H. 24)



388 (31)

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;

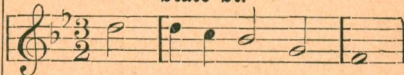
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

- 3 There let my way appear,  
Onward to heaven,  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given.  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise.  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

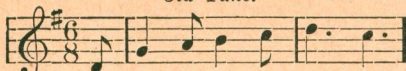
## State St.



389 (143)

- 1 Jesus, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name Salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove;  
Thy name is Life and Health and  
And Everlasting Love. [Peace,



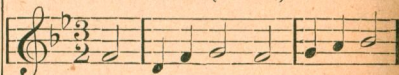
*Old Tune.***390** (780)

- 1 O God th' Eternal Father,  
Who dwells amid the sky,  
In Jesus' name we ask thee  
To bless and sanctify,  
If we are pure before thee,  
This bread and cup of wine,  
That we may all remember  
That off'ring so divine.
- 2 That sacred, holy off'ring,  
By man least understood,  
To have our sins remitted,  
And take his flesh and blood.  
That we may ever witness  
The suff'rings of thy Son,  
And always have his Spirit  
To make our hearts as one.
- 3 When Jesus, the anointed,  
Descended from above,  
And gave himself a ransom  
To win our souls with love;  
With no apparent beauty,  
That men should him desire—  
He was the promised Savior,  
To purify with fire.
- 4 How infinite thy wisdom,  
The plan of holiness,  
That made salvation perfect,  
And veiled the Lord in flesh,  
To walk upon his footstool,  
And be like man, almost,  
In his exalted station,  
And die—or all was lost.
- 5 'Twas done—all nature trembled!  
Yet, by the power of faith,  
He rose as God triumphant,  
And break the bands of death:  
And, rising conq'rer, "captive  
He led captivity,"  
And sat down with the Father  
To reign eternally.

- 6 He is the true Messiah,  
That died and lives again;  
We look not for another,  
He is the Lamb 't was slain;  
He is the Stone and Shepherd  
Of Israel scattered far;  
The glorious Branch from Jesse;  
The bright and Morning Star.

- 7 Again, he is that Prophet  
That Moses said should come,  
Being raised among his brethren,  
To call the righteous home;  
And all that will not hear him,  
Shall feel his chast'ning rod,  
Till wickedness is ended,  
As saith the Lord our God.

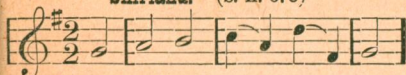
- 8 He comes! He comes in glory!  
The vail has vanished too,  
With angels, yea, our fathers,  
To drink this cup anew—  
And sing the songs of Zion,  
And shout—" 'Tis done, 'tis done!"  
While ev'ry son and daughter  
Rejoices—we are one.

*Hebron. (S. H. 35)***391** (788)

- 1 Thy broken body, gracious Lord!  
Is tokened in this broken bread:  
The wine which in this cup is poured,  
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus,  
We show that we are one in thee:  
Thy precious blood was shed for us,  
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 We have one hope—that thou wilt come:  
Thee in the air we wait to see:  
When thou wilt give thy saints a home,  
And we shall ever reign with thee.



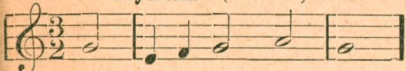
Shirland. (S. H. 378)



392 (793)

- 1 Ye children of our God,  
Ye saints of latter days,  
Surround the table of our Lord,  
And join to sing his praise.
- 2 He gives his flesh and blood,  
Our souls to purify,  
And blesses us with ev'ry good,  
And thus he brings us nigh.
- 3 We do remember him,  
His sorrow, pain and death,  
And how with power he 'rose again  
Triumphant from the earth.
- 4 He triumphed o'er the grave,  
And then ascended high, [save  
Where throned in power he sits to  
And bring the sinner nigh.
- 5 He soon will come again,  
And with his people taste  
The marriage supper of the Lamb,  
With his own presence blest.
- 6 Arrayed in spotless white,  
We'll then each other greet,  
And see Messiah throned in might,  
And worship at his feet.

Boylston. (S. H. 409)



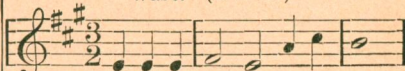
393 (779)

- 1 Jesus, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word,  
And in thine own appointed way  
We come to meet thee, Lord!
- 2 Thus we remember thee,  
And take this bread and wine  
As thine own dying legacy,  
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Thy presence makes the feast;  
Now let our spirits feel

The glory not to be expressed,—  
The joy unspeakable!

- 4 With high and heavenly bliss  
Thou dost our spirits cheer;  
Thy house of banqueting is this,  
And thou hast brought us here.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love.

Ware. (S. H. 101)

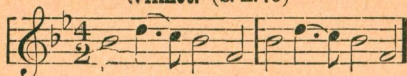


394 (787)

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that solemn night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son, e'en God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed, and break,  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food."  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,  
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
And justice poured upon his head  
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
- 5 For us his precious blood was spilt,  
To purchase pardon for our guilt:  
When for our sins he suff'ring dies,  
And gives his life a sacrifice.
- 6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
Meet at my table and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate!  
We show thy death, we sing thy name  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamo



Vilmot. (S. H. 75)

**395** (561)

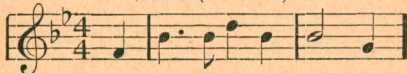
Humble souls, that seek salvation,  
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
Hear the voice of revelation,  
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,  
Listen to his gracious voice;  
Dread no ills that can befall you  
While you make his ways your choice.

3 Follow Christ, let each believer,  
Be baptized in Jesus' name;  
He himself in Jordan's river  
Was immersed beneath the stream.

4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
Follow him without delay,  
Gladly his command embracing;  
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

Webb. (S. H. 380)

**396** (550)

1 Around thy grave, Lord Jesus,  
Thine empty grave we stand,  
With hearts all full of praises,  
To keep thy blest command;  
By faith our souls rejoicing,  
To tread thy path of love.  
Through death's dark angry billows,  
Up to thy throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember  
The travail of thy soul,  
When in thy love's deep pity,  
The waves did o'er thee roll;

Baptized in death's cold waters,  
For us thy blood was shed;  
For us the Lord of glory  
Was numbered with the dead.

3 Into thy death baptized,  
We own with thee we died;  
With thee, our life, are risen,  
And in thee glorified.  
From sin, the world, and Satan,  
We're ransomed by thy blood;  
To them would walk as strangers,  
Alive with thee to God.

*Old Tune.***397** (555)

1 Jesus, mighty King in Zion,  
Thou alone our guide shalt be;  
Thy commission we rely on;  
We will follow none but thee.

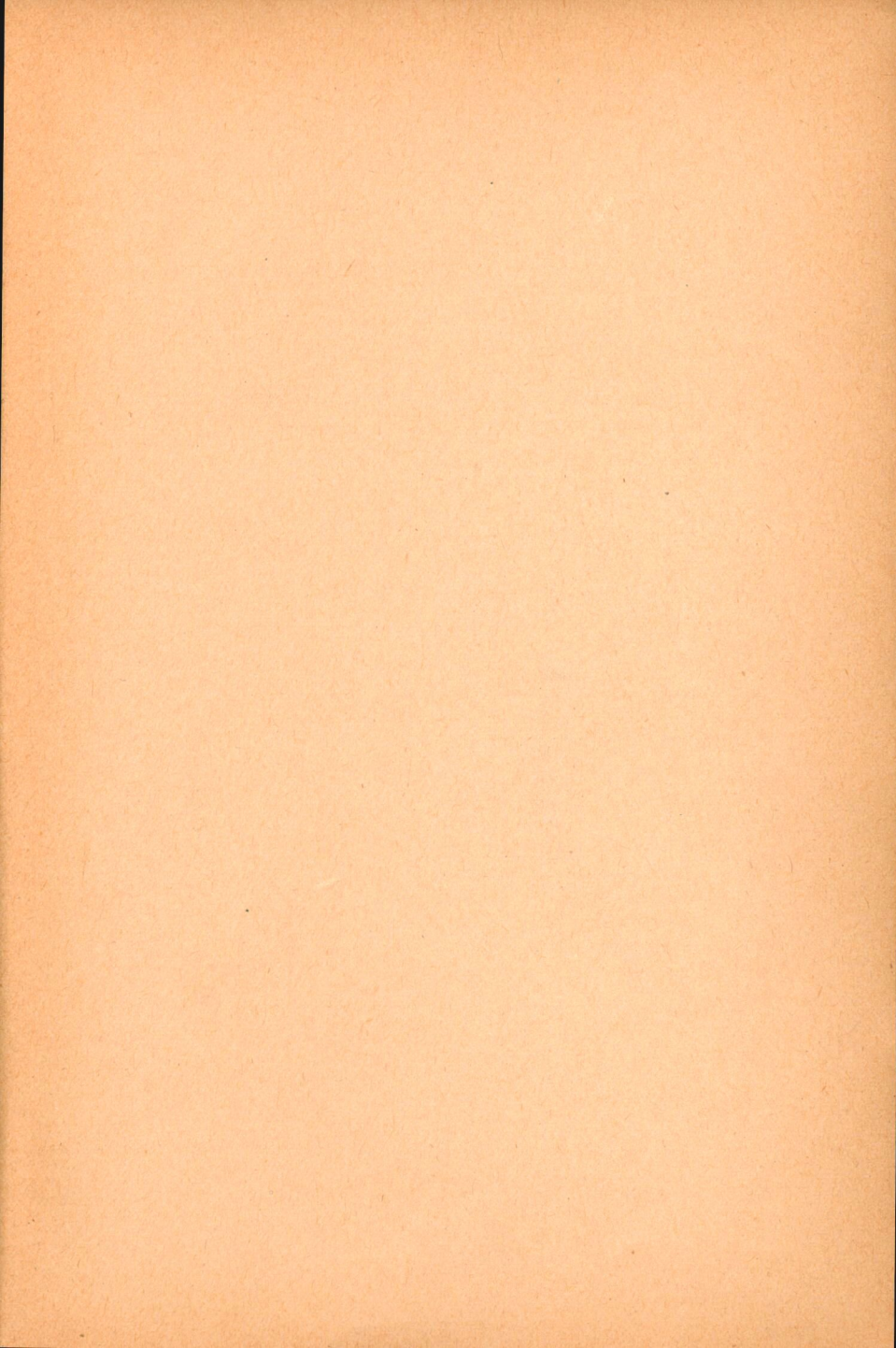
CHORUS.

We will follow none but Jesus,  
Jesus is the life, the way;  
This the path in which he leads us,  
This the gate to endless day.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,  
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,  
We, who seek the great salvation,  
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,  
We the ancient path pursue;  
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To a life divinely new.











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